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Thomas Kirwan.

MEMORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

(Old and New Organizations)

IN THE CIVIL WAR FROM 1861—1865

Issued by the Authority of the Supervisors, authorized to write and publish the History.

Written and compiled in part by
THOMAS KIRWAN

Edited and Completed by
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THE FLAG

By Arthur Macy

"Here comes the Flag!
Hail it!
Who dares to drag or
Trail it?
Give it hurrahs,
Three for the stars,
Three for the bars.

"Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it.

"Here comes the Flag!
Cheer it.
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it.
All shall maintain it,
No one shall stain it.

"Cheers for the sailors that fought
on the wave for it;
Cheers for the soldiers that
always were brave for it,
Tears for the men that went
down to the grave for it.
Here comes the Flag!"

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INTRODUCTION

This memorial history of the Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry is offered to the surviving members of the regiment, to the families and kindred of the members who have answered the last roll-call, and to the general public, as an honest narrative of the services of the regiment in the great war of the Rebellion, during a period of over four years—from 1861 to 1865—with absolutely correct rosters of the officers and men of the command.

It should be remembered that there are only three of the original officers of the regiment,—Colonel Henry Splaine, Major John E. Mullally and Lieutenant James Moroney,—who are accessible for information as to the services of the regiment in the field, and that there are only seven of the newer officers (gentlemen who rose from the ranks),—Captain Joseph A. Moore, Captain Charles O. Fellows, Captain Malcolm Sillars, Captain Lewis Cann, Lieutenant Ezekiel F. Mann, Lieutenant Philip C. Mason, and Lieut. James Smith,—who are accessible, and who have taken part in writing the history. Added to these are a few enlisted men: Hugh Young, Roland F. Lewis, Charles E. Flanders, John H. Tyler, George F. Putnam, William H. Eaton, Joseph C. Richardson, Andrew P. Lewis, John W. McKnight, Benjamin P. Rogers, Samuel J. Ford, Richard Purtill, Michael Welsh and a few others who have ably and willingly assisted in furnishing material and writing most valuable sketches for the history of their regiment.

Considering, then, the limited number of persons who have actively helped the supervisors to write the history, and considering that almost fifty years have elapsed since the organization of the command, is it any wonder that they approach their task with trepidation as to their ability to present a full, truthful and interesting history to their expectant readers? If the officers and men of the regiment who have been mustered out forever were alive

today, what a treasure of anecdote and other valuable information concerning themselves, their associates, their camp life, marches, bivouacs and battles, could be secured and presented to the reader? They are not here to speak for themselves, and the task of speaking for them has devolved upon the few surviving members already mentioned.

Especial thanks are due to Colonel Splaine for his efforts in helping to write and present our history in its present acceptable form. Were it not for the assistance of the Colonel, the history could not have been written.

At a regular meeting of the Regimental Association, held at Lynn Woods, on the 23d of August, 1907, the following-named members were made a Committee on History, with instructions to proceed to the writing and publication of the same: Captain Joseph A. Moore, Major Jones Frankle, Roland F. Lewis, Captain Malcolm Sillars and Colonel Henry Splaine. The committee employed Thomas Kirwan of Company "K" as historian of the regiment.

The progress made by that committee on the history during the three succeeding years was so slow that the Regimental Association, at its regular meeting, held at the Lynn Yacht Club, at Lynn, Mass., August 23, 1910, unanimously voted to give Colonel Henry Splaine and Captain Malcolm Sillars absolute control of writing and publishing the history of the regiment. As a result of this action by the Association, the history was completed and ready for the printer a few months later.

With these few explanatory remarks, the committee present a history as authentic and interesting as it is possible to make it at this late day—of a regiment whose brave and patriotic officers and men rendered trying and valuable services to their country—officers and men who, during their whole term of service, reflected credit on themselves, their state and their nation, and of whom it can be truly said that no act of theirs, in battle or out of it, dimmed the lustre of a single star on the imperishable flag they carried.

HENRY SPLAINE, Supervisor.

MALCOLM SILLARS, Assistant Supervisor.

(Supervisors of and Committee on Writing and Publishing the History.)

Everett, Mass., October 25, 1910.

At a regular reunion of the association of the 17th Regiment Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers of the war of the Rebellion, holden at Lynn, Mass., August 23, 1910, and of which William H. Eaton was president; Henry Splaine, treasurer; and Lieut. Ezekiel F. Mann, Secretary; the said association, after hearing the report of the Committee on History, and seeing no probability of a speedy completion of the said history, unanimously adopted the following resolution, offered by Comrade John H. Tyler:

"That Col. Henry Splaine and Capt. Malcolm Sillars be appointed supervisor and assistant supervisor, respectively, of the History of the 17th Regiment Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers; that they have sole control of writing and publishing the same; that they have power to make contracts, collect money and pay bills in connection with writing of and publishing the same; and they arehereby instructed to make all haste in finishing and publishing the said history."

Ezekiel F. Mann,
Secretary of the 17th Mass. Regt. Infy. Asso.,
56 Oakes St., Everett, Mass.

DEATH OF THOMAS KIRWAN.

Thomas Kirwan died on Monday, February 6, 1911, at his home, 560 Beach Street, Revere, Mass., aged eighty-three years. He was the oldest newspaper man in Boston or its vicinity and held a place of honor at the banquet of the Boston Veteran Journalists in that city in November, 1910.

He was born in Tryon, P. E. I., April 17, 1829. He came to Boston in 1848, and worked as a compositor on the "Boston Commercial Bulletin" and the "Advertiser." In 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company K, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

In 1874, Mr. Kirwan went to "The Boston Herald" as a compositor, and later became a reporter. He held different positions on the editorial staff, and did much work in writing special articles. He resigned from "The Herald" staff in 1903. Mr. Kirwan was the author of several books on mining and was a profound student of geology. He wrote also a history of the campaign against Goldsboro.

Mr. Kirwan was married three times, and leaves a widow, who was Mrs. Mary Post. He left three sons and two daughters.

The funeral was held Wednesday morning, February 8th, at ten o'clock. At his own request, only G. A. R. services were held.

Comrade Kirwan was up to August 23d, 1910, the official historian of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He gave much time and labor to the work, but his long illness had compelled him to relinquish the task which he had vainly hoped to finish.

The following letter from Colonel Splaine to the bereaved widow is explanatory of the unfortunate situation:

3 Midland Street, Dorchester, Mass., February 12, 1911.

Mrs. Thomas Kirwan, 560 Beach Street, Revere, Mass.

Dear Madam:

Having learned of the death of your beloved husband, Thomas Kirwan, Esq., I desire to express my profound regret at the loss of so estimable a gentleman, and offer to you my heartfelt sympathy for your irreparable loss. Having been acquainted with him for almost a lifetime—both in civil life and as one who served with him in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment during the Civil War—I am able to bear testimony to his valor and patriotism as a soldier, and to his ability as a journalist and historian. His recent ill health, which compelled him to relinquish the work of completing the history of his own regiment, as its official historian, is a severe blow to me, personally, as I am forced to take up and attempt to finish the work which he had so ably begun and partly finished, and which, no doubt, he would have brought to a successful and acceptable close.

Praying that the Almighty God may comfort and console you in your bereavement, I am

Sincerely yours,

Tom Kirwan's Comrade-in-Arms,

Henry Splaine.

ERRATA

Page 3, last line should read "Soldiering in *North* Carolina".
Page 4, Middle of page, should read, Captain *Day*.
Page 9, should read, Capt. Geo. W. Kenny, wounded, Dec. 17, 1862.
Page 14, should read, Sergt. John Dunn, re-enlisted *Jany*. 5, 1864.
Page 15, should read, Corporal Albert F. Austin, enlisted May 10, 1861.
Page 15, should read, Nathaniel *B*. Burpee.
Page 15, should read, Thomas Carter, discharged September 24, 1861.
Page 18, should read, Albert Remington, *Sturbridge*.
Page 28, should read, Robert Hill, age 19.
Page 28, should read, Alba McKay, discharged Nov. 25, 1862.
Page 35, should read, Enoch *M*. Kennick.
Page 40, should read, Henry Chase, re-enlisted Dec. 5, 1863.
Page 48, 8th line from top, should read, Capt. Daniel *B*. *Tarr*.
Page 62, should read, Lieut. B. N. Mann, wounded Dec. 17, 1862.
Page 62, should read, Charles *C*. Morse, 2d Lieut.
Page 264, should read, Henry A. W. Blackburn-*Paxton*.
Page 267, should read, James *H*. Stewart, 1st Lieut.
Page 268, should read, Wm. E. Gilman, enlisted *January* 1, 1864.
Page 272, should read, Algernon S. *Nichols*.
Page 275, should read, Robert M. Field, enlisted Dec. 8, 1863.
Page 275, should read, Jeremiah Looby, discharged June 30, 1865.
Page 277, should read, Henry *G*. Hyde, 1st Lieut.
Page 282, should read, Charles W. Locke, enlisted Aug. 25, 1864.
Page 283, should read, Nathaniel Phillips, discharged June 30, 1865.
Page 284, should read, John Welch, discharged June 30, 1865.
Page 284, should read, Joseph G. Martin, 1st Sergt., mustered out July 11, 1865.
Page 284, should read, *Samuel* H. Jones.
Page 288, should read, Charles Hartman, musician, mustered out July 11, 1865.
Page 291, should read, John Wall, 2d, enlisted Sept. 5, 1864.

CHAPTER I.

Massachusetts in the Civil War—Its Prompt Response to Call for Troops—The Seventeenth Among the Early Three Years' Regiments to Answer the Call—The Companies Composing it and Where Formed.

Massachusetts in the Civil War, and what a glorious record of patriotism and sacrifice it has! The Seventeenth Regiment of its infantry contribution to the forces of the national government is the one whose services in that war it is the purpose to treat of in this memorial history.

In 1861 a condition of Civil War existed in the United States, due to the secession of the Southern States from the Union. Indeed, war had been actually levied against the nation in the assault upon and capture of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor by an organized military force of the seceded states. This act of war aroused the people of the entire Northern States, and preparations were at once made to form a military force adequate to deal with the situation.

Abraham Lincoln had been elected President to succeed James Buchanan, and was inaugurated at Washington on March 4, 1861, under peculiar and critical circumstances. The capital of the nation was filled with conspirators, and conspiracies to seize the capital were rife. It was a critical time for any ordinary man to assume the reins of government. But he was no ordinary man, as after events proved.

His first inaugural, which was highly approved of by the people of the loyal states, indicated a moderate policy in dealing with the revolted states. He declared that it was not the intention of the government to interfere with the institution of slavery in the slave

states, but was firm in opposing the doctrines of secession, and assured the people of all the states protection under the Constitution.

To overcome resistance to enforcement of federal laws in the rebellious states, he at first called for a volunteer force of seventy-five thousand men to serve three months. These troops were promptly furnished by the governors of the loyal states, but it was soon realized that such a force was altogether unequal to meet the emergency, and that a more considerable army was needed to cope with forces which had been gathered and organized by the Confederate leaders. It was judged also that a longer term of service would be required, as the subjugation of the states in revolt might take years to accomplish.

Under the circumstances, the President, on May 3, 1861, issued a proclamation calling for a force of volunteers to serve for three years, unless sooner discharged. At that time a great number of military companies were in process of formation in the cities and towns of the Commonwealth. The capture of Sumter, and other acts of aggression by the rebels, had intensified the feeling against the secessionists, and large numbers of men were ready and even anxious to enlist in the services of the government. At this juncture the following order was issued by command of Governor Andrew:

"Headquarters, Boston, May 22, 1861.

General Orders, No. 12.

The President of the United States, by his proclamation of the third day of May current, having called into the service of the United States, to aid in the enforcement of the laws and the suppression of insurrection, a Force of Volunteers to serve for a period of three years, unless sooner discharged, and to be enrolled and organized in a manner to be made known through the Department of War; and the plan of organization adopted for this force, in accordance with the Proclamation of the President, having been published in General Order No. 15, from the Adjutant General's office in Washington, on the fourth day of May current, and His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief having been

this day notified that the quota of these volunteers to be furnished by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is fixed at Six Regiments of Infantry, to be organized as prescribed in said General Orders No. 15 from the War Department, so much of said orders as relates to the Regiments of Infantry to be organized under them is directed to be printed for general information.''

The ''Plan of Organization'' was appended to the Adjutant-General's promulgating order. This six regiments called for were promptly organized and furnished, and five more regiments were ordered into camp in the state, under the provisions of an act of the legislature, by General Order No. 16, issued June 1st. On the 17th of June ten more regiments were requested by the General Government, and others were accepted from time to time, so that Massachusetts had, on January 1, 1862, about 36,000 men serving as three years' troops.

Among the regiments thus brought into existence was the one which is the subject of this history, namely.

The Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

This regiment (or rather the companies composing it) was recruited principally in Essex County, one company being recruited in Middlesex and one in Suffolk. The regiment was composed mostly of stalwart working-men, shoemakers, tanners, weavers and other mechanics, representing all the principal nationalities in the state at that time—English, Irish, Scotch (in fact, one of the companies, H, was known as the British Volutneers), French, German, natives of the British Provinces, but yet a large majority of the men were native Americans.

The difficulties encountered by the people in getting into military organization were many and trying, though perhaps the state authorities were not altogether to blame for the delays complained of. In a little work by the compiler of this history, entitled ''Soldiering in South Carolina by one of the Seventeenth,'' published in 1864, the matter is set forth as viewed in the early days of the war. It says:

"Recruiting for this regiment commenced as early as the fall of Fort Sumter, but owing to the embarassed condition of the state, the hesitation of the General Government in regard to accepting troops, and the want of authority on the part of the Governor to act, the regiment was obliged to wait from week to week without any decisive answer as to the intention of the government concerning its organization. The companies were formed on the militia basis, were desirous of regimental organization and to be mustered into the service, but every effort in that direction seemed to be counteracted. While other regiments were splendidly provided for by private munificence, and hurried off to the seat of war, this regiment was unprovided by the state with an organization, clothing, arms, equipments or rations. An opinion prevailed at one time that all idea of a regimental organization must be given up, and the companies enter the United States service through some other state organization. Captain Fuller of Danvers and Captain Bay of Haverhill determined to bring the matter to a focus. They visited the Governor, and after several ineffectual efforts to obtain an audience, at length succeeded, and informed His Excellency that they were going into the army and should take their commands with them; that they wanted to go in a Massachusetts regiment, and unless accepted by the state would go into the Mozart Regiment of New York, as one or two other companies from Massachusetts had already done. Orders were given them by the Governor to go into camp at Lynnfield. The other companies of which this regiment is composed, were ordered to the same place, and all arrived there between the 10th and 12th of July."

Camp Schouler, at Lynnfield, which was formed on July 10 1861, was the place where the various companies composing the Seventeenth were assembled. It was in command of Col. Lyman Dike, of the Seventh M. V. M., who was detailed to command the new regiment, no colonel having been commissioned. Colonel Dike was a most capable and efficient officer. He at once established a school of instruction and drill for the officers of the regiment, and soon had it in a tolerable condition of military discipline.

At Lynnfield, the routine of camp life began. It was a life of

Col. Thomas I. C. Amory.

strenuous duty that was to continue for an indefinite time in an uncertain future of hazardous occupation amid "moving accidents by flood and field." But the future did not seem to be viewed with apprehension by the men who had cast off the old life and taken on the new for the preservation of the integrity of their native or adopted country.

Day after day the new companies of the Seventeenth were exercised in drill and manual of arms, at first in squads, then in companies, and lastly in battalion movements. Dress parade, inspection, etc., came at frequent intervals. The drill sergeants soon had the "awkward squads" in good shape; the squads in companies were drilled by their officers, and the companies in battalion formation were drilled in regimental movements by the colonel commanding.

Marches over the rough country roads were frequently made to accustom the men to rapid movement in military formation, to toughen and accustom them to the kind of service they would have to undergo in active campaigning.

This camp life and duty, though strenuous, was not altogether without its compensation. There were many of those sunny, optimistic souls among the men, who made life more pleasant by their vocal powers, their wit and humor, their practical jokes, more comical than harmful, and there were laughable episodes in which officers as well as men were often involved, all of which contributed to make life in camp more tolerable. Then the men thus brought together were making new acquaintances and friends, acquiring new ideas from their disciplinary experience, getting accustomed to a new mode of living, and gaining health by living on plain, wholesome food and sleeping practically in the open air. Men whose occupations had been pursued indoors, often in poorly ventilated factories, found here a new life in the open air with its exhilerating influence. Furthermore they were acquiring habits which made their new life and occupations not only tolerable, despite its hardships, but actually agreeable. It is true that the rigid and exacting discipline which they were subjected to was more or less irksome at first, but this wore off as discipline became habitual.

Altogether, this organization of men of various trades and occupations soon came to know one another, to fraternize, to be cheerful and even jolly, to acquire an *esprit de corps* so dear to all comrades, and to take up the burden of military duty and patriotism like true sons of the militant races from which they sprang.

CHAPTER II.

Roster of Field and Staff, Non-Commissioned Staff, Band and Company Officers of the Seventeenth Regiment, and of all Enlisted Men of the Original Regiment.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Art.—Artillery
Assig.—Assigned
Bat. —Battalion
Com.—Commissioned
Co.—Company
d.—Died
disabil.—Disability
Disch.—Discharged
drum.—Drummed
Expir.—Expiration
gr.—Grave
H. Art.—Heavy Artillery
hon.—Honorably
hospl.—Hospital
Inf.—Infantry
k.—Killed
Must.—Mustered
M. O.—Mustered out
no fur. rec.—No further record
organ.—Organization
pris.—Prisoner
pro.—Promoted
rec.—Recommended
re-enlist.—Re-enlisted
regt.—Regiment
regtl.—Regimental
ser.—Service
sub.—Substitute
transf.—Transferred
vols.—Volunteers

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas I. C. Amory, Col.; 33; Sept. 2, '61; Boston; transf. to reorgan. regt.

John F. Fellows, Col.; Oct. 9, '64; Chelsea; not mustered.

Henry Splaine, Col'; 27; June 16, '65; Haverhill; not mustered as Col.

John F. Fellows, Lt. Col.; July 21, '61; Chelsea; pris. of war. Feb. 1, '64; M. O. Aug. 9, '64.

Henry Splaine, Lt. Col.; 27; Aug. 10, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

William W. Smith, Lt. Col.; 27; June 16, '65; Danvers; M. O. as major.

Jones Frankle, Major; 32; July 22, '61; Haverhill; disch. for promotion to Col. 2d H. Art., Dec. 28, '63.

Luther Day, Major; 33; Dec. 29, '63; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry Splaine, Major; 27; Aug. 4, '64; Haverhill; promoted Lt. Col., Aug. 10, '64.

William W. Smith, Major; 27; Aug. 4, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

John E. Mullally, Major; 26; June 16, '65; South Danvers; M. O. as Capt.

Isaac F. Galloupe, Surgeon; 37; July 10, '61; Lynn; pris. of war; Feb. 1, '64; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; brevetted Lt. Col.

William H. W. Hinds, Asst. Surg.; 27; July 22, '61; Boston; promoted Surg. 12 Mass.; Reg. May 26, '63.

Charles G. A. Eayrs, Asst. Surg.; Aug. 16, '62; Lowell; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George W. Clark, Asst. Surg.; 27; July 6, '63; Boston; transf. to F. and S., New Organ.

Barnabas N. Mann, 1st Adjt. Lt.; 37; July 10, '61; Chelsea; relieved as Adjt., and assigned to Co. D.; wounded at Goldsboro, Dec. 17, '62; d. in Rebel prison Oct. 8, '64.

Henry A. Cheever, Adjt.; 23; Feb. 20, '62; Chelsea; wounded pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Levi P. Thompson, Regtl. Qm.; 37; July 10, '61; Cambridge; pro. Capt. Co. D, Jan. 9, '62.
Robert Harris, 1st Lt. and Regtl. Qm.; Jan. 9, '63; Haverhill; pro. Capt. Com. of Subs., U. S. Vols., Nov. 26, '62.
Horace Dexter, 1st Lieut. and Regtl. Qm.; 37; Jan. 1, '63; Cambridge; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William D. Haley, Chaplain; 37; July 22, '61; Rochester, Mass.; resigned May 30, '62.
William P. Colby, Chaplain; Sept. 2, '62; Amesbury; resigned Nov. 2, '63.
Henry F. Poor, Sgt. Major; 22; July 10, '61; Stoncham; pro. 2d Lt. Jan. 24, '62; assigned to Co. B.
Laurentia Bailey, Sgt. Major; 32; Oct. 25, '61; Greveland; disch. for disabil. April 2, 1863.
Linus B. Comins, Jr.,Sgt. Major; 19; April 1,'62; Roxbury; pro. 2d Lt. May 28, '62; assigned to Co. F.
John B. Hill, Sgt. Major; 43; April 2, '61; Haverhill; pro. 2d Lt. Aug. 13, '62; assigned to Co. H.
John F. Mills, Sgt. Major; 25; Feb. 14, '62; Bradford; transf. to Co. H.; re-enlist. Dec. 31, '63.
William H. Osgood, Sergt. Major; 24; July 21, 1861, Newburyport; disch. for disability April 3, 1862, at Baltimore, Md.
James H. Stuart, Sergt. Major; 27; July 1, '64; Boston; transf. to reorg. N. C. S.
Horace Dexter, Qm. Sgt.; 35; July 22, '61; Cambridge; pro. 2d Lt. Feb. 9, '62; assig. to Co. F.
Story D. Poole, Qm. Sgt.; 32; July 22, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Alfred C. Taggart, Qm. Sgt.; Aug. '61; Haverhill; no further record in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry T. Merrill, Com. Sgt.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; pro. 2d Lt. Aug. 26, '62, assigned to Co. B.
Henry B. Webber, Com. Sgt.; 27; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to reorg. N. C. S.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
George O'Neill, Hosp'l Steward; 32; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability Sept. 2, '62 at Newbern, N. C.
Edward P. Cotting, Hosp'l Steward; 25; Sept. 1, '63; Worcester; transf. to reorg. N. C. S.; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64.
C. P. Morse, Hosp'l Steward; July 22, '61; Lynnfield; disch. Aug. 7, '62.
Leonard J. Sawyer, Jr., Prin. Mus.; 27; Feb. 26, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disabil. Sept. 30, '62.
Arthur Hall, Leader; 41; Aug. '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Abner Barnard, Musician; 29; Nov. 4, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Daniel Boardman, Musician; 42; Aug. '61; Georgetown; M. O. Aug. '62; must. out bands.
Charles A. Boyd,Musician; Oct. 24, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Samuel Bradbury, Musician; 31; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Henry B. Brown, Musician; 23; Oct. 23, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
William Chambers, Musician; 25; July 22, '61; No. Andover; disch. Dec. 7, '61, at Baltimore, Md.
Horsefall Dewhirst, Musician; 27; Aug. '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
William A. Garrett, Musician; Sept. 1, '61; Lowell; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
William A. Hall, Musician; 14; Aug., '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Benjamin Hills, Musician; 27; Aug. '61; Georgetown; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Nathaniel C. Keith, Musician; Oct. 24, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Joseph G. Knight, Musician; 30; Aug., '61; So. Boston; M. O. . Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Robert Lloyd, Musician; 28; Aug. '61; Manchester, N. H.; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
John M. Lovett, Musician; 36; Aug. '61; Lowell; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
John E. Mills, Musician; 35; Feb. 26, '62; Haverhill; disch. Oct. 3, '62; must. out bands.
Henry H. Moody, Musician; 41; Aug., '61; Roxbury; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
William H. Moody, Musician; 15; Aug., '61; Roxbury; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
John P. Morrison, Musician; 19; Aug. '61; Rowley; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Luther S. Munroe, Musician; 32; Aug., '61; So. Danver; disch. July, '62; must. out bands.
Charles Packer, Musician; 23; July 22, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Sept. 17, '61;

Col. John F. Fellows.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles O. Radcliffe, Musician; 33; Aug. '61;No. Andover; M. O. Aug., '62; must. out bands.
John Robbins, Musician; 34; Aug., '61; Lowell; disch. July 11, '62.
Alois S. Smith, Musician; 27; Aug. '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Temple Tebetts, Musician; 54; Aug. '61; Lowell; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
Esau Wells, Musician; 21; Aug. '61; Biddeford, Me.; M. O. Aug. 30, '62; must. out bands.
John Dennis, Musician; 29; Aug. '61; Lawrence; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Orlando F. Osgood, Musician; 41; Aug. '61; Haverhill; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
David F. Brown, Capt.; 34; Aug. 21, '61; Newburyport; resigned Jan. 30, '62.
Sidney C. Bancroft, Capt.; 35; Aug. 21, '61; So. Danvers; resigned Dec. 18, '61.
Nehemiah P. Fuller, Capt. 31; Aug. 21, '61; Danvers; transf. July 30, '63 to 2d H. Art.
George H. Morrell, Capt.; 29; Aug. 21, '61; Salisbury; resigned Jan. 8, '62.
Michael C. McNamara, Capt.; 30; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Luther Day, Capt.; 32; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; Major, Dec. 29, '63.
George W. Kenney, Capt.; 31; Aug. 21, '61; Danvers; wounded at Goldsboro Dec. 19, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John K. Lloyd, Capt.; 38; Aug. 21, '61; Boston; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; M. O. Mar. 12, '65.
Thomas Weir, Capt.; 33; Aug. 21, '61; Lawrence; dismissed July 2, '62 by G. C. M.
Joseph R. Simonds, Capt.; 43; Aug. 21, '61; Melrose; must. out Aug. 3, '64.
Enoch F. Tompkins, Capt.; 30; Dec. 19, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug 3, '64; Recom.
Levi P. Thompson, Capt.; Jan. 9, '62; Cambridge; d. Sept. 20, '62.
Henry Splaine, Capt.; 24; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; wounded at Winton July 26, '63; Major, Aug. 4, '64.
William W. Smith, Captain; 24; July 3, '62; Danvers; Major, Aug. 4, '64.
Ivory N. Richardson, Capt.; 24; Sept. 25, '62; Malden; Aug. 3, 1864, expir. of service.
John E. Mullaly, Capt.; 24; Dec. 29, '63; So. Danvers; Major June 16, 1865.
Malcolm Sillers, Capt.; 26; Aug. 4, '64; So. Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Lt.
Charles O. Fellows, Capt.; 20; Aug. 4, '64; Chelsea; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
James Splaine, Capt.; 24; Aug. 10, '64; Haverhill; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
Joseph A. Moore, Capt.; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Gloucester; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
Henry B. Webber, Capt.; 29; Sept. 1, '64; Groveland; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
Lewis Cann, Capt.; 24; Nov. 21, '64; Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
Thomas R. Keenan, Capt.; 27; Feb. 3, '65; Lynnfield; wounded in battle of Wilderness; July 11, '65, expir. of service.
Horace Dexter, Capt.; 39; June 16, '65; Cambridge; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Lt.
Barnabas N. Mann, 1st Lt.; 37; Aug. 21, '61; Chelsea; wounded at Goldsboro Dec. 17, '62; d. October 8, '64, in rebel prison.
Levi P. Thompson, 1st Lt.; Aug. 21, '61; Cambridge; Capt., Jan. 9, '62.
Thomas W. Foster, 1st Lt.; 33; Aug. 21, '61; Newburyport; resigned Jan. 8, '62.
Robert B. Bancroft, 1st Lt.; 25; Aug. 21, '61; So. Danvers; resigned Dec. 12, '61.
William W. Smith, 1st Lt.; 23; Aug. 21, '61; Danvers; Capt. July 3, '62.
Jere A. Greeley, 1st Lt.; 27; Aug. 21, '61; Salisbury; Aug. 25, '63, Capt. 2d H. Art.
Henry Splaine, 1st Lt.; 24; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; Capt., Jan. 31, '62.
Enoch F. Tompkins, 1st Lt.; 30; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; Capt., Dec. 19, '61.
George W. Tufts, 1st Lt.; 33; Aug. 21, '61; Rockport; d. Oct. 27, '61, Baltimore, Md.
John S. Hammond, 1st Lt.; 30; Aug. 21, '61; Boston; resigned May 15, '62.
Michael Burns, 1st Lt.; 21; Aug. 21, '61; Lawrence; resigned Jan 17, '62.
Ivory N. Richardson, 1st Lt.; 23; Aug. 21, '61; Malden; Capt. Sept. 25, '62.
William H. Turner, 1st Lt.; 24; Oct. 28, '61; Haverhill; resigned April 25, '63.
John E. Mullaly, 1st Lt.; 22; Dec. 13, '61; So. Danvers; Capt., Dec. 29, '63.
Ruel B. Pray, 1st Lt.; 24; Dec. 19, '61; Danvers; resigned Aug. 9, '62.
Robert Harris, 1st Lt.; Jan. 9, '62; Haverhill; Dec. 31, '62; Com. Sub. U. S. Vol.
Edward T. Parkinson, 1st Lt.; 23; Jan. 9, '62; West Roxbury; July 7, '63, Asst. Adjt. Gen. Vols.
James Maroney, 1st Lt.; 24; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; resigned Aug. 12, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry A. Cheever, 1st Lt.; Feb. 20, '62; Chelsea; wounded prisoner war Feb. 1, '64; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.

Archibald Bogle, 1st Lt.; 22; May 28, '62; Melrose; May 20, '63, Maj. 35th U. S. Col. Troops.

Thomas F. Newton, 1st Lt.; 33; July 3, '62; Haverhill; Transf. 2d N. C. Union Vols.; July 11, '65, expir. of service.

Ezekiel F. Mann, 1st Lt.; 25; Aug. 13, '62; Boston; wounded at Goldsboro Dec. 17, '62; resigned May 16, '63.

Charles O. Fellows, 1st Lt.; 22; Aug. 13, '62; Chelsea; Capt. Aug. 4, '64.

Henry Poor, 1st Lt.; 23; Sept. 25, '62; Stoughton; resigned Dec. 23, '62.

James Splaine, 1st Lt.; 22; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; Capt. Aug. 10, '64.

Horace Dexter, 1st Lt.; 37; Jan. 1, '63; Cambridge; Aug. 3, '64; expir. of service. recom.

Thomas R. Keenan, 1st Lt.; 25; Apr. 26, '63; Lynnfield; wounded in battle of Wilderness Mar. 19, '64, Capt. 56th Inft.

Linus B. Comins, Jr.; 1st Lt.; 20; May 17, '63; Roxbury; prisoner of war Feb. 1, '64; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.

John B. Mill, 1st Lt.; 45; May 21, '63; Haverhill; prisoner of war Feb. 1, '64; Mar. 11, '65, expir. of service.

Philip C. Mason, 1st Lt.; 28; July 8, '63; Newburyport; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.

Joseph W. Day, 1st Lt.; 31; Aug. 26, '63; Bradford; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; Mar. 15,'65, expir. of service.

Horace Dexter, 1st Lt.; 38; Aug. 3, '64; Cambridge; Capt. June 15, '65.

Lewis Cann, 1st Lt.; 24; Aug. 4, '64; Danvers; Capt. Nov. 21, '64.

Joseph A. Moore, 1st Lt.; 21; Aug. 15, '64; Gloucester; Capt. Sept. 1, '64.

Henry B. Webber, 1st Lt.; 29; Aug. 15, '64; Groveland; Capt. Sept. 1, '64.

Malcolm Sillars, 1st Lt.; 26; Sept. 1, '64; So. Danvers; Capt. Aug. 4, '64.

Henry G. Hyde, 1st Lt.; 22; Sept. 1, '64; Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service.

James H. Stuart, 1st Lt.; 29; Nov. 21, '64; Boston; July 11, '65, expir. of service.

James Smith, 1st Lt.; 31; June 1, '65; Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 2d Lt.

Uriah Robertson, 1st Lt.; 30; June 1, '65; Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 2d Lt.

Edward P. Cotting, 1st Lt.; 27; June 1, '65; Worcester; prisoner of war Feb. 1, '64; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 2d Lt.

Orrin B. Cooley, 1st Lt.; 39; June 1, '65; Longmeadow; July 11, '65; expir. of service as 2d Lt.

Timothy Hawkes, 1st Lt.; 28; June 1, '65; Danvers; prisoner of war, Plymouth, N. C. April 20, '64; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 2d Lt.

Robert Smith, 2d Lt.; 31; June 16, '65; Danvers; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.

Thomas W. Goodwin, 2d Lt. 34; Aug. 21, '61; Newburyport; resigned Feb. 8, '62.

John E Mullaly, 2d Lt.; 22; Aug. 21, '61; So. Danvers; 1st Lt. Dec. 13, '61.

Ruel B. Pray, 2d Lt. 24; Aug. 21, '61; Danvers; 1st Lt. Dec. 19, '61.

Benjamin F. Chesley, 2d Lt.; 22; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; resigned Dec. 27, '61.

James Maroney, 2d Lt.; 23; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; 1st Lt. Jan. 31, '62.

William H. Turner, 2d Lt.; 24; Aug. 21, '61; Haverhill; 1st Lt. Oct. 28, '61.

Alfred M. Channell, 2d Lt.; 29; Aug. 21, '61; Rockport; resigned Jan. 17, '62.

Robert W. McCourt, 2d Lt.; 29; Aug. 21, '61; Boston; resigned Nov. 2, '61.

Archibald Bogle, 2d Lt.; 21; Aug. 21, '61; Melrose; 1st Lt.; May 28, '62.

Henry W. Oliver, 2d Lt.; 31; Aug. 21, '61; Malden; resigned Feb. 6, '62.

Thomas F. Newton, 2d Lt.; 32; Oct 28, '61; Haverhill; 1st Lt. July 3, '62.

Ezekiel F. Mann, 2d Lt.; 24; Nov. 3, '61; Boston; wounded at Goldsboro,Dec.17,'62; 1st Lt. Aug. 13, '62.

Charles O. Fellows, 2d Lt.; 19; Dec. 13, '61; Chelsea; 1st Lt.; Aug. 13, '62.

Henry Poor, 2d Lt.; 22; Dec. 19 '61; Stoneham; 1st Lt. Sept. 25, '62.

Edward T. Parkinson, 2d Lt.; 23; Jan. 11, '62; West Roxbury 1st Lt. Jan. 9, '62.

James Splaine, 2d Lt.; 23; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; 1st Lt. Dec. 24, '62.

Horace Dexter, 2d Lt.; 36; Feb. 9, '62; Cambridge; 1st Lt. Jan 1, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas R. Keenan, 2d Lt.; 24; Feb. 10, '62; Lynnfield; 1st Lt. Apr. 26, '63.
George T. Russell, 2d Lt.; Feb. 19, '62; Boston; resigned Sept. 18, '62.
Charles C. Morse, 2d Lt.; 29; Feb. 20, '62; Haverhill; resigned Mar. 23, '63
Linus B. Comins, Jr., 2d Lt.; 19; May 28, '62; Roxbury; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; 1st Lt. May 17, '63.
Henry T. Merrill, 2d Lt.; 24; July 3, '62; Haverhill; resigned May 11, '63.
Andrew Cook, 2d Lt.; 30; Aug. 13, '62; Danvers; resigned April 26, '63.
John B. Hill, 2d Lt.; 44; Aug 13, '62; Haverhill; 1st Lt. May 21, '63.
Philip C. Mason, 2d Lt.; 27; Sept. 25, '62; Newburyport; 1st Lt. July 8, '63.
Joseph W. Day, 2d Lt.; 30; Sept. 30, '62; Bradford; 1st Lt. Aug. 26, '63.
Daniel L. Getchell, 2d Lt.; 30; Dec. 24, '62; Wells, Me.; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.
Sylvanus M. Sovereen, 2d Lt. 23; Jan. 1, '63; Malden; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.
Samuel G. Roberts, 2d Lt.; 21; March 24, '63; So. Danvers; wounded twice; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of serivce.
Lewis Cann, 2d Lt.; 23; April 26, '63; Danvers; 1st Lt. Aug. 4, '64.
James Inman, 2d Lt.; 25; Apr. 27, '63; Danvers; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.
Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; May 17, '63; Gloucester; 1st Lt. Aug. 15, '64.
Malcolm Sillars, 2d Lt.; 26; July 4, '64; Danvers; 1st Lt. Sept. 1, '64.
Henry G. Hyde, 2d Lt.; 22; July 4, '64; Danvers; 1st Lt. Sept. 1, '64.
James Smith, 2d Lt.; 30; Aug. 2, '64; Danvers; 1st Lt., June 1, '65.
Orrin B. Cooley, 2d Lt.; 39; Feb. 7, '65; Longmeadow; 1st Lt., June 1, '65.
Patrick Breen, 2d Lt.; Feb. 7, '65; never mustered.
Marcus A Hanna; Feb. 7, '65; Rockport; 2d Lt. 2d H. A. Jan. 21, '65.
Eben Simonds, 2d Lt.; 24; Feb. 7, '65; Malden; July 11, '65 expir. of service.
Uriah Robertson, 2d Lt.; 30; Feb. 7, '65; Danvers; 1st Lt. June 1, '65.
Edward P. Cotting, 2d Lt.; 27; Feb. 7, '65; Worcester; pris. of war, Feb. 1, '64; 1st Lt. June 1, '65.
Timothy Hawkes, 2d Lt.; 28; Mar. 24, '64; Danvers; 1st Lt. June 1, '65.
Robert Smith, 2d Lt.; 31; June 1, '65; Danvers.
Joseph A. Welch, 2d Lt.; 26; June 1, '65; Haverhill; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
John Cowan, 2d Lt.; 22; June 1, '65; Salisbury; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
Brotherton Martin, 2d Lt.; 25; June 1, '65; Newburyport; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
Thomas A. Murray, 2d Lt.; 22; June 1, '65; Lynn; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
John Dunn, 2d Lt.; 33; June 1, '65; Newburyport; d. June 3, '65, as 1st Sergt.
Thomas S. Clymonts, 2d Lt.; 33; June 16, '65; New Bedford; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
Joseph G. Martin, 2d Lt.; 39; June 16, '65; Danvers; July 11, '65 expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
Joseph G. Kelley, 2d Lt.; 37; June 16, '65; Haverhill; July 11, '65, expir. of service as 1st Sgt.
George W. Hewes, 2d Lt.; 28; June 16,'65; Haverhill; July 11,'65, expir. of serv. as Qm. Sgt.

COMPANIES OF THE SEVENTEENTH.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF THEIR FORMATION AND RATES.

The call to arms in the spring of 1861, at the outset of the Civil War, was nowhere more promptly responded to than in the Old Bay State. There was a fine spontaniety in the inception of movement in the various cities, towns and hamlets of the state towards the formation of military companies. Not only were the patriotic men of the state willing and ready to peril their lives for the perpetuation of the Union, but the patriotic women—mothers, wives and sisters—united to aid and cheer them on.

The following brief sketches of the movements leading to the enlistment of men, and the formation of companies to compose the Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry will fully confirm and illustrate this. The rosters of the companies are also given.

COMPANY "A" OF NEWBURYPORT.

"City Grays."

(The following account of the formation of Company "A" of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry has been contributed by Comrade Joseph C. Richardson of Newburyport, one of the original members of that company, who was one of the first to respond to the request for information of that kind from comrades, making him in that respect "A No. 1" of the contrib-

utors to this history. It will be seen that he goes directly into his subject and makes a good narrative of it.)

On April 23, 1861, a notice to the citizens of Newburyport and vicinity was circulated, calling for volunteers to form another company in Newburyport for the Union cause. In a few days over seventy men were enlisted for three years, and were drilled every day and evening, except Sundays, in Essex Hall, corner of Essex and State Streets, by Capt. John Remick, and by others who had some military knowledge.

On May 22d, by order of Governor Andrew, an election of officers by the men enlisted was held, under the supervision of Major Ladd of Boston. David F. Brown was elected captain; Thomas W. Foster, 1st lieutenant; William Bell, 2d lieutenant; Thomas W. Goodwin, 3d lieutenant; Alfred Horton, 4th lieutenant.

This company was called the "City Grays." The city of Newburyport furnished it with a very fine uniform of gray cloth, with dark trimmings, at a cost of about $1500. The company, in its new uniform, made a splendid appearance.

On application of Captain Brown, the city of Newburyport gave the "Gun House" to his company for barracks, and also gave ten days' rations for the men who were to quarter there. The men took up their quarters at this place on July 4th at noon.

On July 11th, in response to General Order No. 26, calling for volunteers to serve for three years, or the war, the City Grays, Captain Brown commanding, took the cars at the Boston & Maine Railroad Station, to go to Camp Schouler in Lynnfield. They were accompanied by the Newburyport Band and the Wallace Guards of Amesbury,—Captain Morrill of Amesbury commanding that company.

Large gatherings of people cheered them as they marched to the station, and the young volunteers had a grand send-off to their new quarters. The City Grays were assigned their position in Camp, and the Wallace Guards of Amesbury, afterwards Co. D, were given positions next to them.

After the assignment of positions it was military duty continuously—guard duty, company and battalion drills, dress parade, inspection, fatigue duty, doctors' calls, "peas on a tren-

cher,'' reveille, taps, etc. It was the good old summer-time, and the boys enjoyed it. When not on duty, some were playing practical jokes on some raw recruit and amusing each other according to their several fancies.

Ten companies from several cities and towns having been assembled in Camp Schouler, and organized as the Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, the work of assigning them to their positions in the line was carried out. The Newburyport City Grays were now to be Company A of the regiment. Two lieutenants, William Bell and Alfred Horton resigned or were discharged as commissioned officers of the company, each company now having but two lieutenants instead of four, in conformity with the plan of organization promulgated by the War Department.

The company was mustered into the service of the United States, July 22, 1861, at Camp Schouler, Lynnfield, Mass. The men of the company were now furnished with a new uniform of blue material, similar to that worn by the infantry of the Union Army, and discarded the gray one given them by the city of Newburyport. Company A, with the other companies of the regiment, left Lynnfield August 23, and went into camp at Baltimore, Maryland, remaining there several months.

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "A".

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

David F. Brown, Capt.; 34; May 10, '61; Newburyport; resigned Jan. 30, '62.
Henry Splaine, Capt. 24; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; transf. to new company "A".
Thomas W. Foster, 1st Lt.; 33; May 10, '61; Newburyport; resigned Jan. 8, '62.
Ruel B. Pray, 1st Lt.; 24; Jan. 10, '62; Danvers; resigned Aug. 9, '62.
Archibald Bogle, 1st Lt.; 21; May 28, '62; Melrose; pro. Maj., 35th U. S. C. Troops, May 20, '62; tranf. from Co. C to Co. A, May 20, '62.
Charles O. Fellows, 1st Lt.; 22; Aug. 13, '62; Chelsea; transf. to Co. G, May 5, '63.
John B. Hill, 1st Lt.; 45; Jan. 30, '64; Haverhill; pris. of war, Feb. 1, '64; disch. Mar. 15, '65.
Thomas W. Goodwin, 2d Lt.; 34; May 10, '61; Newburyport; resigned Feb. 8, '62.
George T. Russell, 2d Lt.; Feb. 19, '62; Boston; resigned Sept. 18, '62.
Philip C. Mason,2d Lt.; 27; Sept. 25,'62; Newburyport; pro.1st Lt. Feb.18,'64; assig. to Co. H.
Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; May 17, '63; Gloucester; transf. Co. C, Jan. 28, '64.
Samuel G. Roberts, 2d Lt.; 21; April 15, '63; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Philip C. Mason, 1st Sgt.; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; pro. 2d Lt. Sept. 25, '62.
John Q. A. Johnson, 1st Sgt.; 24; May 10, '61; Amesbury; disch. for wounds, Sept. 10, '63.
John Dunn, 1st Sgt.; 29; May 10,'61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co.A; re-enlist.July 5,'64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENLISTMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Joseph C. Richardson, 1st Sgt.; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Wiley, Sgt.; 25; May 10, '61; Reading; d. Oct. 3, '63, at Newbern, N. C.
William H. Osgood, Sgt.; 24; May 10, '61; Newburyport; pro. Sgt.Major Jan. 17, '62.
Paul A. Perkins, Sgt.; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Sept. 18, '63.
Elisha Young, Jr., Sgt.; 33; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 2, '64.
William Rankin, Sgt.; 38; April 30, '61; Malden; disch. for dsiability, Sept. 25, '62.
Thomas W. Goodwin, Sgt.; 34; May 10, '61; Newburyport; pro. 2d Lt. Aug. 20, '61.
Albert F. Austin, Corp.; May 10, '64; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. D; re-list. Jan. 5, '64.
George Bradbury, Corp.; 28; May 10, '61; Newburyport; pro. Capt. July 17, '63, 2d N. C. Colored Vols.
George W. Cook, Corp.; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability; Nov. 23, '62, Newbern, N. C.
James W. Davis, Corp.; 19; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph Doring, Corp.; 41; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability, Jan. 29, '63.
Joseph W. Haines, Corp.; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability May 9, '62.
Samuel W. Reed, Corp.; 23; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability, Dec. 5, '63. wounded, April 9, '63.
Ebenezer Cressey, Corp.; 43; May 10, '61; Newburyport; d. Nov. 30, '62, Newbern, N. C.
William Splaine, Corp.; 29; Sept. 2, '62; Haverhill; tranf. to Co. E.
Jeremiah B. Hill, Corp.; 42; Oct. 15, '61; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65; re-enlist. Dec. 27, '63.
Richard G. Mayo, Corp.; 30; May 10, '61; Chelsea; disch. for disablity, Apr. 13, '62.
Richard Withington, Corp.; 23; May 10, '61; Newbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Lewis F. Besee, Corp.; 38; May 10, '61; No. Chelsea; transf. to New Co. F.; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.
Andrew J. Tilton, Corp.; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; tranf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
Alexander Polson, Musician; 25; May 10, '61; Lowell; disch. for disability June 19, '64.
Albert Richardson, Jr., Musician; 14; May 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability Sept. 3, '62.
Thomas Carter, Wagoner; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; dischar. for disability at Baltimore, Md., Sept. 24, '61.
Asa Lakeman, Wagoner,; May 10, '61; Ipswich; disch. for disability Sept. 9, '62.
Francis J. Adolphus, Private; 22; May 10,'61; Amesbury; discharged for disabil. Oct. 6, '61 .
Thomas Ahern, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.
Joseph Alley, Jr., Private; 29; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Henry Bel, Private; 24; Oct. 10, '61; Brookline; tranf. to New C o. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5,'64.
Isaac T. Bickford, Private; 29; Dec. 26, '61; Georgetown; d. at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 29, '62.
Edward W. Blandin, Private; 44; May 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability Sept. 24, '61.
Wheaton L. Bliss, Private; 24; Aug. 19, '62; Seekonk; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; transf. from Co. D to Co. A, Oct. 22, '62;
John Blodgett, Private; 24; Jan. 5, '64; Sturbridge; transf. to New Co. B.
Patrick Bohan, Private; 26; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 15, '64.
Charles E. Bradbury, Private; 25; May 20,'61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Oct. 13,'63.
George W. Brown, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disiability May 2, '63; wounded Dec. 14, '62.
John Burke, Private; 35; May 10,'61; Newburyport; tranf. to New Co. A; re-enlis. Jan. 2,'64.
Nathaniel H. Burpee, Private; 26; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Calnan, Private; 35; May 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 2, '63.
Thomas Carter, Private; July 22, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability, Sept. 24, '64.
Rufus W. Chandler, Private; 33; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Sept. 18, '62, at Boston, Mass.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles A. Cheever, Private; 38; Jan. 18,'64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B, re-enlist. Jan. 15, '64.

Thomas B. Chipman, Private; 21; Aug. 1, '62; Bradford; disch. for disability Nov. 11, '62.

George I. Clapp, Private; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Chelsea; re-enlisted transf. to New Co. A.

William D.Cloutman, Private; 30; Aug. 12,'62; Marblehead; disch. for disabil. Sept. 11,'63.

James Cogger, Private; 19; Oct. 26, '61; Boston; disch. for disabilty Nov. 15, '61.

Thomas G. Cogger, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disabilty Sept. 6, '62; at Newbern, N. C.

David Cole, Private; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Chelsea; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

James Connor, Private; 35; July 30, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability Feb. 2, '63.

John Conner, Private; 23; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Dec. 1, '61, at Baltimore, Md.

Albert J. Cook, Private; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.

John Conboy, Private; 21; Jan. 5, '64; Lynn; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64; transf. to New Co. A.; pris. of war March 10, '65.

George L. Coughlin, Private; 39; May 10, '61; Burlington, Vt.; disch. for disability Dec. 1, '61 at Baltimore.

John H. Couilliard, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability May 12, '62 at Baltimore, Md.

Alvin O. Cressey, Private; 28; May 10, '61; Ipswich; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John H. Currier, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Melrose; disch. for disability Aug. 26, '62.

Thomas Curtin, Private; 26; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 6, '64.

Eben K. Danforth, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Georgetown; disch. for disability July 24, '62.

William M. Davis, Private; 39; Oct. 7, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted March 14, '64.

Aretus H. Dillingham, Private; 28; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Michael Dooley, Private; 39; Sept. 2, '62; Lynn; transf. to New Co.A.; re-enlis. Jan. 1,'64.

Albert Drown, Private; 32; May 10,'61; Newburyport; d. Feb. 13, '64m at Beaufort, N. C.

Daniel J. Dwyer, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Dennis Dwyer, Private; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Frederick Eaton, Private; 28; Jan. 1, '62; Malden; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 2, '64.

Willard Edmunds, Private; 38; May 10, '61; Saugus; transf. U. S. Navy Mar. 4, '64; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Thomas Fahey, Private; 45; Feb. 1, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 1, '64.

Martin Fallon, Private; 35; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George W. Fisher, Private; 31; Sept. 2, '62; Charlestown; disch. for disability June 22, '63.

George E. Flanders, Private; 24; April 27, '61; Salisbury; deserted Aug. 7, '61.

John L. S. Flanders, Private 26; May 10, '61; Newburyport; deserted Mar. 20, '62.

Enos Floyd, Private; 40; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Samuel J. Ford, Private; 19; Oct. 26, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. E.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.

Robert Fowle, Private; 17; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adj. Gen. Office, Mass.

James H. Foye, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability July 10, '63.

Cassius M. C. French, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Boston; d. June 1, '62 at Baltimore, Md.

Henry F. Fuller, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Melrose; d. Oct. 6, '61, at Baltimore, Md.

William Gannon, Private; 19; May 10,'61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Isaac H. Gould, Private; 36; Oct. 24, '61; Amesbury; d. June 29, '62, at Newbern, N. C.

Col. Henry Splaine as Captain 1862-3.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John W. Gower, Private; 31; Nov. 1, '61; Baltimore, Md.; disch. for disability Apr. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

Nathaniel Gurney, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '62.

Benjamin F. Hall, Private; 19; May 10, '61; Georgetown; deserted Aug. 24, '61.

Stephen S. Hall, Private; 29; June 3, '64; Upton; transf. to New Co. C.

William Havlin, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Newburyport; deserted Aug. 23, '61.

George W. Hews, Private ; 44; Jan. 3, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.

Richard Higston, Private; 45; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 15, '64.

William N. Hopkinson, Private; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability June 14, '62.

Alfred Horton, Private; 33; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.

James Hubbard, Private; 21; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 3, '63.

Thomas H. Jackman, Private; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Robert W. Jessup, Private; 36; Oct. 22, '61; Danvers; disch. Oct. 14, '64.

Samuel R. Kemp, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Edward W. Kendell, Private; 18; Aug. 8, '62; Melrose; M. O. Aug. 3, '64

Packard Kennedy, Private; 27; Dec. 26, '61; Georgetown; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.

George W. Kezar, Private ; 19; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; wounded Apr. 9, '63.

Samuel Kezar, Jr., Private; Aug. 16, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

Charles W. Keyes, Private; 19; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Leonard, Private; 35; Feb. 2, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 2, '64.

William F. Lent, Private; 30; May 10,'61; Newburyport; wounded at Goldsboro Dec. 17, '62; disch. for wounds May 14, '63, at Boston, Mass.

Andrew P. Lewis, Private; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A and F; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Charles Lang, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Georgetown; disch. for disability Nov. 23, '63.

Daniel Lynch, Private; 19; May 10, '61; Newburyport; tranf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

George W. Lynde, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Melrose; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George Mace, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; d. Dec. 22, '61 at Baltimore, Md.

John Mahoney, Private; 42; November 12, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John S. Marcey, Private; 18; Aug. 8, '62; Malden; disch. for disability Nov. 11, '62.

James I. Marshall, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64; M. O. July 11, '65.

William W. Marshall, Private; 22; Jan. 22, '62; Newburyport; tranf. to New Co. A.; re-listed Jan. 1, '64.

Dennis McCarty, Private; 25; May 10, '61; Boston; tranf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64; d. in service.

Patrick McCarthy, Private; 19; Oct. 18, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 12, '63.

James McKnight, Private; 19; May 10,'61; Newburyport; disch. for wounds June 2, '63; wounded Dec. 16, '62; loss of leg.

John or John W. McKnight, Private; 21; Feb. 17, '62; Newburyport; tranf. to New Co. D.

James McWilliams, Private; 34; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability April 2, '63.

Lewis J. Morrill, Private; 34; Sept. 2, '62; Lynn; transf. to Co. E. Oct. 1, '62.

Dennis Murphy, Private; 26; Sept. 2, '61; Lynn; disch. March 5, '64; lost leg in service, '63;

Thomas A. Murray, Private; 18; Sept. 2, '61; Lynn; tranf. to New Co. A; wounded April 9, '63; re-enlist. January 1, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

David Noble, Private; 29; No. 11, '61; Malden; tranf. to Co. D, Dec. 12, '61.

Benjamin L. Nolan, Private; 19; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; re-enlist. Jan. 19, '64; transf. to New Co. A.

Joseph H. Norris, Private; 23; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Dec. 15' 61; at Baltimore, Md.

Edgar A. Parker, Private; 25; Nov. 2, '61; Haverhill; transf. to Co. D.

Henry Parks, Private; 23; Jan. 18, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Jan. 18, '64.

Francis Peabody, Private; 19; Aug. 11, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. A; d. in service.

Willliam F. Pearson, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph Perkins, Private; 21; Aug. 11, '62; Newbury; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64; pris. of war March 8, '65.

Alvin W. Phillips, Private; 21; June 21, '61; Boston; deserted Feb. 9, '62.

Thomas G. Poor, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Oct. 14, '61 at Baltimore, Md.

Sylvester Powell, Private; 25; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; re-enlisted Jan. 19, '64; transf. to New Co. B.

Morrison Proctor, Private; 35; Oct. 21, '61; Groveland; disch. from Regt. Hospit. Nov. 14, '61, for disability.

John Purtell, Private; 42; Dec. 10, '63; Newburyport; re-enlist. Dec. 10, '63; transf. to New Co. B.

Richard Purtill, Private; 18; March 1, '62; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan 4, '64.

Albert Remington, Private; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Starbridge; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64; transf. to New Co. A.

Ezra Remington, Private; 18; May 29, '64; Starbridge; transf. to New Co. C.

Albert Richardson, Private; 44; May 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability, Sept. 24, '62.

William G. Roberts, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Lawrence; deserted Aug. 24, '61.

Benjamin P. Rogers, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newbury; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Albert P. Sargent, Private; 30; July 22, '62; Roxbury; transf. to V. R. C. Mar. 12, '64.

Benjamin A. Sargent, Private; 24; Feb. 4, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. F; re-enlist. Feb. 29, '64.

James L. Smith, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Worcester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Samuel Smith, Private; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; d. at Park Barracks, New York City. May 27, '63.

Joseph G. Spates, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Newburyport; deserted Aug. 24, '61.

George W. Stanwood, Private; 21; May 10, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3 '64.

Thomas W. Stevens, Private; 18; May 10,'61; Newburyport; disch. for disabil.June 23, '63.

Michael Sullivan, Private; 29; May 10, '61; Newburyport; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64; transf. to New Co. A and D.

Patrick J. Sullivan, Private; 38; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability May 18, '63.

Andrew Templeton, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Alphonso W. Thomas, Private; 19; Oct. 8, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. A.

Phillip B. Tirrell, Private; 22; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph W. Tracy, Private; 34; July 23, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.

Foster W. Tripp, Private; 19; May 10, '61; Portsmouth, N. H.; disch. for disability Oct. 6, '61.

Joseph Wadleigh, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Newburyport; deserted Aug. 24, '61.

Martin Watson, Private; 18; Aug. 20, '61; Newburyport; re-enlist. Jan. 2, '64; transf. to New Co. A.

Michael Welch, Private; 34; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability May 4, '62.

John H. Willis, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Nov. 1, '61 at Baltimore, Md.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry Winkley, Private; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Oct. 26, '61 at Baltimore, Md.

Byron A. Woodbury, Private; 23; Aug. 12, '62; Glouchester; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64; transf. to New Co. A.

Claeb S. Woodwell, Private; 23; May 10, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 14, '63.

Miles Woodman, Private; 42; Nov. 14, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. A.

George W. Woodsum, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Hampstead, N. H.; d. Dec. 19, '61 at Baltimore, Md.

Arancis B. Wyman, Private; 23; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; transf. to New Co. A.

Osgood Young, Private; 21; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Oct. 28, '63.

Peter Young, Private; 29; May 10, '61; Newburyport; deserted Feb. 28, '62.

COMPANY "B", SOUTH DANVERS.

Foster Guards.

(Major John E. Mullaly has furnished the following sketch of the formation of Company "B" of South Danvers, called the Foster Guards, after the late General Foster (not the General Foster in command in North Carolina).

"On April 19, 1861, when the news came that our soldiers had been shot in Baltimore, I, with others, was talking about the news. I think there were about twenty of us together—all young men. I proposed that we get a drum and fife and march up the main street of old South Danvers, and the spirit seemed to be there. We got out the drummer, but not the fifer—instead we got a bugler. We fell into line in the formation of twos, armed with canes and sticks. We started from Harmony Grove Ridge and marched to the Town Hall in South Danvers. While on the march we got about one hundred recruits.

"After arriving at the Town Hall we rang the bell. It seemed to me that it brought out all the men in town, old and young, as the Town Hall was soon full. Some of the prominent men of the town made speeches in relation to the war, which had then actually

begun. Finally, one of the speakers suggested that those men who would be ready to go in forty-eight hours should give their names. There was a list started, and I think about one hundred and twenty-five men, old and young, signed their names—everybody, anybody, all seemed willing to go. They finally decided, after 11 o'clock at night, to adjourn until the following evening, when they would all meet at the same place.

"I knew very little about military affairs at that time. There were more names signed than would fill a company. I proposed at the adjourned meeting that all the married men drop out, and the single men form a company which they did. We then took a vote, and voted to equip the members with uniforms. We had a tailor come from Boston and measure each man, and our uniform was gray with red trimmings. The adjutant general of the State was notified about the company, and he ordered an election of officers. A meeting for that purpose was held, and a man by the name of John Denny was elected captain at first, but this was not satisfactory to the men, and he did not serve. After two evenings' struggle, however, Lieutenant Sydney C. Bancroft was elected captain in his place. John E. Mullaly was elected second lieutenant.

"The town would not give up the uniforms because there was a prospect that the governor would not need the company. The Ninth Massachusetts Regiment expected orders to go to the front, and they were short of men. Some officers of that regiment came to our town, and got about forty men from our company to go with them. In a short time we received orders from the adjutant general of the State to go into camp in our respective towns without pay or equipment. Captain Bancroft received the order and turned it over to me.

"I was captain of the company for about one year, and took great pleasure in serving in so good a company. My record of it is that not one man was placed in the guardhouse for misdemeanor of any kind.

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "B".

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Sidney C. Bancroft, Capt.; 35; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; resigned Dec. 18, '61.
Enoch F. Tompkins, Capt.; 30; Dec. 19, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Robert B. Bancroft, 1st Lt.; 25; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; resigned Dec. 12, '61.
John E. Mullaly, 1st Lt.; 22; Dec. 13, '61; Salem; pro. Capt. assigned to Co. F.
Charles O. Fellows, 1st Lt.; 19; Aug. 13, '62; Chelsea; pro. Capt.; Aug. 19, '64; assigned to New Co. F.
John E. Mullaly, 2d Lt.; 21; May 10, '61; Salem; pro. 1st Lt. Co. B. Dec. 13, '61.
Henry Poor, 2d Lt.; 23; Dec. 19, '61; Stoneham; pro. 1st Lt. Co. F.
Linus B. Comins, Jr., 2d Lt.; 20; May 28, '62; Roxbury; transf. to Co. D. Feb. 13, '63.
Henry T. Merrill, 2d Lt.; 24; July 3, '62; Haverhill; resigned May 11, '63.
Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; May 17, '63; Gloucester; transf. to Co. E, Sept. 20, '63.
Daniel Getchel, 2d Lt.; 30; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; transf. to Co. E, Nov. 1, '63.
Herbert E. Larrabee, 1st Sgt.; 24; May 10,'61; So. Danvers; disch. for disabil. Apr. 5,'63.
Stephen F. Jones, 1st Sgt.; 22; May 10, '61; Salem; wounded Dec. 17, '62, at Goldsboro; disch. for disability Feb. 7, '63.
Edward F. Farnham, 1st Sgt.; 21; Aug. 22, '61; Charlestown; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Benjamin R. Arrington, Sgt.; 24; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Mullaly, Sgt.; 19; May 10, '61; Salem; disch. Feb. 7, '63.
Samuel G. Roberts, Sgt.; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Co. G. Mch. 24, '63; wounded Dec. 17, '62.
Hugh McKenny, Sgt.; 21; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 20, '62.
Daniel Galucia, Sgt.; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John H. Leonard, Sgt.; 29; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Riley Davis, Sgt.; 20; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Augustus Buckman, Corp.; 22; Aug. 20, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Jan. 24, '62.
Eben H. Davis, Corp.; 20; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Edward Cassidy, Corp.; 22; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Henry A. Stone, Corp.; 18; Aug. 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles M. Woodbury, Corp.; 20; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. ; re-enlisted Dec. 12, '63.
Israel P. Leavitt, Corp.; 28; May 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability June 23, '63.
Charles E. Barry, Corp.; 18; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlisted Dec. 15, '63.
Calvin Chamberlin, Corp.; 18; Oct. 19, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 18, '64, at Boston, Mass.
Jacob Galucia, Corp.; 18; Nov. 4, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to Co. D.
Abraham Bond, Musician; 15; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Aug. 13, '63.
Samuel E. Tucker, Musician; 16; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
George Buxton, Wagoner; 24; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Action, Private; 30; Dec. 23, '63; Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Daniel C. Adams, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George W. Bancroft, Private; 20; Sept. 1, '61; Baltimore, Md.; disch. for disability July 2, '62 at Newbern, N. C.
Abraham Barrett, Private; 34; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; wounded Apr. 9, '63; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
William H. Batchelder, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to Co. D.
James Battye, Private; 43; Aug. 12, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George A. Beckett, Private; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 14, '63.
Charles F. Blaisdell, Private; 24; Feb. 28, '64; Woburn; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
William Boyle, Private; 23; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Herman Brackett, Private; 44; Aug. 9, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Hiram Butterfield, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Salem; re-enlisted; transf. to Co. D.

Michael Buckley, Private; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James A. Byrne, Private; 37; Dec. 11, '63; Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.

John F. Carlton, Private; 24; April 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Patrick Carr, Private; 33; Aug. 4, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability June 23, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

Jeremiah Carroll, Private; 20; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Dennis Cashman, Private; 18; Jan. 18, '64; Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.

John Chambers, Private; 30; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Chambers, Private; 24; Aug. 22, '61; Chelsea; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 4, '63.

James Clark, Private; 25; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability May 10, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

David Coleman, Private; 44; Aug. 12, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Conway, Private; 30; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph Cooper, Private; 42; Feb. 17, '64; Boston; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. B.

Patrick Cronin, Private; 31; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph F. Dakin, Private; 27; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B. re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Charles H. Davis, Private; 21; Feb. 2, '64; Andover; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.

John Dempsey, Private; 23; May 10, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry M. Derx, Private; 17; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Dec. 26, '63.

John Desmond, Private; 35; May 10, '61; Salem; wounded Dec. 17, '62; disch. for wounds, May 6, '63.

John Devine, Private; 25; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Peter Devine, Private; 18; Nov. 18, '63; So. Danvers; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.

Edward Duke, Private; 23; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William H. Eaton, Private; 18; Jan. 13,'64; Lynn; re-enlist. Jan. 13,'64; transf. to New Co.C.

George E. Farnham, Private; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disabliity Nov. 21, '62.

Robert M. Field, Private; 32; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; wounded Dec. 17, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Lawrence Fox, Private; 39; May 10, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Fraher, Private; 25; Dec. 29, '63; Lynn; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.

Thomas Gallagher, Private; 23; May 9, '61; So. Reading; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Gallagher, Private; 33; July 10, '61; Salem; served in war with Mexico in 1st Reg. Mass. Vols.; disch. for disability May 30, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

Henry Galucia, Private; 21; Oct. 24, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 2, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

Perley Galucia, Private; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability July 11, '62.

Pulaski Galucia, Private; 25; Oct. 15, '61; So. Danvers; disch. Oct. 14, '64, expir. of service.

Patrick Gaynor, Private; 32; Dec. 30, '63; Fall River; re-enlist. transf. to new organ.

David Gleason, Private; 41; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; tranusf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Feb. 15, '64.

Martin Goldthwait, Private; 21; Oct. 24, '61; So. Danvers; wounded July 26, '63; disch. Oct. 22, '64, expir. of term.

Aaron Guilford, Private; 23; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Dec. 17, '63.

David B. Hackett, Private; 29; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to Co. E.

Thomas Hancock, Private; 21; Feb. 15, '64; Chelsea; transf. to New Co. C; enlist. at Newbern, N. C.

John Hart, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; re-enlist. transf. to New Co. C.

Thomas Hartman, Private; 42; July 10,'61; Danvers; disch. for disability Aug. 13, '62.

Cornelius Harrigan, Private; 18; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas Hessan, Private; 35; Dec. 28, '63; Salisbury; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. B.
Alfred Hopbirk, Private; 21; May 10,'61; Wenham; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist.Dec.1,'63.
Stephen Howard, Private; 25; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George C. Irish, Private; 26; Dec. 2, '63; Gloucester; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. B.
Andrew Jackson, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability July 11, '62.
Albert Jeffers, Private; 42; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
George W. Jeffers, Private; 18; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
William H. Jeffers; Private; 20; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; re-enlist; transf. to New Co. C.
George C. Jeffery, Private; 25; Aug. 20, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.
Alexander Jones, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Dec. 3, '63.
Andrew Kelly, Private; 28; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; wounded Dec. 17, '62; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.
William N. Kenney, Private; 35; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
Henry L. Larrabee, Private; 21; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Michael P. Lucy, Private; 24; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Mahoney, Private; 23; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; deserted Nov. 29, '61.
Richard Marley, Private; 19; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James McCarthy, Private; 47; May 10, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 4, '61.
John McCormack, Private; 22; Nov. 20, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. D.
Michael McCormick, Private; 21; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas McDermott, Private; 30; Jan. 2, '64; Chelmsford; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. B.
Eneas McDonald, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles McIntire, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Sept. 15, '61.
George McLellan, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William B. Moulton, Private; 18; Oct. 19, '61; Lynn; transf. to New Co. D.
Michael Mullaly, Private; 24; May 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability, Oct. 24, '61.
James Nolan, Private; 32; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John O'Connell, Private; 19; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability May 28, '63.
Elijah Osborne, Private; 20; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64;
Patrick O'Shea, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Oliver Parker, Private; 20; Oct. 15, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.
Andrew Patten, Private; 38; July 10, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles H. Pendexter, Private; 26; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to new Co. G.
Warren C. Philbrick, Private; 36; Feb. 25, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
Valentine A. Pickering, Private; 34; Aug. 20, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability Sept. 10,'65.
George Pitman, Private; 34; Aug. 17, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Feb. 15, '64.
George Pitman, Jr., Private; 18; Aug. 17, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Feb. 25, '64.
Richard Ricker, Private; 32; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Edward Ring, Private; 34; Dec. 24, '63; Brighton; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
John Ring, Private; 31; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Roche, Private; 45; May 10, '61; So. Danvers: M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Benjamin F. Rhodes, Private; 23; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Michael Scanlon, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Edward Sheehan, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Siner, Private; 43; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Henry B. Skinner, Private; 19; Aug. 10, '61; So. Danvers; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
Daniel W. Stevens, Private; 26; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Benjamin Stone, Private; 45; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Aug. 21, '62.
Eugene Sullivan, Private; 27; Aug. 20, '61; Lynnfield; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Henry M. Tarbox, Private; 22; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Thedford, Private; 37; March 9, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Patrick Thiers, Private; 27; May 10, '61; Salem; deserted Nov. 29, '61.
George W. Thomas, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles H. Townsend, Private, 18; Oct. 1, '61; So. Danvers; disch. Sept. 1, '64, expir. of term.
John H. Tucker, Private; 42; Nov. 19, '61; Salem; transf. to new Co. C.
Joseph C. Twiss, Private; 46; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph C. Twiss, Private; 25; Oct. 29. '61; Salem; disch. for disability July 17, '65.
Jacob H. Very, Private; 21; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George H. Whithead, Private, 21; Aug. 20, '61; Lynn; transf. to E.
John Whithead, Private; 21; May 10, '61; So. Reading; disch. for disability Sept. 10, '63.
John S. Winslow, Private; 28; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
Willard Winslow, Private; 24; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.
Hugh Young, Private; 23; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; re-enlist.; transf. to New Co. C.

COMPANY "C," KNOWN AS "DANVERS LIGHT INFANTRY."

(Comrade George F. Putnam now of Lynn contributes the following account of the formation of Company "C" of the Seventeenth Regiment.)

"As is well known, in April, 1861, excitement was high through the Northern States on account of the disloyal movements in the South, and all who gave thought to the matter could see that a conflict between the loyal States and those in secession was impending.

"In the little village of Tapleyville, Danvers, was the General Scott Fire Engine, with a company of from sixty to seventy young men, full of American blood, who did not believe in allowing the Southern States to secede from the Union; and when the call came for volunteers, fully two-thirds of that company enrolled their names at the Danvers Town Hall, where patriotic meetings were held almost every night.

"I and many others enrolled our names on the 19th of April, 1861, although the State does not give us the credit of enrolling until April 22d. We formed the company, others coming in later.

"When we held a meeting for the choice of officers, Nehemiah P. Fuller was chosen captain, for the reason that we always understood that he was in Walker's expedition against Nicaragua, that he therefore knew something about military, was one of our boys and was popular. The first lieutenant chosen was W. W. Smith. He was captain of the fire company, and a young man liked by all. Ruel B. Pray was chosen second lieutenant.

"After the company was formed we went to drilling and marching, to get ready for service in the field. The town, in order to keep the company together, obtained grounds in West Gloucester, where we began camp life, with Adjutant Barnabas N. Mann of Chelsea, as drill master, and continued until called upon to form a portion of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, which was being assembled at Camp Schouler, at Lynnfield. Company C was one of the first, if not the first, on the field. From this time forward the history of Company C is that of the regiment, sharing in all its marches, expeditions and battles in North Carolina. The Adjutant General's report for 1862 gives the following account of Company C:

"The formation of this Corps was commenced in April, 1861, and the number rapidly increased, so that the full quota was soon obtained. At the same time the ladies were zealously engaged in the good work of providing an outfit, which was completed in the most generous style, the citizens aiding by large contributions, amounting in all for both companies from the town, to $3,000.

"The outfit for each soldier embraced a cap, jacket, pants, two pairs of drawers, two flannel shirts, two pairs of stockings, handkerchiefs, one pair of shoes and two havelocks.

"Captain Fuller was furnished with a sword, sash, dressing-case, and an elegant copy of the Bible, the gifts of Miss Catherine Putnam of Peterboro, N. H., a native of the town. He was also furnished with a pistol, the gift of Augustus Mudge, Esq. The other officers were also amply equipped. Each soldier received a copy of the New Testament and Psalms, neatly bound together, a gift from the Sabbath Schools. A fine national flag, richly mounted, was presented to the Company in behalf of the town.

"For nearly two months previous to their being incorporated as Company C in the Seventeenth Regiment, they occupied their time in daily drills under pay from the town. While waiting to be designated for service in the army they went into a private camp in the town of Gloucester, and thus became accomplished to a rare degree in the tactic of military science. They have held the post of honor in the regiment on the left, and afterwards on the right.

"After the regiment arrived in Baltimore, it was thought best by the Colonel that it should have buglers in the right and left companies, and Privates George F. Putnam and George E. Moore, of Company C, Danvers, were made bugler and fifer of the company, which position they held until discharged. Afterwards the regiment purchased fifes for these men."

In the words of Colonel Splaine—"To Company C belongs the proud distinction of having furnished no less than twelve commissioned officers from among the enlisted men of the company, eleven having served in their own regiment, while one served as captain in a North Carolina Union Volunteer Colored Regiment.

The following is a roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Company.

ORIGINAL COMPANY "C".

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Nehemiah P. Fuller, Capt.; 31; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to Co. I, Aug. 14, '63.

William W. Smith, Capt.; 24; July 3, '62; Danvers; transf. from Co. I, Aug. 14, '63 transf. to New Co. B.

William W. Smith, 1st Lt.; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; pro. Capt., assi. to Co. I, July 3, '62.

Archibald Bogle, 1st Lt.; 23; May 28, '62; Melrose; transf. to Co. A. May 20, '62.

Thomas R. Keenan, 1st Lt.; 25; April 26, '63; Lynnfield; pro. Capt. 56th Regiment Mar. 19, '64.

Ruel B. Pray, 2d Lt.; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; pro. 1st Lt. Dec. 19, '61, assigned to Co. A.

Thomas R. Keenan, 2d Lt.; 24; Feb. 10, '62; Lynnfield; pro. 1st Lt. Apr. 26, '63.

Philip C. Mason, 2d Lt.; 26; Sept. 25, '62; Newburyport; transf. to Co. A, Jan. 28, '64.

Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; May 7, '63; Gloucester; transf. to Co. E, July 15, '64.

Andrew Cook, 1st Sgt.; 29; July 22, '61; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Aug. 16, '62.

Malcolm Sillars, 1st Segt.; 23; July 11, '61; So. Danvers; pro. Qm. Sgt. N. C. S. Jan. 5, '64; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.

James Smith, Sgt.; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to old Co. I, Dec. 1'62.

Lewis Cann, Sgt.; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; pro. 2d Lieut. Apl. 26, '62.

Andrew Cook, Sgt.; 29; July 11, '61; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Aug. 13, '62; transf. to Co. I, Aug. 30, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

James Inman, Sgt.; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers: pro. 2d Lt., Co. D, Apr. 23, '63.
Robert Smith, Sgt.; 27; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Charles F. Brown, Corp.; 27; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to old Co. E, Aug. 6, '62.
George H. Putney, Corp.; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to old Co. E, Aug. 6, '62.
Isaac Bodwell, Corp.; 38; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph G. Martin, Corp.; 35; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 29, '64.
Malcolm Sillars, Corp.; 23; July 11, '61; So. Danvers; pro. Sgt.
Nathaniel A. Pope, Corp.; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Timothy Hawkes, Jr., Corp.; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64; prisoner of war, Plymouth, N. C. Apr. 20, '64.
David H. Ogden, Corp.; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
David Cook, Corp.; 35; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
James Cochran, Corp.; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Gould, Corp.; 25; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Fred A. Nourse, Corp.; 22; Jan. 14, '62; Marblehead; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 2, '64.
Hiram T. Foster, Musician; 18; July 27, '61; Cambridge; transf. to New Co. B. re-enlisted Dec. 9, '63.
Henry Foster, Musician; 16; July 27, '61; Cambridge; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 18, '64.
Uriah Robertson, Wagoner; 26; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to Co. E, Aug. 6, '62.
Lucius P. Barnes, Private; 24; Aug. 21, '62; Holliston; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63, at Newbern, N. C.
Samuel D. Benson, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '61.
Alden Bradford, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '62; Boston; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.
Henry Bradford, Private; 27; Aug. 26, '62; Charlestown; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.
Charles A. Burchstead, Private; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph N. Burchstead, Private; 29; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 5, 62.
Warren A. Burpee, Private; 30; Dec. 29, '63; Gloucester; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
James H. Burrows, Private; 25; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Dec. 16, '61, at Drummondton, Va.
Thomas Caine, Private; 33; Feb. 25, '64; Amesbury; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Simeon Coffin, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Dec. 25, '61, at Baltimore, Md.
George W. Coleman, Private; 25; Nov. 10, '63; Boston; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Francis D. Crane, Private; 26; July 11, '61; Middleton; disch. for disability Sept. 27, '62.
William R. Crawford, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 9, '63.
William H. Croft, Private; 17; July 11, '61; Danvers; killed Apr. 27, '64, at Washington, N.C.
John L. Cunningham, Private; 31; Aug. 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Theodore Curtis, Private; 30; Dec. 3, '63; Saugus; transf. to New Co. C.
William D. Curtis, Private; 18; Dec. 3, '63; Saugus; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
John Daley, Private; 35; July 16, '62; Boston; disch. Nov. 25, '62; rejected recruit at Newbern, N. C.
James W. Dickie, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Jan. 16, '63.
George H. Dole, Private; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 1, '63.
Samuel W. Durgin, Private; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles M. Eagan, Private; 19; Nov. 30, '63; Malden; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 26, '64; No. of grave, 171.
George W. Elliott, Private; 22; July 22, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63, at Newbern, N. C.
George Fish, Private; 43; Aug. 22,'62; Holliston; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlis' Jan. 5,'64.
George W. Flint, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Justin Flint, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Middleton; d. Oct. 30, '61, Baltimore, Md.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Warren A. Flint, Private; 44; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Richard W. Fuller, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 7, '63.
George H. Goss, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joshua Goss, Private; 43; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 4, '62.
John Graham, Private; 31; Feb. 10, '62; Chelsea; transf. to Co. D.
William Green, Private; 19; Feb. 14, '64; Mendon; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Samuel D. Gregory, Private; 16; Sept. 24, '62; Bellingham; transf. from Co. H, 42d M. V. M. M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Robert Grey, Private; 22; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; disch. Mar. 4, '63.
Robert B. Haggerty, Private; July 11, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 20, '61.
James Harnay, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '62; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Harris, Private; 42; Oct. 13, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Rufus Hart, Private; 26; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 18, '63.
Charles Hartman, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Thomas Hartman, Jr., Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63.
Timothy Hawkes, Private; 44; July 11,'61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 12, '62, at Newbern, N. C.
Harry K. Herman, Private; 19; Jan. 26, '64; Boston; transf. to New Co. E, from 1st Bat. L. Art.
Robert Hill, Private; 10; July 11, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Sept. 2, '62.
James A. Holt, Private; 31; Dec. 9, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 12, '62.
Daniel A. Hyde, Private; 38; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability May 10, '63.
Henry G. Hyde, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to old Co. G, July 1, '63.
Thomas Hynde, Private; 41; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Kearney, Private; 35; Oct. 13, '62; Waltham; transf. from Co. I, 45th M. V. M.; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas Kelley, Private; 25; Feb. 10, '62; Roxbury; transf. to New Co. C.
Andrew Kelley, Private; 40; Aug. 16, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 18, '62.
John Kelley, Private; 35; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Jackson Kennedy, Private; 31; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Ezra D. Kimball, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62.
Michael Kirby, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62.
Henry H. Lane, Private; 21; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; disch.; rejected recruit Nov. 25, '62.
David P. Lang, Private; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Luther E. Lawton, Private; 31; Aug. 23, '62; Malden; Aug. 3, '64, expir. of service.
Joseph Leavitt, Private; 42; Nov. 22, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63.
James Lee, Private; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Lovejoy, Private; 44; Aug. 22, '62; Holliston; rejected recruited; disch. Nov. 25, '62.
Darling Lowe, Private; 42; Aug. 18, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Sept. 5, '62.
James E. Lowell, Private; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Feb. 11, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
George H. Mabee, Private; 24; Sec. 3, '63; Roxbury; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Dennis Mahoney, Private; 27; Nov. 22, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. C.
Melville Maley, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
David Matheson, Private; 35; July 11, '61; Lynnfield; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John McCreary, Private; 36; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Alba McKay, Private; 22; Aug. 22, '62; Holliston; rejected recruit; disch. Nov. 25, '63.
Alexander Moir, Private; 43; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63.
Jonas S. Monroe, Private; 30; July 11, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 22, '64.
George E. Moore, Private; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Moore, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
John K. Moore, Private; 31; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability June 15, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Lewis D. Moore, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. Mar. 12, '62.
John B. Moores, Private; 26; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. Co. G; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Estwick E. Morrill, Private; 27; Aug. 22, '61; Salisbury; disch. for disability Sept. 7, '61.
Archibald Morrison, Private; 25; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George H. Moulton, Private; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Andrew Mullen (also known as Millen), Private; 24; May 1, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
John Mundie, Private; 27; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Owen Murphy, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William J. Murphy, Private; 27; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Martin Murray, Private; 20; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas A. Musgrave, Private; July 11, '61; Lynnfield; d. July 1861, at Lynnfield, Mass.
Edward North, Private; 19; Jan. 21, '62; Danvers; disch. for disability Jan. 31, '63.
Fred A. Nourse, Private; 22; Jan. 14, '62; Marblehead; transf. to New Co. B.
Allen Nourse, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to Co. E.
James Nulty, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; Amesbury; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
William H. Ogden, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Hugh E. Peabody, Private; 27; Sept. 19, '62; Lynn; transf. from Co. F, 8th M. V. M., 9 months' troops, M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
David Pettengill, Private; 31; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Richard Poor, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Oct. 30, '61.
Richard Poore, Private; 19; Jan. 3, '62; Danvers; disch. for disability Feb. 25, '62; at Baltimore, Md.
James M. Powers, Private; 32; Dec. 22, '62; Medford; transf. to New Co. D, as pris. of war.
James Prince, Private; 29; Oct. 28, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Nob. 17, '61; at Baltimore, Md.
Charles Putnam, Private; 21; Apr. 29, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George F. Putnam, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John E. Quinn, Private; 21; Dec. 31, '63; Boston; transf. to New Co. D, as pris. of war.
Milton Raddin, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
William Reynolds, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 6, '63.
Michael Riley, Private; 30; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Oct. 2, '63.
John A. Roberts, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Aug. 3, '62.
William B. Sargent, Private; 37; Oct. 22, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Frank Scampton, Private; 39; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Aug. 29, '62; at Danvers, Mass.
George Scampton, Private; 32; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 6, '63.
Patrick Sexton, Private; 20; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
John Shackley, Private; 33; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Feb. 1, '63.
Alvin C. Shaw, Private; July 11, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 20, '61.
Joseph E. Shaw, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Sillars, Private; 20; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Jan. 4, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
Daniel Smith, Private; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Sept. 27, '62, at Newbern, N. C.
Philip Sullivan, Private; 20; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Eldridge A. Stiles, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Middleton, disch. for disability Sept. 12, '62.
James H. Stuart, Private; 27; Oct. 14, '62; Boston; pro. Sgt. Maj. July 1, '64; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Jeremiah Toomey, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Patrick Toomey, Private; 23; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Patrick Toomey, Private; 25; Dec. 23, '63; Woburn; re-enlisted; transf. to New Co. C.
Patrick Trainer, Private; 19; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Dec. 24, '61, at Baltimore, Md.
Ezra W. Watson, Private; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 4, '62.
Charles F. Wells, Private; 18; Oct. 21, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 18, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Edward F. Wells, Private; 32; Aug. 16, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 6, '63.
Edwin G. Wells, Private; 18; Oct. 21, '61; Danvers; disch. expir. of service Oct. 20, '64.
John F. Wells, Private; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Henry R. Wiggin, Private; 43; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Jan. 16, '63.
Calvin W. Wiggin, Private; 49; Nov. 28, '63; Medford; transf. to Co. D, as absent pris. of war.
Joseph F. Wiggin, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Mar. 11, '63.
Calvin W. Willis, Private; 49; Nov. 28, '63; Medford; transf. to Co. I; d. in rebel prison July 17, '64.
George C. Wilson, Private; 18; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Edmund Woodward, Private; 24; July 14, '63; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. C.
James F. Woodward, Private; 23; July 11, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Oct. 2, '63.
Frederick Wright, Private; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 9, '61, at Baltimore, Md.

COMPANY "D," SALISBURY.

"WALLACE GUARDS."

(The following account of Company "D" is taken from the Massachusetts Register and Military Record of 1862.)

This company was organized on May 7, 1861. Having received arms from the State Arsenal, it commenced drill in good earnest under the efficient instruction of Mr. E. P. Stanwood of West Newbury. For four or five weeks the members performed no other labors than that which pertained to the perfecting of the company in the manual of arms, military evolutions and the march.

The uniform of the company consisted of a dark gray frock coat, pants and cap. The ladies made up the uniforms from the cloth purchased by the town and committee of citizens. Ready as it now was for the field, a disappointment awaited it, for the Governor had not assigned the company to either of the camp regiments ordered by the legislature. Some of the members, however, determined not to be diverted from their original purpose of going to war, scattered among other companies already

ordered into regiments. Twenty-five members, with the first, third and fourth lieutenants, united with the National Guards of Newburyport, which joined the Mozart Regiment, then stationed at Yonkers, N. Y.; and others connected themselves with the West Newbury Rifle Company and West Amesbury Mechanic Infantry, until the members were reduced to about thirty. Yet these thirty continued the organization, when on the 11th of July, the company was ordered into camp at Lynnfield, as Company D, Essex County Regiment 17th. Again it recruited to army standard.

The company derived its name, "Wallace Guards," from Mr. E. P. Wallace of Salisbury—a young mechanic of limited means, but generous patriotism, who gave the company, at its organization, one hundred dollars. Mr. Wallace also sent the following note to the Secretary of the Treasury, and "its tone of earnest, hearty patriotism makes it worthy of being printed in letters of gold."

"I am a shoemaker of limited means, but I want to lend the government this hundred dollars to assist a little in maintenance of its authority—its existence.

"The reason I send it to you rather than invest it here is that I want to give 'Uncle Sam' all the profit, and I don't want any interest on it. All that I want is that you should send me a government note promising to pay me or bearer $100 on demand, any time after the 29th of August, without interest. If times are hard with the government then, I will make a goodly abatement from this. If you are not empowered to invest the money in this way, invest it in the next way that will be most profitable to the government.

"Long life to Uncle Sam.

"May the blessings of God make your efforts to save our beloved country successful.

"P. S. An early return will prevent apprehension that this did not reach you. Physical disability alone prevents my assisting as a volunteer."

As the government could not receive the money on the terms of the letter, it issued to the author the first 7.3 per centum treasury note.

The town of Salisbury expended $1100, and the citizens $700, for the outfit and comfort of the company in the preparation for field service. This expenditure does not include what the town paid for monthly bounty and the maintenance of the families of volunteers.

Of the patriotic acts of Mr. E. P. Wallace, Comrade C. E. Flanders of Co. D, writes, in addition to the information above given:

"You will note he subscribed one hundred dollars for the company, and he helped some of the married men of the company while awaiting marching orders, of which no mention has ever been made. Besides the hundred dollars he loaned the government, later, when men were needed, he offered to give any man seventy-five dollars who would go as a substitute for him. It was accepted by Frank Cammett, who was killed at Brown's Ferry, Tenn. Later, on hearing that an officer with only one leg was serving in the army, he went to Boston to a recruiting office and tried to enlist, and I heard he offered his services for nothing if they would take him, but was told that the reason that this officer was retained was that he had lost his leg while in the service, but they could only enlist sound men. He then asked if the governor could not intercede for him, but was told that he had no power in the matter. Is it any wonder that this company was proud to bear his name, and that the returned veterans should give his name to their post, the E. P. Wallace Post 122, G. A. R. of Salisbury? He is still living, hale and hearty, at over three-score years and ten, and is often seen upon the street in his three-wheel wagon, propelled by his hands, and is loved and most sincerely respected by all classes, rich and poor alike."

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "D."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Goerge H. Morrell, Capt.; 29; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; resigned Jan. 28, '61.

Levi P. Thompson, Capt.; 33; Jan. 9, '62; Cambridge; d. Sept. 20, '62.

Ivory N. Richardson, Capt.; 23; Sept. 25, '62; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Jere A. Greeley, 1st Lt.; 27; April 27, '61; Salisbury; resigned and hon. disch., July 20, ' 63.

Barnabas N. Mann, 1st Lt.; 36; Aug. 22, '61; Chelsea; transf. to Co. K, Nov. 7, '63.

Henry A. Cheever, 1st Lt.; 23; Feb. 20, '62; Chelsea; appointed Reg. Adj. Nov. 25, '62.

Thomas F. Newton, 1st Lt.; 34; July 3, '63; Haverhill; transf. to Co. H.

Benjamin F. Chesley, 2d Lt.; 22; July 12, '61; Haverhill; resigned Dec. 27, '61.

Linus B. Comins, Jr., 2d Lt.; 19; Apr. 5, '62; Roxbury; transf. to Co. I, May 19, '63.

Henry T. Merrill, 2d Lt.; 25; July 3, '62; Haverhill; resigned May 11, '63.

Charles O. Fellows, 2d Lt.; 19; Aug. 31, '62; Chelsea; transf. to Co. A, Aug. 30, '62.

James Inman, 2d Lt.; 25; Apr. 26, '63; Danvers; transf. to Co. H, June 19, '64.

George I. Flanders, 1st Sgt.; 28; Aug. 10, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability Dec. 15, '61.

Leonard W. Phillips, 1st Sgt.; 23; Jan. 25, '62; Bradford; transf. to new Co. D.

Thomas F. Newton, Sgt.; 32; July 12,'61; Haverhill; pro. 2d Lt. Dec. 11,'62; transf. to Co.H.

William O. Coffin, Sgt.; 27; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability July 26, '62.

Simon F. Blake, Sgt.; 33; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; disch. for disability April 26, '62.

John G. Cowan, Sgt.; 18; July 22, '61; Salisbury; transf. to New Co.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

Edward H. Emerson, Sgt.; 21; Feb. 14, '62; Boston; d. at Sandown, N. H., Nov. 17, '63.

Edwin A. Moulton, Sgt.; 21; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Ariel S. Noyes, Sgt.; 32; Feb. 5, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Feb. 16, '64.

Brotherton Martin, Sgt.; 21; Aug. 22, '61; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63.

George Briggs, Corp.; 18; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Wingate Morse, Corp.; 20; July 11, '61; Amesbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Theophilus Sanborn, Corp.; 32; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; transf. to Co. I, absent pris. of war; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63; transf. from Co. C to Co. D.

Cyrus E. Kendrick, Corp.; 31; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

Augustus B. Flanders, Corp.; 20; Aug. 20, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George H. Lang, Corp.; 34; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.

Frank B. Polson, Corp.; 18; March. 4, '62; Lowell; transf. from Co. C to Co. D; transf. to New Co. D; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Solomon Martin, Corp.; 18; Aug. 7, '61; Newburyport; transf. from Co. C to Co. D; transf. to New Co. D.; re-enlist. Jan 4, '64

Charles E. Wells, Corp.; 19; Feb. 28, '62; Haverhill; wounded Dec. 17, '62; transf. to New Co. D.

Edgar A. Parker, Corp.; 25; Nov 2, '61; Haverhill; transf. from Co. A to Co. D; transf. to New Co. D.

John B. Pecker, Corp.; 22; March 10, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 28, '64.

Hiram P. Tuxbury, Musician; 27; July 12, '61; Newton; deserted Aug. 6, '61;

Samuel O. Pierce, Musician; 16; Oct. 23, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 17, '62.

Clarence O. Woodman, Musician; 16; Oct. 26, '61; Lynn; drowned May 26, '63 at Newberne, N. C.

John W. Twitchell, Musician; 21; Feb. 3, '62; Chelsea; transf. from Co. C to Co. D; transf. to Co. H as absent pris. of war; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Samuel Whittaker, Musician; 25; Feb. 12, '62; Boston; transf. from Co. C. to Co. D; transf to New Co. absent pris. of war; re-enlist. Jan 1, '64.

Charles M. Goldwaith, Wagoner; 22; July 12, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability May 31, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas A. Arnold, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Horace Baldwin, Private; 42; Nov. 15, '61; Lynn; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
Michael J. Barrett, Private; 34; Jan. 24, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 15, '62.
William H. Batcheller, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. from Co. B to Co. D; transf. to Co. H. Sept. 2, '62.
John M. Bemis, Private; 38; Aug. 6, '62; Malden; disch. for disablity Jan. 30, '63.
Charles H Blake, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '61; Salisbury; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
John K. Blodgett, Private; 31; Feb. 4, '62; Boston; disch. for disablitiy Dec. 9, '62.
Elbridge Boardman, Private; 22; July 12, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 20, '61.
Job Booth, Private; 25; July 28, '62; Salisbury; d. at Washington, D. C., Sept. 16, '62.
Peter Boylan, Private; 22; Aug. 8, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Brown, Private; 18; July 12, '61; Salisbury; d. July 1, '62, at Newberne, N. C.
Hiram Butterfield, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. from Co. B; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Daniel Cammett, Private; 27; April 27, '61; Amesbury; d. Aug. 2, '64 at Salisbury, Mass.
Joseph Campbell, Private; 28; Dec. 5, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. D.
William H. Campbell, Private; 31; Jan. 31, '62; Chelsea; transf. to New Co. D.
Edward Capen, Private; 23; Jan. 24, '62; Cambridge; deserted Jan. '62.
John A. Clement, Private; 28; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
Reuben H. Coffin, Private; 29; Jan. 27, '62; Danvers; transf. to New Co. D.
John C. Cogswell, Private; 22; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas W. Colby, Private; 20; Aug. 11, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Dec. 8, '63.
Jesse S. Currier, Private; 47; July 22, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Julius C. Currier, Private; 24; Apr. 27, '61; Newton, N. H.; deserted Aug. 13, '61.
Randall B. Curtis, Private; 23; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Hubbard M. Delano, Private; 31; Jan. 13, '62; Lynn; disch. for disability Apr. 25, '63.
Edward Dorsey, Private; 22; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability Nov. 6, '61.
James M. Durgin, Private; 26; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. rej. recruit Oct. 27, '62.
Phillip Dwinnells, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Dwinnells, Private; 24; July 12, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George W. Eaton, Private,; 18; Aug. 11, '62; Bradford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James T. Ewer, Private; 19; Aug. 11, '62; Boston; d. Sept. 15, '63 at Moorehead City, N. C.
Frank H. Failey, Private; 23; Aug. 19, '62; Boston; transf. Aug. 1, '63 to U. S. signal corps.
Frank Fays, Private; 18; Aug. 3, '61; Charlestown; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
Michael Fenton, Private; 34; March 10, '62; Quincy; disch. for disability May 9, '63.
James Timerty, Private; 23; Feb. 15, '62; Danvers; transf. to New Co.
Charles E. Flanders, Private; 18; July 12, '61; Salisbury; transf. to New Co. F; re-enlist. Dec. 7, '63.
Francis C. Flanders, Private; 25; July 12, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 7, '61.
Henry G. Flanders, Private; 18; July 22, '61; Lynn; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Feb. 16, '64.
Edward Foley, Private; 35; Feb. 10, '62; Roxbury; disch. for disability May 3, '62.
Frank Foote, Private; 28; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability Apr. 22, '63.
Horace K. Ford, Private; 31; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Peter Foster, Private; 29; Jan. 27, '62; Chelsea; no further record in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Davis French, Private; 27; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; d. May 28, '62, at Newbern, N. C.
Benjamin Y. Gammon, Private; 33; Aug. 19, '62; Seekonk; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James H. Garrigan, Private; 24; Aug. 7, '62; Cambridge; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Gilleland, Private; 35; January 2, '64; Lawrence; Capt. Feb. 1, '64; transf. to New Co. H as prisoner of war.
William H. Gladding, Private; 18; Aug. 19, '62; Seekonk; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Goodwin, Private; 19; Aug. 4, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles P. Goss, Private; 20; July 12, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Loring Graves, Private; 35; Mar. 26, '62; Chicopee; transf. to New Co. D.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Michael Guynan, Private; 35; Feb. 10, '62; Fall River; transf. to New Co. D.
Andrew J. Haynes, Private; 24; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 22, '63.
Alonzo Hobbs, Private; 38; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 11, '63.
William Howard, Private; 18; Aug. 7, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James J. Hurley, Private; 22; Feb. 24, '62; Lowell; d. Oct. 4, '63, at Newbern, N. C.
William Jenness, Private; 20 Feb. 12, '62; Malden; disch. for disability Dec. 4, '62.
George O. Jewett, Private; 24; Mar. 25, '62; Boston; transf. to V. R. C. Feb. 1, '64.
Cyrus B. Jones, Private; 23; July 15, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63.
Enoch H. Kenrick, Private; 42; Nov. 11, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability Sept. 4, '62.
Charles W. Kimball, Private; 39; Aug. 7, '61; Haverhill; transf. to Co. E.
Jeremiah I. Lee, Private; 21; Mar. 10, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. D.
Charles H. Lord, Private; 31; July 23, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '63.
David B. Lowe, Private; 22; Feb. 10, '62; Gloucester; transf. to New Co. C.
George H. Lundburg, Private; 21; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George F. Mann, Private; 21; Aug. 19, '62; Holliston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Marchant, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Amesbury; deserted Jan. 1, '62.
Alvin Marsh, Private; 18; July 12, '61; Amesbury, deserted Aug. 13, '61.
James J. McCormich, Private; 22; Jan. 28, '62; Lynn; transf. to New Co. C.
Dominick McDavitt, Private; 31; Feb. 15, '62; Danvers; transf. to New Co. D.
Samuel McLaughlin, Private; 26; Aug. 15, '62; Amesbury; disch. for disability Dec. 17, '63.
John McMann, Private; 24; Feb. 3, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. D.
William McWilliams, Private; 32; Apr. 27, '61; Amesbury; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 8, '64; grave, No. 5194.
Timothy Meaney, Private; 29; Mar. 12, '62; Abington; transf. to New Co.A.; re-enlisted Mar. 30, '64.
William N. Merriam, Private; 38; Jan. 31, '62; Chelsea; d. at Andersonville, Ga., May 24, '64; grave No. 1358.
James L. Merrill, Private; 22; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; transf. Aug. 1, '63; to U. S. Sig. Corps.
Estrick Morrill, Private; 27; Aug. 22, '61; Salisbury; disch. for disability Sept. 7, '61.
Charles Murphy, Private; 29; Feb. 27, '62; Cambridge; transf. to Co. H, absent pris. of war.
James Murphy, Private; 22; Aug. 15, '62; Amesbury; disch. for disability Jan. 1, '64.
William Murphy, Private; 35; Feb. 11, '62; So. Boston; disch. for disability May 5, '62.
David Noble, Private; 29; Nov. 11, '61; Malden; d. in Andersonville, Ga., May 22, '64; No. of Grave 1282.
Henry Norris, Private; 35; Dec. 29, '63; Fall River; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64 to Apr. 28, '65; transf. to Co. I, on paper; disch. June 30, '65.
Jospeh H. Osgood, Private; 33; July 22, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 11, '63.
William H. Paisley, Private; 30; July 12,'61; Salisbury; transf. to New Co. C, pris. of war; captur. pris. Feb. 1, '64; re-enlisted Jan. 5. '64.
Joseph B. Palmer, Private; 32; Feb. 5, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 4, '63.
Frank B. Polson, Private; 18; Mar.4,'62; Lowell; transf. to New Co. D.; re-enlist.Jan. 4,'64.
Charles L. Ramsdell, Private; 26; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; July 25, '62; disch. for disability.
Charles T. Rich, Private; 19; Jan. 29, '62; Salisbury; disch. (rejected recruit) Oct. 27, '62.
John P. Richardson, Private; 20; Aug. 8, '62; Malden; transf. to New Co. A.
Henry H. Robbins, Private; 35; Jan. 31, '62; Lynn; transf to New Co. D.
William P. Russell, Private; 25; Aug. 7, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability July 22, '62.
Charles A. Sargent, Private; 18; Dec. 9, '61; Haverhill; disch. Feb. 7, '63 for disability.
William Shaw, Private; 43; July 22, '61; Salisbury; disch. for disability Jan. 5, '63.
Thomas J. Shea, Private; 26; Feb. 21, '62; Danvers; disch. for disability Apr. 14, '63.
Eabud Simonds, Private; 35; Feb. 10, '62; Chelsea; d. at Andersonville, Ga., July 10, '64; grave No. 1458.
John A. Smeadburg, Private; 18; Aug. 14, '61; Gloucester; transf. to Co. I (on paper); has been a prisoner of war; re-enlisted Dec. 4, '63. M. O. June 20, '65.
Lafayette Stiles, Private; 31; Feb. 10, '62; Gilead, Maine; disch. for disability Apr. 25, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Fred J. Stone, Private; 26; July 22, '61; Salisbury; disch. for disability Aug. 4, '63.
Richard M. Tandy, Private; 34; Feb. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Feb. 21, '63.
Nathan J. Thoms, Private; 43; Feb. 15, '62; Saugus ; transf. to New Co. D.
Russell S. Tibbetts, Private; 35; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George Upton, Private; 22; July 22, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability Aug. 4, '61.
Samuel Usher, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Amesbury; re-enlisted Dec. 7, '63; d. in Andersonville, Ga.; Sept. 22, '64; grave No. 9517.
William Webb, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '62.
Job R. Wells, Private; 28; Aug. 11, '62; Salisbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Francis Whittier, Private; 18; July 12, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlisted Dec. 18, '63.
James Wicks, Private; 23; July 12, '61; Amesbury; transf. to Co. H.
Edward S. Willey, Private; 24; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 10, '63.
Charles D. Williams, Private; 37; May 13, '64; Boston; transf. to New Co. D.
Artemus Wilson, Private; 34; Feb. 10, '62; Danvers; transf. to New Co. D.
Charles O. Witham, Private; 27; July 12, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '61.
Charles F. York, Private; 18; July 12, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disabilty Oct. 2, '61.
John S. York, Private; 36; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 10, '63.

COMPANY "E" OF HAVERHILL.

(This company was recruited in Haverhill. The circumstances under which it was formed are thus stated by one of the leading spirits in its formation, who afterwards became regimental commander, and whose service in the Seventeenth Regiment was both meritorious and conspicuous.)

The attack on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in Baltimore, following somewhat closely upon the firing on the steamer, "Star of the West" and Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., in April, 1861, roused all classes in Haverhill, as it did in other sections of Massachusetts, to the belief that a war between the rebellious and loyal States was inevitable, and Irish citizens and Irish-American boys thought they were no less patriotic than the other men and boys of the town. So they determined to organize a military company, and offer the services of the same to Governor Andrew to aid in putting down the rebellion.

A meeting of this class of young men was called for the second night after the firing on the Sixth Regiment in Baltimore, in the

old Town Hall. The meeting was presided over by the Hon. James H. Duncan, and was largely attended. Patriotic speeches were made by Mr. Duncan and others, and enthusiasm ran high. After the speakers had finished, a call for signers of recruiting papers was made, but the young men being modest, it was difficult to start work. Finally, Mr. Henry Splaine said that, as some one must sign first, and as every one knew that he was not aspiring to leadership, he saw no harm being the first to sign. Before the close of the meeting that night a full company had signed the roster.

The company at once established headquarters on Water Street, and subsequently went into quarters in the old hat shop near the Boston & Maine depot. It drilled under several instructors for about two weeks, when an election of officers was ordered by Governor Andrews, Col. Lyman Dike of Stoneham, presiding. Speeches were made by Colonel Dike and others, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Prominent men of the town were present to encourage the boys. There were several candidates for the various positions to be filled, and the boys in the ranks earnestly supported their favorites for all the offices to be filled.

Michael C. McNamara was elected captain, Henry Splaine, first lieutenant, James Moroney, second lieutenant; James Splaine, third lieutenant and Joseph G. Kelley, fourth lieutenant.

(As only two lieutenants were allowed to each company by order of the War Department, the third and fourth lieutenants had to be dropped. Lieutenant Moroney in writing of this and other matters connected with the organization of Company E, says: "When the four elected officers were notified to appear at the State House for examination, it came to James Splaine's turn to be examined. One of the officers on the board put the question to him: 'Suppose, after you get out to the seat of war, there were to be only two lieutenants allowed, what would you do?' As quick as a flash he made reply: 'Sir, I would take a musket and go into the ranks.' The officer was much pleased at his quick response, and told him he thought that he would be all right, and he was all right, for he afterwards made one of the best officers in the regiment.'')

Day after day the company drilled, sometimes on the street, in the barracks, and at times in the fields about Haverhill and Bradford. The officers of the company made application to the governor for arms, for the purpose of learning the use of them, but His Excellency was constrained to say that arms could not then be furnished, but advised the men to drill and drill, and if nothing better could be done to drill with bean-poles.

Shortly after this, the company received orders to report at Long Island, in Boston Harbor, to form part of the Fourteenth Infantry Regiment, which was then being recruited and drilled on that island, and there it was given a company designation. They reached the island about the middle of May, 1861.

About this time, the officers of many regiments then recruiting were called before a board of examiners at the State House, which resulted in the dropping of all third and fourth lieutenants. Third lieutenant James Splaine became orderly sergeant, and fourth lieutenant Joseph G. Kelley became a private. Later on in the service, James Splaine became successively second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain, while fourth lieutenant Joseph G. Kelley became sergeant and afterwards second lieutenant.

The company did good work on Long Island, and became quite proficient in drill and discipline. It was a fine body of men, and officers and men got along harmoniously. Several weeks were spent on the island and it was drill, drill, nearly all the time. But one day there came an order to fill up the 13th, which had become the 9th regiment. Many attempts were made to coax men from Company E into the Ninth Regiment, and some not very creditable agencies were employed to throw Lieutenant Splaine out and take Captain McNamara into the Ninth with his company, the latter to be a lieutenant. The boys stood by their promise when they left Haverhill to go as a company or not at all. The entire company returned to Haverhill upon the disbanding of the Fourteenth Regiment, and broke ranks in front of the old Town Hall.

About the middle of June, Captain McNamara received orders to recruit the company again, and to go into quarters, a place on Fleet Street being provided for sheltering the men. It was drill and drill again until early in July, when the company

was ordered to report at Lynnfield, July 10, and become Company E of the Seventeenth Regiment, to which it was attached during its three years of service in the Union Army. It was mustered into service at Camp Schouler, Lynnfield, July 22, and proceeded to the seat of war August 23, 1861, reaching Baltimore, Md., August 25, 1861.

The record of Company E is a respectable and a brave one, many of the men and some of the officers filling high and honorable positions during the war, Company E and Company A being the only ones that furnished the surviving regimental commander.

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "E."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Michael C. McNamara, Capt.; 30; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry Splaine, 1st Lt.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. and pro. Capt. Jan. 31, '62; transf. to Co. A.

Edward T. Parkinson, 1st Lt.; 23; January 9, '62; West Roxbury; pro. Asst. Adjt. Gen. U. S. Vols. July 7, '63.

Joseph W. Day, 1st Lt.; 32; Jan. 3, '64; Bradford; captured at battle of Bachelors Creek, N. C. Feb. 1, '64; disch. Mar 11, '65, expir. of service.

James Maroney, 2d Lt.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; pro. 1st Lt.; Feb. 18, '62; transf. to Co. I.

James Splaine, 2d Lt.; 22; Feb. 18, '62; Haverhill; pro. 1st Lt., Dec. 24, '62; transf. to Co. F.

Daniel L. Getchell, 2d Lt.; 24; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug, 3, '64.

Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; Oct. 1, '63; Gloucester; transf. to Co. A, Nov. 1, '63.

James Splaine, 1st Sgt.; 22; July 10, '61; Haverhill; pro. 2d Lt. Jan. 31, '62.

George H. Putney, 1st Sgt.; 28; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Smith, Sgt.; 22; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted July 25, '61.

Alfred Putnam, Sgt.; 25; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Aug. 31, '63.

Daniel Regan, Sgt.; 25; July 10, '61; Haverhill; wounded Dec. 16, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph G. Kelley, Sgt.; 33; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to Co. F; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

Charles F. Brown, Sgt.; 27; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to Co. C Feb. 2, '63.

Thomas Keneally, Sgt.; 23; July 10, '61; Stoneham; captured pris. Feb. 1, '64; d. at Andersonville, Ga., June 9, '64; No. of gr., 1754.

Henry Mulvey, Sgt.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Allen Nourse, Sgt.; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; d. Nov. 1, '62 at Newbern, N. C.

Uriah Robertson, Sgt.; 26; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to new Co. H; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64

Jeremiah Sheehan, Corp.; 21; July 10, '61; Manchester, N. H.; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Peter Godfrey, Corp.; 27; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. C.

John O'Hara, Corp.; 26; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disabliity Jan. 30, '63.

Hugh McGlone, Corp.; 20; July 10, '61; Billerica; deserted Aug 1, '61.

Edward Mulligan, Corp.; 22; July 10, '61; Manchester, N. H.; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Coffey, Corp.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas McCarthy, Corp.; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug 2, '61.

John Clabby, Corp.; 32; July 10, '61; Boston; transf. to Co. D. ab. pris. of war; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63; d. in Andersonville, Ga., July 8, '64. Grave No. 3016.

Eliphalet P. Crafts, Corp.; 33; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 26 '62; No. of Grave, 174.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

William Elliott, Corp.; 24; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Oct. 21, '63.
Dominick Kenney, Corp. 29; Jan. 31,'62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Jan 4, '64.
Patrick Maloney, Corp; 24; July 10, '61; Stoneham; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.
Patrick Nalty, Corp. 19; July 10, '61; West Newbury; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
William Splaine, Corp.; 29; Sept. 2, '62; Haverhill: wounded Dec. 16, '62; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
Matthew Sweeney, Corp.; 29; July 10, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William H. Hanson, Musician; 33; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Richard Neagle, Artif.; 38; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; d. Jan. 1, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
Edward Flaherty, Wagoner; 32; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
John E. Acres, Private; 27; Oct. 8, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Oct. 10, '61.(So says Muster-out Roll.)
Samuel Anderson, Private; 50; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; dropped Mar. 26, '62.
James Barry, Private; 21; Aug. 1, '62; Salisbury; disch. for idsability Nov. 13, '62 as a rej. recruit.
George Bragdon, Private; July 12, '61; Lynnfield; no further record in Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.
Michael Brannigan, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Woburn; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Dec. 12, '63.
Walter Broughton, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 22, '61.
John Burnes,(also known as Barron)Private; 24; Oct. 6,'61; Haverhill; d. at Andersonville, Ga., July 23, '64; grave No. 3841.
Thomas W. Burroughs, Private; 16; Oct. 31, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63; enlisten as a musician.
Christopher Campbell, Private; 25; Dec. 6, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disability, Jan. 16, '63.
John Campbell, Private; 40; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Dec. 8, '63.
John Carroll, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Manchester; deserted Aug. 22, '61.
Thomas Casey, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted, Aug. 2, '61.
Thomas Casey, Private; 19; Jan. 13, '62; Boston; disch. for disability May 30, '62.
Henry Chase, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Dec. 5, '64.
Lawrence Clark, Private; 27; Oct. 27, '61; Baltimore, Md.; deserted Nov. 2, '61.
Patrick Cogan, Private; 31; July 10, '61; Woburn; disch. for disabilty Dec. 5, '61.
Henry Connelly, Private; 27; July 10, '61; Georgetown; deserted Aug. 22, '61.
Timothy Connelly, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. E.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Thomas Croke, Private; 32; July 10, '61; Boston; deserted at Fort Macon, Jan. 31, '63.
William Daley, Private; 30; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Patrick Dignan, Private; 29; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George Doherty, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability; Sept; 6, '61.
John Doonin, Private; 29; July 10,'61; Georgetown; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5,'64.
Timothy Driscoll, Private; 21; Aug. 1, '62; Salisbury; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
George Eaton, Private; 37; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to Co. H.
Owen Egan, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Manchester, N. H.; wounded Feb. 1, '64; M. O. Aug. 3, '64, at Boston, Mass.
Thomas Ellis, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to new Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
Patrick Fallon, Private; 22; Jan 26, '62; Quincy; transf. to Co. C; re-enlist. Mar. 14, '64.
Edward Flaherty, Private; 32; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
Murty Fleming, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. E; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.
John Foley, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability Mar. 2. '63.
Stephen Foley, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Manchester, N. H.; deserted Aug. 1, '61.
John Gannon, Private; 31; Dec. 6, '61; So. Danvers; disch. for disablity Dec. 3, '62.
James H. Gartside, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 20, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Godfrey, Private; 32; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 22, '61.
Joseph Godfrey, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlisted.
John Goggin, Private; 39; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
David B. Hackett, Private; 29; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Hugh Hagan, Private; 30; July 30, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Harney, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '62; Lynn; transf. to Co. C.
Thomas Harrigan, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Hennessey, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Manchester, N. H.; disch. for disability Sept. 24, '61.
Henry Kane, Private; 22; Sept. 2, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles W. Kimball, Private; 39; Aug. 7, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Francis C. Lawson, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 10, '63.
Joseph W. Lawton, Private; 32; July 25, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Dennis Linskey, Private; 21; Aug. 1, '62; Salisbury; disch. for disability Nov. 17, '62.
John Lynch, Private; 39; Jan. 26, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
William Maher, Private; 33; July 10, '61; Boston; deserted Aug. 12, '61.
John Mahoney, Jr., Private; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability at Newberne, N. C. Apr. 2, '63.
Otis G Martin, Private; 34; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability at Newbern, N. C. Aug. 18, '62.
John Masterson, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 14, '61.
Thomas Masterson, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Patrick McEneany, Private; 25; July 10, '61; Georgetown; disch. for disability Dec. 2, '61; at Baltimore, Md.
Owen McGauley, Private; 25; July 10, '61; Georgetown; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Dec. 11, '63.
Thomas McGrath, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Bernard McKanna, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability Jan. 18, '62.
Patrick McKanna, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Dec. 5, '61.
John McMahan, Private; 43; Oct. 8, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 22, '62.
Anderton Melenly, Private; July 10,'61; Lynnfield; no further record Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.
George Melendy, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William F. Millett, Private; 30; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 17, '63.
William H. Moore, Private; 38; July 30, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Nov. 17, '62.
Luther Moritz, Private; 23; July 22, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Lewis J. Morrill, Private; 34; Sept. 2, '62; Lynn; transf. from Co. A. Oct. 1, '62; disch. for disability Feb. 2, '63.
Bernard Moyles, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Michael Mulligan, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 6, '61.
Patrick Murphy, Private; 30; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 22, '61.
Michael Norman, Private; 31; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 18, '62.
John O'Brien, Private; 32; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Thomas O'Brien, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.
John O'Hara, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63.
Richard H. Peacock, Private; 27; July 10, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles H. Putnam, Private; 21; July 11, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Patrick Riley, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted July 22, '61.
Henry Rivers, Private; 25; July 10, '61; Haverhill; wounded Aprl 9, '63; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlsited Dec. 5, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Ronan, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
Cornelius Roorke, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Roswell, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Shea, Private; 34; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; d. of wounds at Newberne, N, C. Feb. 6, '64.
Richard Smith, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Stoneham; deserted Aug. 10, '61.
Peter Snee, Private; 44; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 24, '61.
Herbert Splaine, Private; 33; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; transf. from Co. C. to A. and from Co. A. to E. ; re-enlisted.
Peter G. Soley, Private; 23; July 22, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. E.; re-enlisted Jan. 2, '64.
John A. Southwick, Private; 43; Oct. 2, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Oct. 10, '61.
Moses N. Stanley, Private; 31; July 22, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Casper Stephen, Private; 36; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 10, '61.
Charles M. Stephens, Private; 27; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; disch. for disability Aug. 31, '62.
Adam Stofflet, Private; 21; July 20, '62; Boston; disch. for disability June 22, '63.
Bartholomew Sullivan, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64
Michael Sullivan, Private; 19; July 10,'61; Manchester, N.H.; disch. for disab. Sept.6, '61.
James Sweeney, Private; 30; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; d. May 11, '64 at Annapolis, Md.
John Taggart, Private; 39; July 10, '61; Haverhill; d. at Andersonville, Ga. June 19, '64; grave No. 2067.
William Towle, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 22, '63.
Patrick Trainer, Private; 30; Oct. 18,'61; Georgetown; re-enlisted Jan.5,'64; killed in action Feb. 1, '64.
James Usher, Private; 22; Jan. 26, '62; Quincy; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
David Wallace, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Wallace, Jr., Private; 32; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; deserted Aug. 15, '61.
John Wallace, Sr., Private; 42; July 10, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 11, '61.
William Wallace, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Boston; deserted Aug. 12, '61.
John Walsh, Private; 36; July 10, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability Feb. 2, '63.
Michael Ward, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Stoneham; disch. for disability Feb. 12, '63.
Nathaniel M. Ward, Private; 30; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 10, '63.
George H. Whitehead, Private; 21; Aug. 20, '61; Lynn; transf. from Co. B to Co. E ; wound. Dec. 17, '62; d. of wounds Feb. 6, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

ORIGINAL COMPANY "F."

(The following sketch of the formation of Company F of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment is compiled from extracts copied from the files of the "Tri-Weekly Publisher" of Haverhill, of 1861, obtained by Comrade C. E. Flanders for this memorial history. It is not as complete as the compiler would desire, but may be intelligible in connection with the history of the organization of Company E, which is full and accurate.)

In its issue of April 26, 1861, the "Publisher" has this item: "Several companies of volunteers have been formed in this village,

and are rapidly perfecting arrangements for organization for active service. Both officers and men seem full of ardor, and are impatient to be prepared for marching orders. A call was issued yesterday for a meeting at Passaquoit Hall, of the company just enlisted, by Dr. Towle, and forming the second company that had passed medical inspection for the purpose of organization. Major Ladd presided, and the following officers were elected: Captain, Luther Day; first lieutenant, E. F. Tompkins; second lieutenant, William H. Turner.

"The company is composed of a fine, intelligent, sturdy, body of men, averaging five feet seven and one-half inches in height, and 150 pounds weight—two of them are six feet two inches tall, nine are six feet, and over twenty-one are five feet ten inches and upwards, and eight weigh 175 pounds each."

In the May 16, 1861, issue, it is recorded that "Lieutenant Palmer of Company G, (Hale guards), now serving with the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment at Washington, D. C., started for Washington on Monday morning to join his company, and was escorted from his residence to the cars by the volunteer company under Captain Day."

In the issue of May 30, it is recorded: "Today the company, under Captain Day, appeared in their new uniforms furnished by the town, and made by the Ladies' Relief Society, under the superintendence of Mr. Edmund Fletcher, with the exception of the officers' uniforms, which were made by Mr. Alonzo Way, from patterns furnished by Mr. Fletcher. The uniform, which is a rifle jacket for privates, and frock coat for officers, of cadet gray cloth, trimmed with gilt buttons and a black cord, is really beautiful, substantial and comfortable, and in point of workmanship highly creditable to the ladies. By their energy it was completed with great dispatch—just two weeks, we believe, being the time spent in the manufacture and making of the coats and pants.

"The company made a fine appearance on parade today. One of the prominent points of interest with the company is the attachment of Master Charles Oscar Wallace, a lad of five years of age, who applied for membership at the time the papers were opened for enlistment. He has been selected as the child of the

company, and appears with them when on parade, with uniform, and bears a spear as a weapon of warfare.

"Captain Day's company was escorted by Captain Howe's command, both of which corps are awaiting orders. Battalion drill took place today at Elmvale Park. There were seven companies present,—three from Lawrence, one from Methuen, one from Andover, one from North Andover, and Captain Day's company from this town, numbering in all over 500 men, rank and file. All but one company were uniformed, and the uniforms vary both in style and color. The drill was under the command of Colonel Decker from Lawrence, and was considered good."

A list of the officers and men of Captain Day's company is given in the "Publisher" of a later date, but as the names are included in the roster of the company, which follows, the list need not here be given.

June 8's issue contains this item: "George Foote, Esq., cashier of the Spicket Falls Bank, and a native of this town, has presented Lieut. E. F. Tompkins of Captain Day's company with a sword and belt of the regulation pattern. The weapon was a very fine one and valued at $25. The company expects to be called into service, and have no thought of disbanding, as has been reported."

June 27.—"The ten new regiments ordered places the two companies of Captain Day and Captain McNamara in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment."

July 9.—"By a special order just issued, the companies comprising this regiment, including those of Captain Day and Captain McNamara, of this town, are ordered to report to the Adjutant General at Lynnfield, Mass., tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, and go into camp."

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "F."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Luther Day, Capt.; 32; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; pro. maj. Dec. 29, '63.

John E. Mullaly, Capt.; 22; Dec. 29, '63 Salem; transf. to New Co. C.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Enoch F. Tompkins, 1st Lt.; 30; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; pro. Capt. and transf. to Co. B, Dec. 19, '61.

Ivory N. Richardson, 1st Lt.; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; pro. Capt. and transf. to Co. D. Oct. 5, '62.

Henry Poor, 1st Lt.; 23; Sept. 25, '62; Stoneham; resigned Dec. 23, '62.

James Splaine, 1st Lt.; 22; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.

William H. Turner, 2d Lt.; 24; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. and pro. 1st Lt., Co. G, Dec. 10, '61.

Ezekiel F. Mann, 2d Lt.; 24; Nov. 3, '61; Boston; transf. to Co. K, Jan. 4, '62.

Henry W. Oliver, 2d Lt.; 31; Aug. 21, '61; Malden; resigned Feb. 9, '62.

Horace Dexter, 2d Lt.; 36; Feb. 9, '62; Cambridge; transf. to Co. I, May 4, '63.

Archibald Bogle, 2d Lt.; 21; Aug. 21, '61; Melrose; pro. and transf. to Co. H., June 11, '62.

Linus B. Comins, Jr., 2d Lt.; 20; May 28, '62; Roxbury; transf. to Co. B, Oct. 18, '62.

Joseph W. Day, 2d Lt.; 30; Sept. 30, '62; Bradford; transf. to Co. E, Jan. 1, '64.

Daniel L. Getchel, 2d Lt.; 30; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; transf. to Co. E, Feb. 10, '64.

Samuel G. Roberts, 2d Lt.; 21; Mar. 24, '63; So. Danvers; wounded Apr. 9, '63; transf. to Co. A, May 16, '64.

Daniel L. Getchell, 1st Sgt.; 29; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill, pro. 2d Lt. Dec. 24, '62.

Joseph W. Day, 1st Sgt.; 29; Apr. 26, '61; Bradford; pro. 2d Lt. Sept. 30, '62.

George K. Place, 1st Sgt.; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Granville Hardy, Sgt.; 25; Apr. 26, '61; Groveland; killed in action at Goldsboro, N. C. Dec. 17, '62.

Henry B. Webber, Sgt.; 26; Apr. 26 '61; Haverhill; pro. Com. Sgt. N. C. S., Oct. 1, '62.

John B. Hill, Sgt.; 43; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; pro. Sgt. Maj. N. C. S. June 14, '62.

Charles E. Folsom, Sgt.; 21: Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry T. Merrill, Sgt.; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; pro. Com. Sgt. Aug. 27, '61.

Gardener S. Morse, Sgt.; 24; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; wounded Apr. 9, '63; M. O. Aug, 3, '64.

Richard E. Norton, Sgt.; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John E. Titcomb, Sgt.; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George A. Roberts, Corp.; 25; Apr. 26, '61; Rochester; disch. for disability at Baltimore, Md, Dec. 28, '61.

William C. Haynes, Corp.; 28; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Dearborn F. Richards, Corp.; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Aug. 12, '62.

Adoniram J. Gilman, Corp.; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. E,; re-enlisted Jan 4, '64.

Albert G. Gardner, Corp.; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Stephen L. Badger, Corp.; 34; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George A. Brown, Corp.; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Johu S. Dearborn, Corp.; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; wounded Dec. 17, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Murray, Corp.; 24; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William S. Norton, Corp.; 27; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability, Oct. 5, '62.

John Silver, Corp.; 28; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Simon S. Steele, Corp.; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Martin S. Wharton, Corp.; 31; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George W. Derby, Musician; 41; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disibality Oct. 5, '62.

Stephen W. Hall, Musician; 16; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

William H. Collins, Wagoner; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William W. Abbott, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Elbridge B. Allen, Private; 30; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 14, '62.

George E. Allen, Private; 33; Apr. 26, '61; Portland, Me.; disch. for disability Apr. 18, '62.

William J. Armstrong, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

David W. Barteaux, Private; 36; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; d. at Washington, D. C. Dec.26, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Jacob W. Beckum, Private; 25; Aug. 11, '62; Bradford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Isaac C. Blaisdell, Private; 26; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Oct. 17, '61.
John B. Blake, Private; 42; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Enoch M. Bradley, Private; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Addison Brickett, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles S. Brown, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Jacob D. Brown, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Boxford; disch. for disability May 28, '63.
Thomas Burke, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Dec. 13, '63.
Jonas S. Butters, Private; 31; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Dec. 16, '63.
Charles H. Cammett, Private; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Groveland; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63.
John C. Chapman, Private; 31; Sept. 28, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63.
Levi F. Colbath, Private; 27; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.
Cyrus W. Crocker, Private; 32; Apr. 26, ' 61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel L. Currier, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Newton, N. H.; d. at Baltimore, Md. Mar 22, '62.
John R. Darling, Private; 26; Aug. 15, '62; Cambridge; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Leonard M. Darling, Private; 21; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
Charles H. Davis, Private; 17; Sept. 28, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. H; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64;
Charles N. Davis, Private; 42; Sept. 28, '61; Haverhill; wounded Dec. 17, '62; disch. Sept. 29, '64.
Hazen S. Dearborn, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles A. Doe, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Alonzo Dresser, Private; 35; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '63.
James J. Eaton, Private; 34; Jan. 30, '62; Bradford; disch. for disability at Baltimore, Md., Feb. 14, '62.
Isaiah Emerson, Private; 33; Feb. 18, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 18, '62.
Joel W. P. Evans, Private; 22; Jan. 31, '62; Chelsea; transf. to New Co. D.
Francis Fletcher, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 12, '62.
Albert A. Frye, Private; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; d. at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 28, '61.
John J. Furber, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Albert Gale, Private; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Feb. 9, '64.
David W. Gardner, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability at Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25, '61.
Mark L. Gilman, Private; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disablity Sept. 2, '61.
Rufus L. Gilman, Private; 19: Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas E. Gilman, Private; 28; Apr. 26, '61; Groveland; disch. for disability at Newbern, N. C. July 21, '62.
William E. Gilman, Private; 31; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
James W. Gilson, Private; 31; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. June 9, '64; order war dept.
Thaddeus P. Goodwin, Private; 26; Apr. 26, '61; Charlestown; disch. for disability July 14, '62.
John S. Harriman, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John H Heckman, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Bradford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel G. Hewitt, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; d. at Baltimore, Md., Apr. 22, '62.
Jospeh Hicks, Private; 35; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 9, '63.
Stephen W. Hodgkins, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Ensign L. Hunkins, Private; 20; Sept. 28, '61; Haverhill; transf. Nov. 30, '63 to U. S. Sig. Corps.
Harrison Johnson, Private; 28; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel W. Jones, Private; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Dec. 4, '62.
Joseph P. Keif, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 18, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Nathaniel Keniston, Private; 18; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles A. Kimball, Private; 27; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Dec. 2, '63.
John T. Kimball, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William W. Marsh, Private; 25; Jan. 19, '64; Boston; d. at Newbern, N. C. May 29, '64.
Charles F. Meader, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
John L. Meader, Private; 29; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 10, '63.
Edward D. Metcalf, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George A. Metcalf, Private; 25; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William D. Mitchell, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Groveland; transf. to New Co. E; re-enlisted Feb. 29, '64.
William Morrill, Private; 26; Sept. 3, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 15, '63.
Henry M. Morse, Private; 29; July 25, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63.
John Norton, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; deserted Aug. 23, '61.
Samuel O. Osgood, Private; 26; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability May 30, '63.
Harrison M. Pattee, Private; 25; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John Peck, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Darius Pierce, Private; 25 Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Frank C. Pierce, Private; 20; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Levi R. Pierce, Private; 23; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel W. Pierce, Private; 18; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Jan. 30, '63.
Vincent T. Pinkham, Private; 30; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability May 28, '63.
Charles F. Remick, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.
Silas H. Rogers, Private; 33; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Ezra Rumney, Private; 28; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Bryant Sheyes, Private; 31; Jan. 31, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
George S. Sides, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas B. Simonds, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph E. Smith, Private; 37; Apr. 26; '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Elbridge H. Spinney, Private; 25; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability July 1, '62.
Charles W. Stevens, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '62.
Leonard S. Stevens, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Mar. 3, '63.
Charles H. Stewart, Private; 18; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; discharged for disability May 30, '63.
George E. Stewart, Private; 19; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '63.
James C. Stewart, Private; 44; Sept. 30, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability May 30, '64.
John Z. Taylor, Private; 26; Apr. 26, '61; Lowell; d. at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 9, '61.
Warren Tibbetts, Private; 18; Apr. 26, '61; Exeter, N. H.; disch. for disability Apr. 18, '62.
Alfred L. Tilton, Private; 24; Aug. 6, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas P. Titcomb, Private; 40; Aug. 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. as rejec. recruit, Nov. 16 '62.
John Toofoot, Private; 24; Jan. 19, '64; Boston; d. June 24, '64, Newbern, N. C.
John Tucker, Private; 18; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Tullock, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Franklin L. Walker, Private; 18; Aug. 6, '62, Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 3, '63.
Joseph A. Welch, Private; 22; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.
Charles S. Wheeler, Private; 23; Apr. 26, '61; Peterborough, N. H.; disch. for disability at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 6, '61.
George A. White, Private; 32; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William Woodington, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability Sept. 25, '62.
John W. Woodman, Private; 21; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

COMPANY "G," ROCKPORT.

"Kimball Guards."

Accounts of the origin and formation of Company "G" of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment differ somewhat in some details. Without attempting to reconcile them (they are not, however, of any importance), the compiler of this history gives both. The first is as follows:

Immediately upon the call of the government for three years' volunteers, the patriotic citizens of Rockport raised a company of the best material, commanded by Capt. Daniel B. T. Farr, who tendered their services to the State. Not being immediately accepted, the town and spirited individuals liberally contributed to the support of the soldiers and their families to an extent exceeding three thousand dollars till they were enrolled as Company "G," and ordered into camp at Lynnfield, where they reported fifty-two guns. Upon the morning of their departure from town a meeting of the citizens was held to bid them farewell, at which, after a prayer and speeches from prominent individuals, a superb and richly mounted silk ensign, which cost upwards of $75, was presented to the Company by Hon. Moses Kimball of Boston, in compliment to whom the company had been named. On the day before they left for the seat of war, a company from Salem, raised by Capt. George W. Kenney, was merged with them, and the command given to that gentleman.

The other account quoted is given by Comrade John H. Tyler of Wenham, in a well-written article published in the "Salem Gazette" of September 17, 1886, entitled "Company G, 17th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers—Salem City Rifles." He says regarding the formation of the company:

"Company G, or as it was then known 'The Salem City Rifles,' began to assemble at Winter Island, Salem Neck, in the early spring of 1861, under the captaincy of Nathan W. Osborn, now of the United States Army. George William Kenney of Danvers was first lieutenant, and I think the second lieutenant was a Lieutenant Wilson. Recruiting went forward slowly for some

time. The men, in the meantime, were drilled twice a day by Lieutenant Kenney, or Sergeant Rowndy. About the middle of August, we were ordered to proceed to the State camp at Lynnfield, to join the 19th Regiment. Captain Osborn had, in the meantime, been appointed to a staff position and ordered to Indianapolis. The company proceeded to Lynnfield as per orders, but for some unknown reason was not assigned to the 19th, but was consolidated with part of a company from Rockport and Gloucester. In the course of a few days, Lieutenant Kenney was commissioned by Governor Andrews as captain of Company G, 17th Massachusetts Volunteers. He at once assumed command.''

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "G."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

George W. Kenney, Capt.; 31; July 10, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; wounded Dec. 17, '62.

George W. Tufts, 1st. Lt.; 33; July 10, '61; Rockport; d. at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 27, '61.

William H. Turner, 1st Lt.; 24; Dec. 10, '61; Haverhill; resigned Apr. 25, '63.

Charles O. Fellows, 1st Lt. 19; Aug. 13, '62; Chelsea; pro. Capt. and transf. New Co. F.

Alfred M. Channell, 2d Lt. 29; July 10, '61; Rockport; Jan. 17, '62, resigned.

Charles C. Morse, 2d Lt.; 29; Feb. 20, '62; Haverhill; resigned March 23, '63.

Ezekiel F. Mann, 2d Lt.; 25; Nov. 3, '61; Boston; pro. 1st Lt. Aug. 30, '62; assig. to Co. I.

Samuel G. Roberts; 21; 2d Lt.; Mar. 24, '63; So. Danvers; transf. to Co. A.

James B. Daley, 1st Sgt.; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62.

Lancelot K. Rowe, 1st Sgt.; 42; July 10, '61; Gloucester; disch. for disability, Jan. 15, '63.

Henry G. Hyde, 1st Sgt.; 22; July 11, '61; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt.; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Feb. 29, '64.

William E. Norris, Sgt.; 32; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William M. Parrott, Sgt.; 29; July 10, '61; Gloucester; disch. for disability Sept. 27, '62.

Hiram S. Feldgen, Sgt.; 26; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Dec. 14,' 61 at Baltimore, Md.

Story D. Poole, Sgt.; 31; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to N. C. S. as Qmr. Sgt. May 12, '62.

Frank G. Kelly, Sgt.; 22; July 10, '61; Lynn; wounded Dec. 17, '62; disch. for disability June 23, '63.

Edgar B. Clements, Sgt.; 23; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George Elwell, Sgt.; 29; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

William A. Stevens, Sgt.; 40; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; as William A. Stearns.

J. Frank Stimpson, Sgt.; 26; Mar. 14, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.

Joshua Younger, Sgt.; 30; Aug. 29, '61; Gloucester; wounded Dec. 17, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Ezra L. Woodbury, Corp.; 22; July 10, '61; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Seward P. Sylvester, Corp. 18; July 10, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joshua S. Prime, Corp. 39; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

Henry A. Cook, Corp.; 19; July 10, '61; Gloucester; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlist. Dec. 30, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

William H. Davis, Corp.; 24; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. F; re-enlisted Dec. 26, '63.

Patrick H. Donavan, Corp.; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Greenleaf Herman, Corp. 21; Jan. 24, '62; Baltimore. Md. wounded Dec. 17, '62; leg amputated disch. for wounds at Augusta, Me., May 31, '63.

Joseph W. Kimball, Corp.; 21; July 10, '61; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Calvin Marshall, Corp.; 21; July 30, '62; Gloucester; M. O. Aug, 3, '64.

Allen Stone, Corp.; 30; Aug. 15, '62; Charlestown; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles E. Batchelder, Musician; 18; July 10, '61; Wenham; transf to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Charles W. Buxton, Wagoner; 29; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Dec. 8, '62.

John N. Barton, Private; 36; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability June 12, '63.

Albion M. Bray, Private; 22; Aug. 4, '62; Salisbury; disch. for disability July 12, '63.

Edward D. Bray, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Samuel B. Bray, Private; 25; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James T. Brickett, Private; 21; July 24, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Lyman P. Bromley, Private; 22; Aug. 16, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Feb. 27, '63.

Melvin M. Brooks, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Marblehead; disch. for disability Apr. 21, '62.

James W. Brown, Private; 36; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Mar. 18, '63.

Franklin N. Burchstead, Private; 35; July 10, '61; Beverly; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.

Alfred D. Burditt, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Wenham; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Burnham, Private; 42; July 10,'61; Beverly; disch. for disability Nov. 5, '61.

James Cannon, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '62; Boston; disch. for disability June 26, '63.

Francis H. Center, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Wenham; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Andrew T. Chipman, Private; 39; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Robert Chisholm, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Jan. 28, '63.

William H. Clough, Private; 35; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

Joseph H. Coley, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Dec. 5, '63.

Nicholas Congdon, Private; 25; July 10, '61; Danvers; disch. for disability Dec. 18, '61.

Samuel Courtney, Private; 19; Jan. 31, '62; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Crockett, Private; 30; Aug. 9, '62; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Jesse L. Dame, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Beverly; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

John Daggett, Private; 33; Aug. 29, '61; Gloucester; disch. for disability, Mar. 26, '63.

Thomas Davidson, Private; 17; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 28, '63.

Daniel Downs, Private; 39; July 29, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Nov. 19, '63.

Felix Doyle, Private; 37; July 10, '61; Wenham; transf. to V. R. C. Oct, 14, '63; M. O. July 22, '64.

Francis C. Eaton, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 14, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

Franklin Elliott, Private; 35; July 10, '61; So. Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Enoch Emory, Private; 21; July 30, '62; Gloucester; disch. for disability May 30, '63 at Newbern, N. C.

John Falvey, Private; 24; Aug. 12, '62; Marblehead; disch. for disability Jan. 17, '63.

David H. Felt, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability May 28, '63.

George Felt, Private; 26; July 10, '61; Rockport; never left the State; deserted.

Charles Fernald, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Rockport never left the State; deserted.

James Finn, Private; 29; July 10,'61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

Charles H. Flint, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '62; Marblehead; d. Nov. 11, '62, at Newbern N. C.

Nathaniel H. Foss, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Hamilton; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Richard Foss, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Hamilton; disch. for disability Feb. 9, '63.

Charles T. French, Private; 29; Jan. 24, '62; Baltimore, Md.; disch. for disability Feb. 16, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Ephraim Getchell, Private; 35; Aug. 5, '62; Danvers; d. Jan. 25, '63, in hospital at Newbern, N. C.

Andrew Goldthwait, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Rockport; never left the State; deserted.

William Gooding, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Rockport; discharged for disability May 28, '63.

William Gould, Private; 35; July 10, '61; Rockport; pris. Feb. 1, '64; d. in Andersonville, Ga., May 5, '64; No. of Gr. 893.

Charles H. Gove; Private; 19; July 10, ' 61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 28, '63.

Joshua F. Hatch, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Jan. 3, '63.

Henry Hiatt, Private; 31; Aug. 12, '62; Gloucester; disch. for disability Feb. 26, '63; wound. Dec. 17, '62.

Daniel A. Homan, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Wenham; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62 as David A. Homan.

Benjamin Huddle, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan 1, '64.

John H. Ingersoll, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Gloucester; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 30, '63.

Edwin Janes, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64; prisoner Mar. 8, '65.

Benjamin Jenkins, Private; 18; July 31, '62; Bradford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Levi F. Larcom, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Beverly; d. Dec. 18, '61, at Baltimore, Md.

Dennis Leary, Private; 41; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Sept. 27, '62.

Roland F. Lewis, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.

David P. Lowe, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Gloucester; never left state; deserted.

John A. Marston, Private; 38; Aug. 22, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Marston, Private; 19; July 30, '62; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Silas Maxwell, Private; 42; July 10, '61; Salem; d. at Newbern, N. C., Sept. 1, '62.

Walter A. May, Private; 27; July 10,'61; Rockport; never left state; deserted.

William McConnell, Private; 35; July 10, '61; Beverly; disch. for disability Dec. 7, '61.

James McCormick, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Manchester; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64; transf. to New Organ.

Thomas McCormick, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Manchester; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63.

John McGlinchy, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. C.; re-enlist. Dec. 7, '63.

Jonn J. McKenney, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.

Jesse McLoud, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.

Matthew Meehan, Private; 17; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Herman F. Morse, Private; 21; July 28, '62; Bradford; disch. for disability July 10, '63.

Charles T. Neal, Private; 22; Aug. 26, '62; Brookline; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Randall P. Newman, Private; 18; Oct. 26, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Dec. 5, '63.

Horace Noble, Private; 22; July 17, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Dec. 14, '61; at Baltimore, Md.

Hiram C. Norcross, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Manchester; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 4, '64.

Oliver A. Norton, Private; 29; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability Apr. 23, '63.

William Ober, Private; 27; Aug. 5, '62; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles H. O'Hare, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Salem; no further record Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.; never mustered.

George T. Parker, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability June 23, '63.

Olvin Parsons, Private; 21; Aug. 8, '62; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Phalan, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Salem; deserted Nov. 9, '61.

Abraham Phippin, Private; 30; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Dec. 8, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

William H. Pinkham, Private; 21; Aug. 19, '62; Boston; transf. Nov. 30, '63 to U. S. Sig. Corps.
Cyrus Poole, Private; 30; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George Prior, Private; 31; July 10, '61; Gloucester; d. Sept. 28, '62, at Newbern, N. C.
James Prior, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Daniel Pulsifer, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Gloucester; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph Quinn, Private; 18; July10, '61; Salem; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
John Reeves, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to Co. A.; re-enlisted Dec. 30, '63.
William Robbins, Private; 23; July 10, '61; Rockport; disch. for disability June 19, '62.
Henry C. Robinson, Private; 35; July 10, '61; Rockport; honorably disch. for pro. as Act. Ens. U. S. N. Oct. 29, '63.
Brynard P. Scanlan, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles Sharkey, Private; 33; July 10, '61; Salem; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Ezra W. Skinner, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; deserted never left state.
Elvin Smith, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; deserted; never left state.
Ezekiel H. Stacey, Private; 28; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James H. Stevens, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Benjamin F. Stone, Private; 42; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability May 28, '63.
Hugh Strain, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. E.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.
Henry Thomas Taylor, Private; 20; July 10, '61; Rockport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Dec. 4, '64; prisoner of war, Feb. 1, '64.
Charles Trafton, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Beverly; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62.
Daniel W. Turner, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Rockport; never left state; deserted.
Abram A. Tyler, Private; 28; May 13, '64; Adams; transf. to new Co. G.
John H. Tyler, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Wenham; transf. to New Co. F.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Jerome Wheeler, Private; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; d. at Newberne, N. C. Nov. 19, '62.
William White, Private; 19; July 10, '61; Boston; never left state; deserted.
Orlando S. Wight, Private; 29; Aug. 19, '62; Haverhill; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George M. Willey, Private; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '62.
George A. Wilson, Private; 27; Oct. 6, '61; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Maurice B. M. Younger, Private; 17; July 10, '61; Rockport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64; wounded Dec. 17, '62.

COMPANY "H."

"British Volunteers."

(The following sketch of the formation of Company "H" of the Seventeenth is contributed by Capt. Joseph A. Moore, who joined the company as a private at the time of its formation.)

Soon after President Lincoln's first call for volunteers, after the attack on Fort Sumter by the rebels in April, 1861, some twenty men, most of them young, formed a military drill club,

which met in a hall on Bowdoin Square, Boston. The meetings at first took place once a week, then oftener, until after about a month, as their numbers increased, they met nearly every evening for drill. The drill-master was Robert W. McCourt, who had seen service in the British army as sergeant. At first the club was composed almost exclusively of men of English birth or parentage, but as time passed, others were admitted.

This formed the nucleus of a company which was afterwards recruited mostly from Fall River, and entered the United States service as company H, Seventeenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. The company went into camp at Lynnfield, July 10, 1861, being the day of enlistment as borne on the company's rolls. The commissioned officers were: John K. Lloyd, captain; John S. Hammond, first lieutenant; Robert W. McCourt, second lieutenant.

In the company were several men who had seen service in the British army, among them Captain Lloyd and Lieutenant McCourt, who had served as non-commissioned officers. The experience of those men was of much benefit to the new men when first going into camp, as they were called upon to instruct the others in the many little details of camp life, which added to the comfort of the new soldiers; but new men were sometimes looked upon by the older members as inferiors, which was anything but pleasing to the recruit.

The experiences of camp life was something new for most of the men, as the younger ones who were leaving home for the first time, soon learned that camp was not home. One young man, but little over seventeen, well remembers the first order he received on reaching camp. Having had a day's leave of absence after enlisting, before going to camp, on arriving at the company street, and while on his way to the captain's tent to report, he was met by a sergeant, who, after surveying the new arrival, said:

"Here, you young gossoon, take a kettle and go down to the quartermaster's and get it full of spuds, and tell the quartermaster it is for the British Volunteers."

While in Lynnfield, the company did the usual amount of drilling and camp duty that falls to the lot of all new military

organizations. The calls were: Reveille, 5 A. M.; roll call, 6; peas on trencher, 7; surgeons' call, 7:30; orderly's call (first sergeant), 7:30; troop guard, 9:45; assembly (company drill), 10:30; roast beef, 12 M.; assembly (company drill), 1:30 P. M.; battalion drill, 2; dress parade, 6:30; peas on trencher, 7; tatoo, 10; taps, 10:30.

The company was sworn into the United States service, July 22, 1861, for three years, unless sooner discharged. Before being sworn in, the company received from the State of Massachusetts a gray uniform, with state buttons, but on August 22d, it was given the uniform of the regular army and arms and the pay due from the State.

About 3 P. M., August 23d, the regiment broke camp and took the cars from Boston, where the colors were received just before leaving, at 10 P. M., at the station of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

The destination of the regiment was then to be Washington. The regiment arrived at New York about 3 P. M., and left that city at 8 P. M. the following day, arriving at Philadelphia at 6 A. M. on the 25th, and had breakfast at the Old Cooper's Shop. After breakfast, at 9 A. M., cars were again taken, and Baltimore was reached at 4 P. M., and the regiment marched about a mile outside the city, and camped without tents. On the 26th, they shifted camp and pitched tents at Stewart's Grove, near the camp of Nim's Battery. This was named Camp Andrew in honor of our Massachusetts governor.

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "H."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John K. Lloyd Capt.; 38; July 2, '61; Boston: prisoner of war Feb. 1, '64; disch. Mar. 12, '65.
John S. Hammond, 1st Lt.; 34; July 2, '61; Boston; resigned May 15, '62.
Archibald Bogle, 1st Lt.; 23; May 28, '62; Melrose; transf. to Co. C.
John B. Hill, 1st Lt.; 45; Jan. 3, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. A.; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64.
Philip C. Mason, 1st Lt.; 28; July 3, '63; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas F. Newton, 1st Lt.; 34; July 3, '63; Haverhill; transf. to New Organ.
Robert W. McCourt, 2d Lt.; 29; July 2, '61; Boston; resigned Nov. 2, '61.
John B. Hill, 2d Lt.; 44; Aug. 13, '62; Haverhill; pro. 1st Lt. May 21, '63; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64.
James Inman, 2d Lt.; 25; June 29, '63; Danvers; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Honestus H. Kimball, 1st Sgt.; 28; July 2, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Edward Stalder, 1st Sgt.; 32; July 2, '61; Roxbury; d. Andersonville, Ga., July 16, '64; grave No. 3397; prisoner of war.

Leonard W. Philips, 1st Sgt.; 23; Jan. 25, '62; Bradford; d. Andersonville, Ga.; Oct. 5, '64; grave No. 10383; prisoner of war.

Francis McGinnis, Sgt.; 29; July 2, '61; Waltham; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Keyes, Sgt.; 25; July 2, '61 Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 14, '63.

Ezekiel F. Mann, Sgt.; 24; July 2, '61; Boston; pro. 2d Lt. Nov. 3, '61; transf. to Co. F.

Richard Webb, Sgt.; 22; July 2, '61; Fall River; discharged for disability Sept. 28, '61.

Charles H. Gordon, Sgt.; 21; July 2, '61; Fall River; re-enlisted Dec. 28, '63; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; d. Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 26, '64; grave No. 179.

Joseph A. Moore, Sgt.; 18; July 2, '61; Gloucester; pro. 2d Lt. May 17, '63; transf. to Co. B.

John Melvin, Sgt.; 23; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability Oct. 28, '63.

John R. Nelson, Sgt.; 19; July 2, '61; Providence, R. I.; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 24, '63.

Edward Owen, Sgt.; 20; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph A. Moore, Corp.; 18; July 2, '61; Gloucester.

James Delaney, Corp.; 30; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Henrie, Corp.; 28; July 2, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. D.; re-enlisted Dec. 5, '63.

Charles S. Bolton, Corp.; 23; July 2, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Feb. 29, '64.

Thomas Clymonts, Corp.; 19; July 2, '61; New Bedford; transf. to New Co. H.; re-enlisted Dec. 4, '63.

Thomas Cochrane, Corp.; 19; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Michael Joyce, Corp.; 22; July 2, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Kay, Corp.; 26; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 9, '64; killed Mar. 8, '65.

David Patten, Corp.; 38; Aug. 16, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles W. Peters, Corp.; 21; July 16, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.

Robert Turner, Corp.; 30; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Whittaker, Corp.; 35; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George A. Johnson, Musician; 17; July 2, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Alexander D. Avignon, Musician; 17; Oct. 21, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 14, '63.

George W. Eaton, Wagoner; 36; July 2, '61; Boston; accid. killed May 17, '64, by explos. of shell.

John Barnett, Private; 24; July 2, '61; Fall River; ab. pris. of war since Feb. 1, '64.

Leonard Barrows, Private; 28; July 25, '61; Bristol, R. I.; rejected Aug. 1, '61.

William H. Batchelder, Private; 24; July 10, '61; Salem; transf. from Co. D. to Co. H. Sept. 2, '62; disch. for disability Nov. 27, '63.

Robert Bowers, Private; 31; July 2, '61; Brookline; drowned at Newbern, N. C. May 10, '62.

James Boyle, Private; 20; July 2, '61; Boston; dsich. for disability May 31, '63 at Newbern, N. C.

James Broadbent, Private; 27; July 2, '61; Fall River; d. Apr. 10, '64; at Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 465; prisoner of war.

Joseph Brownley, Private; 22; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Brussell, Private; 29; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability Sept. '61.

Patrick Burke, Private; 26; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 29, '64.

Joseph L. Burton, Private; 20; Aug. 4, '62; Boston; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; d. as pris. Columbia, S. C. Sept. 18, '64; prisoner of war.

James Butterworth, Private; 30; July 10, '61; Fall River; deserted Aug. 13, '61.

Michael Casey, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '62; Marblehead; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 2, '64; grave No. 4569; prisoner of war.

William Charlesworth, Private; 28; July 2, '61; Boston; deserted Aug. 10, '61.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles A. Clarke, Private; 18; July 2, '61; Malden; transf. to 35th U. S. C. T. July '63; M. O. as 1st Lt. 35th U. S. C. Jan. 1, '66.

Dennis Connor, Private; 22; July 2, '61; Fall River; d. June 11, '64, Andersonville, Ga; grave No. 1484; prisoner of war.

Joseph Coogan, Private; 35; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Cornelius Desmond, Private; 22; July 10, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability May 30, '63.

Samuel A. Dolliber; Private; 18; Aug. 12, '62; Marblehead; transf. to New Co. D.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

William Driver, Private; 39; July 10, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Dunn, Private; 34; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability Jan. 27, '62.

William Eastham, Private; 30; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Aug. 22, '61.

George Eaton, Private; 37; July 10, '61; Haverhill; transf. from Co. E.; killed May 18, '64.

William Emerson, Private; 32; July 2, '61; Fall River; drowned May 10, '62, at Newbern, N. C. (Trent River).

James Evans, Private; 32; July 2, '61; Fall River; d. July 2, '64, Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 2785; prisoner of war.

William Finlay, Private; 29; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Mar. 24, '62.

James Fleming, Private; 18; Aug. 8, '62; Boston; d. Mar. 16, '64; Richmond, Va. as pris. of war; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Thomas Fleming, Private; 18; Aug. 11, '62; Cambridge; deserted June 6, '63.

James Fulee, Private; 24; July 2, '61; Fall River; drum. out of service Mar. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

William Garrett, Private; 37; Sept. 1, '61; Baltimore, Md.; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James Gleason, Private; 19; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 28, '63.

Joseph Greenhalge, Private; 30; Aug. 1, '62; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas Griffin, Private; 30; July 2, '62; Fall River; transf. to 7th Reg. Mass. Jan. 22, '61, as a deserter from 7th Rgt.

James Hallsworth, Private; 23; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Warren Handy, Private; 23; Aug. 26, '62; Brookline; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Abraham Hayward, Private; 22; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Higham, Private; 39; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Samuel Howith, Private; 40; July 2, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Jackson, Private; 26; July 2, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Feb. 27, '63.

John Jameson, Private; 23; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Oct. 23, '61.

John Kay, Private; 33; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William J. Keliher, Private; 19; July 2, '61; Milford; transf. to New Co. E.; re-enlist, Dec. 24, '63.

Patrick Kerrigan, Private; 19; July 2, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Jan. 27, '62.

James H. Kiely, Private; 18; Aug. 14, '62; Marblehead; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Lawrence Kinney, Private; 32; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John C. Kunsman, Private; 27; July 2, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 3, '63.

John Levsey, Private; 38; July 2, '61; Providence, R. I.; deserted Aug. 12, '61.

Thomas Long, Private; 21; July 2, '61; Blackstone; transf. to new Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 26, '63.

William Madden, Private; 28; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Aug. 22, '61.

Henry Malone, Private; 43; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability May 22, '63 at Newbern, N. C.

John Malone, 1st, Private; 30; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Aug. 22, '61.

John Malone, 2d, Private; 28; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

David Massey, Private; 23; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Oct 25, '61.

Patrick Maxwell, Private; 26; July 2, '61; Fall River; wounded Dec. 17, '62; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John McAlevy, Private; 18; Aug. 8, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

James McClusky, Private; 25; Aug. 4, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Thomas McClusky, Private; 27; Aug. 4, '61; Fall River; d. Jan. 7, '63 at Newbern, N. C.

Thomas McHugh, Private; 30; July 2, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Angus McNab, Private; 26; July 2, '61; Cambridge; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John F. Mills, Private; 23; Feb. 14, '62; Bradford; transf. to New Co. D; re-enlisted Dec. 31, '63.

Henry Morris, Private; 35; Dec. 19, '63; Fall River; pris of war, Feb. 1, '64; no further record in A. G. O's office.

Michael Neyland, Private; 27; July 10, '61; New Jersey; deserted Mar. 22, '62.

John O'Keefe, Private; 18; July 2, '61; Boston; killed in action Apr. 21, '64, at Washington, N. C.

Joseph Oliver, Private; 24; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Benjamin Palmer, Private; 20; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Palmer, Private; 21; July 22, '62; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Matthew Palmer, Private; 24; July 22, '62; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Joseph Perkins, Private; 21; July 22, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability Aug. 29, '63.

Henry N. Perry, Private; 31; Aug. 16, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Pollett, Private; 19; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. H; re-enlist. Dec. 28, '63.

William Ratcliffe, Private; 24; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Ridgeway, Private; 22; July 29, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James Riley, Private; 25; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 22, '63.

Thomas A. Rogers, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '62; Marblehead; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64.

Thomas Rowcroft, Private; 30; July 2, '61; Fall River; drown. May 10, '62, at Newbern, N. C.

Jacob Schanks, Private; 20; July 2, '61; Ipswich; transf. to New Co. B, re-enlist. Dec. 5, '63.

Horace C. Smith, Private; 27; Aug. 26, '62; Brookline; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Samuel Smith, Private; 40; July 2, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Stone, Private; 27; Aug. 15, '62; Marblehead; disch. for disability Aug. 13, '63.

Joshua Stowell, Private; 35; July 2, '61; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles A. Trasher, Private; 18; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 22, '63.

Patrick Troy, Private; 32; July 2, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. D; re-enlist. Dec. 17, '63; pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; d. Andersonville, Ga. Jan. 1, '65.

Henry Tweathe, Private; 33; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability May 18, '62.

Henry Walch, Private; 19; July 2, '61; Fall River; transf. as ab. pris. of war to Co. D; re-enlist. Dec. 19, '63; pris. of war, Feb. 1, '64.

William Walch, Private; 28; July 2, '61; Fall River; deserted Oct. 7, '61.

Frank Walsh, Private; 19; July 22, '61; Fall River; re-enlist. Dec. 17, '63; d. May 13, '64, Andersonville, Ga. Gr. No. 1066; pris. of war.

William Walton, Private; 34; July 2, '61; Providence, R. I.; deserted Aug. 22, '61.

William Wardell, Private; 32; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability Feb. 12, '63.

Aaron Warhurst, Private; 28; July 2, '61; Newbury; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlist. Dec. 22, '63.

Leonard H. West; Private; 32; Aug. 18, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James Wicks, Private; 23; July 12, '61; Amesbury; disch. for disability Jan, 10, '63.; transf. from Co. D.

Joseph Wilkinson, Private; 35; Aug. 4, '62; Fall River; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James Wilson, Private; 26; July 2, '61; Boston; pris. of war, Feb. 1, '64; no further record Adjt. Gen. office, Mass.

Richard Wright, Private; 22; Sept. 2, '61; Baltimore, Md.; disch. for disability July 17, '63.

George Woodcock, Private; 20; July 2, '61; Fall River; disch. for disability June 6, '62.

James Woods, Private; 24; July 2, '61; Boston; deserted Aug. 22, '61.

COMPANY "I," LAWRENCE.

"Saunders Guards."

Of the circumstances attending the organization of this company, but little is known or can be ascertained by the compiler of this history. It was a Lawrence company, and named after Hon. Daniel Saunders, ex-mayor of that city. Lieutenant James Moroney, who was promoted first lieutenant and transferred from Company E, in which he was serving as second lieutenant, thus writes of Company I, under date of February 9, 1909:

"In regard to Company I, I have been looking around to see if I could come across some one of the company, but there are none of them in Haverhill. The greater part of them came from Lawrence. The poor fellows, I think, have nearly all passed away. The company was recruited in Lawrence. The officers were: Thomas Weir, captain; Michael Burns, first lieutenant; and Archibald Bogle, second lieutenant. The company mustered less men than any other in the regiment, and never was recruited to its full strength, which made guard duty pretty severe on the boys."

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "I."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas Weir, Capt.; 33; May 9, '61; Lawrence; dismissed July 3, '62.
William W. Smith, Capt.; 24; July 3, '62; Danvers; transf. to Co. C. Aug. 14, '63.
Nehemiah P. Fuller, Capt.; 31; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. July 30, '63 to 2d Hy. Art.
Michael Burns, 1st Lt.; 21; May 9, '61; Lawrence; resigned Jan. 17, '62.
James Moroney, 1st Lt.; 24; Jan. 3, '62; Haverhill; resigned Aug. 1, '62.
Linus B. Comins, Jr., 1st Lt.; 20; May 17, '63; Roxbury; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Ezekiel F. Mann, 1st Lt.; 25; Aug. 13, '62; Boston; resigned May 16, '63.
Archibald Bogle, 2d Lt.; 22; May 9, '61; Melrose; transf. to Co. F. Apr. '62.
Horace Dexter, 2d Lt.; 36; Feb. 9, '62; Cambridge; transf. to Co. K. '62.
Andrew Cook, 2d Lt.; 30; Aug. 13, '62; Danvers; resigned Apr. 26, '63.
Lewis Cann, 2d Lt. 23; Apr. 26, '63; Danvers; transf. to New Organ.
Charles W. Judge, 1st Sgt.; 24; July 22, '61; Haverhill; wounded May 22, '62; disch. for disability Jan. 3, '63.
James Smith, 1st Sgt.; 24; July 11, '61; Danvers; transf. to New Co. G. as 2d Lt.; re-enlisted Mar. 25, '64.
Thomas Earle, Sgt.; 20; Jan. 14, '62; Boston; disch. for disability at Newbern, N. C. Aug. 25, '62.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Michael Killoran, Sgt.; 24; May 9, '61; Lawrence; d. Apr. 2, '64, Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 296; prisoner of war.

John O'Donnell, Sgt.; 23; May 2, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability May 31, '62.

Laurentia Bailey, Segt.; 31; Oct. 25, '61; Groveland; transf. to N. C. S. as Sgt.-Maj.

Michael Carney, Sgt.; 26; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry Holland, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 10, '62; Waltham; transf. to New Co. D.

George O'Neil, Sgt.; 32; Dec. 31, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Sept. 2, '62.

William Powers, Sgt.; 23; May 10, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Richard Spring, Corp.; 23; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Jan. 16, '63.

Edward Sands, Corp.; 24; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Sept. 4, '62.

John Pendy, Corp.; 27; May 10, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Lunney, Corp.; 19; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability July 16, '63.

Joseph M. Fish, Corp.; 21; Dec. 28, '61; Glenn Falls, N. Y.; pro. and comd. in 12th N. Y. Vols., '62; wounded May, '62.

Henry Byram, Corp.; 21; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Henry F. Marden, Corp.; 26; Jan. 13, '62; Haverhill; d. in Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 1733; wounded Dec. 17,'62; June 8, '64, prisoner of war.

Michael Cavanaugh, Corp.; 22; May 1, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability June 23, '63.

James Carroll, Corp.; 23; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Theophilus Sanborn, Corp.; 32; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; transf. from Co. D.; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 5, '64; grave No. 392; prisoner of war.

Edward G. Boyle, Musician; 16; May 9, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. D.; re-enlisted Feb. 14, '64.

John Groom, Musician; 18; Jan. 4, '62; Lowell; transf. to New Co. D.

James H. Brown, Wagoner; 30; May 9, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability Feb. 11, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

Holden Adams, Private; 25; Jan. 7, '62; Methuen; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.

James Anderson; Private; 26; Jan. 23, '62; Medford; transf. to New Co. D.

Thomas C. Boyle, Private; 33; July 4, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. D.

Frank Brady, Private; 18; May 9, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec. 10, '63.

James Brady, Private; 19; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George H. Brown, Private; 26; Jan. 21, '62; Boston; disch. for disability May 29, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

James H. Brown, Private; 24; July 22, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Sept. 19, '61.

James W. Brown, Private; 23; Jan. 10, '61; Boston; killed in act. May 23, '62, at Newbern, N. C.

John H. Brown, Private; 39; Jan. 13, '62; Lynn; disch. for disability Jan. 1, '63.

Simeon V. Bumpus, Private; 35; Dec. 23, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Sept. 18, '62, at Newbern, N. C.

John Burke, Private; 22; Jan. 6, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.

Patrick Burns, Private; 29; May 9, '61; Methuen; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Byrne, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 13, '64.

Richard Carey, Private; 18; Jan. 21, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Sept. 13, '62.

Joseph Cavanaugh, Private; 27; May 9, '61; Lawrence; disch. Sept. 10, '61.

John A. Chase, Private; 18; Aug. 7, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Nov. 16, '62; rejected recruit.

John Clark, Private; 27; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John S. Coleman, Private; 22; Jan. 7, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.

Michael H. Collins, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Lawrence; deserted July, '61.

William T. Collyer, Private; 33; Jan. 20, '62; Newburyport; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.

Christopher Conroy, Private; 35; May 9, '61; Lawrence; never left state.

John Cunningham, Private; 21; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Curry, Private; 27; May 9, '61; Lawrence; d. July 14, '62, at Newbern, N. C.

Maurice Dailey, Private; 20; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George A. Davitt, Private; 18; Jan. 18, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Sept. 14, '62.

David Dilley, Private; 19; Jan. 23, '62; Lawrence; disch. Mar. 1, '62, at Baltimore, Md., for disability.

Florence Donovan, Private; 20; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Donovan, Private; 19; May 9, '61; Lawrence, M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Dominick Dowd, Private; 19; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Doyle, Private; 27; May 9, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Dec. 29, '62.

William Ellison, Private; 22; Jan. 4, '62; Saugus; transf. to New Co. C.

Christopher Fagan, Private; 18; July 22,'61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Sept. 17,'61.

Daniel Farrington, Private; 35; July 24, '62; West Newbury; d. of wounds June 18,'62, at Newbern, N. C.

Thomas Gallagher, Private; 23; July 22, '61; South Reading; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Patrick Gilliran, Private; 23; May 9, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability July 10, '63.

Daniel Goulding, Private; 28; May 9, '61; Lawrence; disch. fr disability Dec. 5, '61, at Baltimore, Md.

Martin Haskin, Private; 22; Jan. 27, '62; Medford; disch. for disability June 23, '63.

John Harkins, Private; 43; Dec. 26, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.

Patrick Harkins, Private; 19; Jan. 20, '62; Medford; disch. for disability July 10, '63.

Edward Harmon, Private; 19; Oct. 1, '62; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Patrick Hill, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 13, '64.

Thomas Holland, Private; 19; May 9, '61; Lawrence; d. June 15, '64, at Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 1986.

Joseph G. Ivers, Private ; 22; Dec. 14, '61; Newburyport; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.

Nehemiah C. Ivers, Private; 25; Jan. 14, '62; Newburyport; disch. for disability May 29, '63.

John Ivory, Private; 20; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Franklin Jones (alias) Ames, Private; 18; Jan. 20, '62; Charlestown; deserted Jan. 26, '62.

Nathaniel Jones, Private; 23; Dec. 11, '61; Lynn; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

Daniel Keon, Private; 21; May 9, '61; Lowell; deserted Feb. 7, '62.

Patrick Kiloran, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability July 10, '63, at Newbern, N. C.

John Lahan, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Nov. 23,'61, at Baltimore, Md.

Joseph Lavalley, Private; 33; May 10, '61; Lawrence; d. June 24, '64, at Newbern, N. C.

John O. Leary, Private; 18; May 10,'61; Lawrence; killed in action May 22,'62, at Newbern, N. C.

John Lee, Private; 20; Jan. 21, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Mar. 12, '64.

Joseph Lilly, Private; 19; Jan. 23, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Mar. 1, '62.

George O. Marden, Private; 22; Aug. 17, '62; Haverhill; d. at Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 12, '64; grave No. 503; prisoner of war; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

James J. Marshall, Private; 18; Jan. 28, '62; Newburyport; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlisted Jan. 1, '64.

Daniel Mason, Private; 26; Jan. 10, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. D.

William Maxwell, Private; 29; Jan. 4, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

John McAlleer, Private; 19; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Daniel McCarty, Private; 33; Jan. 22, '62; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 4, '64.

Philip McMahan, Private; 29; May 9, '61; Melrose; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.

Thomas McMahan, Private; 20; May 9, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Bernard McMahon, Private; 25; Jan. 20, '62; Boston; disch. for disability June 19, '62.
John McManus, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Lowell; disch. for disability Nov. 6, '61, at Baltimore, Md.
Patrick McNamara, Private; 35; Dec. 16, '61; Lawrence; d. in Andersonville, Ga. Apr. 13, '64; grave No. 522; prisoner of war.
John McShea, Private; 26; May 9, '61; Salem; never left state; deserted July '61.
William Metcalf, Private; 39; May 9, '61; Lawrence; deserted July '61; never left state.
John Morgan, Private; 27; Dec. 30, '61; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
John H. Morse, Private; 23; Jan. 2, '62; Haverhill; disch. for disability Feb. 7, '63.
Henry Norris, Private; 35; Dec. 29, '63; Fall River; prisoner from Feb. 1, '64 to Apr. 28, '65. transf. from Co. D. to Co. I as ab. pris. disch. June 30, '65.
William Norris, Private; 35; May 9, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Dec; 26, '63.
Patrick O'Brien, Private; 33; Jan. 1, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Apr. 24, '63.
William B. O'Connor, Private; 32; May 2, '61; Lawrence; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel Pierson, Private; 28; Jan. 10, '62; Newburyport; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.
Frank Powers, Private; 20; Aug. 23, '62; So. Danvers; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Feb. 11, '64.
Patrick Roach, Private; 19; Jan. 23, '62; Lawrence; disch. for disability Mar. 3, '63.
Peter Rogers, Private; 30; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Dec. 5, '61.
Joseph Roland, Private; 35; Jan. 5, '62; Boston; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
John Sharkey, Private; 18; May 10, '61; Lawrence; deserted July, '61.
Charles H. Simonds, Private; 31; Jan. 10, '62; Malden; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
Charles Stewart, Private; 32; May 10, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Sept. 1, '63.
George H. Stott, Private; 44; Dec. 26, '61; Lawrence; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62, at Baltimore, Md.
Henry Tighe, Private; 36; Jan. 7, '62; Boston; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.
John Ward, Private; 22; May 9, '61; Boston; disch. for disability July 10, '63.
Alfred Weeks, Private; 18; May 9, '61; So. Reading; deserted July '61; never left state.
Willis G. Whitmore, Private; 24; Jan. 18, '62; Newburyport; disch. for disability Feb. 10, '62.
William Wilson, Private; 23; May 9, '61; Lawrence; transf. to New Co. B.; re-enlisted Mar. 12, '64.
Calvin W. Willis, Private; 49; Nov. 28, '63; Medford; d. in Andersonville, Ga., July 17, '64; grave No. 3464; transf. from Co. D to Co. I as ab. pris. of war.

COMPANY "K," MALDEN.

"Malden Light Infantry."

At the breaking out of the Civil War, the town of Malden had a military company known as the Malden Light Infantry, which formed the nucleus of Company K of the Seventeenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. At a patriotic meeting of

the citizens of Malden, held April 20, 1861, a volunteer list was presented, and so large a number enrolled their names that the town felt warranted in organizing a company immediately, and the sum of $2,700 was soon subscribed by the citizens for uniforms and other articles necessary for the comfort of the volunteers. The ladies also contributed in aid of the company, and a fine silk flag was presented them.

As organized for the war, the company was composed largely of men hailing from Malden, though a considerable number were from Saugus, Medford, and a few from Melrose and Lynn. Captain Joseph R. Simonds of Melrose, of the old company, was elected captain of the new one; Ivory N. Richardson, first lieutenant and Henry W. Oliver of Malden, second lieutenant.

The company was organized on May 6, and was sustained by the town until they went into camp at Lynnfield, July 10, 1861.

The following is a roster of the company:

ORIGINAL COMPANY "K."

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Joseph R. Simonds, Capt. 43; Apr. 30, '61; Melrose; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Ivory N. Richardson, 1st Lt.; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to Co. F, '62.
Enoch F. Tompkins, 1st Lt.; 30; Apr. 26, '61; Haverhill; pro. Capt. and transf. to Co. B, Dec. 19, '61.
Barnabas N. Mann, 1st Lt.; 36; Aug 22, '61; Chelsea; wounded at Goldsboro, Dec. 17, '63; d. Oct. 8, '64 in reb. pris.
Jere A. Greeley 1st Lt.; 27; Apr. 27, '61; Salisbury; transf. to Co. D; Nov. 7, '63.
Henry W. Oliver, 2d Lt.; 31; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to Co. F, Jan. 1, '62.
Charles G. Morse, 2d Lt.; 29; Feb. 20' 62; Haverhill; transf. to Co. G, Aug. 31, '62.
Ezekiel F. Mann, 2d Lt.; 24; Nov. 3, '61; Boston; wounded at Goldsboro, Dec. 17, '62; transf. to Co. G, June 20, '62.
Horace Dexter, 2d Lt.; 36; Feb. 9, '62; Cambridge; pro. 1st Lt. Regtl. Qm. Jan. 1, '63.
Sylvanus M. Sovereen, 2d Lt.; 23; Jan 1, '63; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Henry A. Wentworth, 1st Sgt.; 27; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. June 2, '62 order war dept., for com. in another Reg.
Eben Symonds, 1st Sgt.; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; pro. 2d Lt.; transf. to New Co. F; re-enlist Dec. 19, '63.
Sylvanus M. Sovereen, 1st Sgt.;21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; pro. 2d, Lt. Jan. 1, '63.
Thomas James, 1st Sgt. 22; Apr. 3, '61; Medford; disch. for disability May 28, '63.
James F. George, Sgt; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Melrose; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George A. Eaton, Sgt.; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability May 31, '62 at Baltimore, Md.
George T. Cady, Sgt.; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Levi Cox, Sgt.; 37; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist Dec. 14, '63.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry Foskett, Sgt.; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 19,'64; Gr. No. 70, pris. of war.

William Noble, Sgt.; 42; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Sept. 12, '62.

David H. Cheever, Sgt.; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James M. Ash, Corp.; 25; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability May 25, '63.

William Rankin, Corp.; 38; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to Co. A.

David A. Barrett, Corp.; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

William Bohanan, Corp.; 31; Apr. 30, '61; Haverhill; disch. for disability June 10, '62.

James R. Gilchrist, Corp.; 40; Aug. 7, '62; Malden; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 27, '64; Gr. No. 159; pris. of war.

Charles H. Keene, Corp.; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George S. McAllister, Corp.; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 23, '64; Gr. No. 5060; pris. of war.

Philip J. Mealey, Corp.; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Gilman Page, Jr., Corp.; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. Dec. 7, '63; pro. 2d Lt., 1st U. S. C. Cav.

Taylor J. Valler, Corp.; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Feb. 13, '64.

Abel R. Wilson, Corp.; 19; July 22, '61; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.

William T. Ash, Corp.; 22; Oct. 12, '61; Suagus; M. O. Oct. 11, '64 at Boston, Mass.

James M. Patterson, Corp.; 39; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 11, '63.

George H. Penny, Corp.; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

George H. Lewis, Musician; 18; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; transf. to New Co A; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

John J. Patterson, Musician; 15; Jan. 22, '62; Baltimore, Md.; disch. expir. of term, July 11, '65.

David F. Redman, Muscian; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Dec. 14, '61.

Franklin S. Ryorson, Wagoner; 33; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles Ames, Private; 35; July 21, '62; Charlestown; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Feb. 13, '64.

Louis Artault, Private; 20;Apr. 30, '61; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John A. Barnes, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Oscar Biebar, Private; 27; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; ab. pris. of war since Feb. 1, '64; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.

Joseph P. Bittner, Private; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Charles W. A. Brown, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Benjamin F. Cannon, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John F. Carleton, Private; 24; April 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Reuben R. Coates, Private; 24; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. Oct. 9, '62 for disability.

John H. Copp, Private; 24; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Sept. 11, '62.

James M. Crawford, Private; 31; Aug. 7, '62; Malden; wound. Dec. 17, '62; disch. for wounds May 21, '63, at Boston, Mass.

Albert W. Crockett, Private; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Melrose; re-enlist. Jan 5, '64; d. Andersonville, Ga. Aug. 1, '64; Gr. No. 4483, pris. of war.

William H. Cruse, Private; 25; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 7, '63.

James L. Dale, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.

Thomas Dane, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; transf. to New Co. A.; re-enlist. Feb. 13, '64.

John Driscoll, Private; 34; Aug. 11, '62; Malden- M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

John Driscoll, Private; 21; Oct. 20, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen'ls office, Mass.

Robert Ellis, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

James Finn, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

Edward Fitzgerald, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; expir. of serv. Sept. 2, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Daniel Flye, Private; 21; July 22, '61; Saugus; transf. to New Co. C; re-enlist. Feb 13, '64.
Joseph W. Flye, Private; 25; July 22, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63 at Newbern, N. C.
Thomas Gateley, Private; 18; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William S. Gibbs, Private; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Graham, Private; 31; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
George H. Grover, Private; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. Sept. 2, '62 for disability.
John C. Grover, Private; 18; July 22, '61; Melrose; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Dec. 28, '63.
Brinsley P. Guilford, Private; 40; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M .O. Aug. 3, '64.
Noah G. Harriman, Private; 28; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Nov. 23, '61 at Baltimore, Md.
Joseph W. Haynes, Private; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64.
Jesse Hitchings, Private; 38; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas Hopwood, Private; 35; Aug. 12, '62; Lowell; deserted Apr. 22, '63.
Oliver Jenness, Private; 24; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Oct. 31, '61 at Baltimore, Md.
George H. Johnson, Private; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Jan 8, '62.
George L. Johnson, Private; 23; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Apr. 18, '63.
George M. Keen, Private; 19; Feb. 13, '62; Medford; transf. to New Cos. A and E; re-enlist. Jan. 4, '64.
Thomas J. Kelley, Private; 32; Nov. 20, '63; Malden; transf. to New Co. C.
Samuel S. Kendrick, Private; 41; Aug. 7, '62; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Raymond Kennedy, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Samuel Kenny, Private; 30; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles A. Kidder, Private; 19; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas Kirwan, Private; 32; Aug. 11, '62; Malden; disch. for disability May 30, '63.
Samuel Langley, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William J. Laskey, Private; 39; Aug. 27, '62; Boston; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Augustus B. Lewis, Private; 22; Aug. 8, '62; Malden; disch. for disability June 23, '63.
Maurice Mader, Private; 32; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Dec. 14, '61 at Baltimore, Md.
Cyrus L. Marston, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; d. Nov. 2, '62 at Newbern, N. C.
David T. Marston, Private; 30; Aug. 29, '62; Taunton; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William C. McAllister, Private; 27; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability June 23, '64.
Michael McDonnell, Private; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; deserted Aug. 23, '61.
William McElroy, Private; 32; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Nov. 23, '62.
Michael McKeon, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Thomas McNally, Private; 18; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Oct. 6, '63.
Joseph E. Mills, Private; 18; July 22, '61; Boston; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63.
William Mirrick, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles J. Moore, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Aug. 31, '62.
Edward Moran, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malen; disch. for disability Dec. 9, '63.
Andrew Morton, Private; 18; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Sept. 12, '62.
George W. Moulton, Private; 38; Apr. 30, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James Nelson, Private; 42; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Maurice O'Riley, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; transf. to New Co. B; re-enlist. Dec. 26, '63.
Gilbert Page, Private; 21; July 22, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Torry Peabody, Jr., Private; 25; Apr. 30,'61; Melrose; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Alonzo Penny, Private; 25; Apr. 30, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Joseph H. Putnam, Private; 24; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Edwin W. Reed, Private; 24; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Aug. 15, '63.
Charles Renand, Private; 34; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability June 23, '63.
Francis Revoire, Private; 40; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Feb. 1, '63.
James Roots, Jr., Private; 40; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; disch. for disability Sept 11, '62.
John Rosenbach, Private; 27; July 22, '61; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Daniel M. Russell, Private; 32; April 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Otis T. Simonds, Private; 29; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Feb. 1, '63.
John Smith, Private; 31; Oct. 23, '61; Boston; re-enlist. December 29, '63; d. at Andersonville, Ga., May 8, '64. Gr. No. 976; pris. of war.
John S. Smith, Private; 44; Oct. 26, '62; Taunton; transf. to New Co. A; re-enlist Feb. 11, '64.
Thomas Smith, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Apr. 2, '63
Thomas H. Speed, Private; 34; Aug. 7, '62; Malden; d. Mar. 25, '64 in Richmond, Va., pris. of war.
William Stack, Private; 27; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
William L. Stocker, Private; 30; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Homer R. Stratton, Private; 20; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Apr. 17, '63.
Joseph Stratton, Jr., Private; 26; July 22, '61; Chelsea; disch. for disability June 23, '63.
Charles W. Sweetser, Private; 22; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Lewis W. Thompson, Private; 36; Apr. 30, '61; Lynn; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
James M. Tufts, Private; 41; Aug. 7, '62; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Daniel Waitt, Private; 26; Apr. 30, '61; Medford; disch. for disability Oct. 26, '61 at Baltimore, Md.
Harrison Waitt, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; disch. for disability Feb. 16, '62 at Baltimore, Md.
Michael Welch, Private; 30; Apr. 30, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
Charles A. Wells, Private; 26; July 22, '61; Charlestown; Nov. 23, '61, at Baltimore; disch. for disability.
James W. Wilson, Private; 28; July 22, '61; Malden; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.
John H. Wilson, Private; 21; Apr. 30, '61; Saugus; M. O. Aug. 3, '64.

CHAPTER III.

PORTRAITS WITH BIOGRAPHIES OF FIELD AND STAFF—COMPANY OFFICERS—17TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY—FIRST ORGANIZATION.

COLONEL THOMAS ISAAC COFFIN AMORY.

Thomas I. C. Amory was born in Boston, Mass., November 27, 1828. He was the son of Jonathan Amory, who succeeded his father in business in the house of Jonathan Amory & Son, and who was United States Dispatch Agent during the Civil War. His wife, the mother of Thomas I. C. Amory, was a Miss Austin, whose father, an English physician, owned a sugar plantation in Demarara, British Guiana, where Miss Austin was born in 1809. Thomas I. C. Amory's grandfather, Jonathan Amory, died in Boston about the time he (Colonel Amory) was born, and had been a successful merchant. He married a daughter of James Sullivan, who had been attorney-general, was the sixth governor of Massachusetts, and whose brother was General John Sullivan of the Revolutionary Army, and governor of New Hampshire.

T. I. C. Amory's younger days were passed mostly at boarding-schools, and he spent some time at a boarding-school in Newport, R. I. His father's family were living at Roxbury, Mass., in 1846, when he received his appointment as a cadet to West Point, from which he was graduated in 1851. Upon graduation he was brevetted second lieutenant and assigned to the 7th United States Infantry, in which regiment he served until 1860, when he was ordered to Boston on recruiting service, and was there on duty at the breaking out of the Civil War.

He was commissioned second lieutenant in the regular army, August 21, 1851; first lieutenant, October 16, 1855; captain, May 7, 1861; and major of the 8th United States Infantry, September 19, 1864. His service with the 7th United States Infantry was mostly in the West and Southwest. He was for a time at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and afterwards at Fort Smith, Ark. At the latter place he married, in 1853, Miss Nolan, who died a few days before her husband, in October, 1864, at Beaufort, N. C. Their oldest son died at Newberne, N. C., in 1863. Their oldest daughter died in 1878, while at school at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N. Y. The other children—two sons and a daughter—are still living—one of the sons in Wilmington, Del., the other son and daughter in New York City.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, Thomas I. C. Amory, then a lieutenant, was for a time the only regular army officer in Massachusetts, and was very useful to Governor Andrew in offering opinion and advice as to equipment and organization of the first regiments that went to the front from this state. He was also Acting Commissary of Musters of the first regiments going from Massachusetts into the United States Service, until Governor Andrew insisted upon his going to Baltimore to take command of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, of which regiment he was commissioned colonel September 12, 1861. The regiment had been in Baltimore nearly two months, under command of Lieut-Col. Fellows, when Colonel Amory joined it, but he soon became a great favorite with the men for his uniform courtesy and kindness to all, and for the interest which he manifested in the efficiency and welfare of the regiment. He was a good disciplinarian, without being unnecessarily strict or exacting, and was always ready to listen to complaints or grievances of the men, and to do all in his power to make army life pleasant to them.

After the regiment was sent to Newberne, N. C., early in 1862, Colonel Amory, much to the regret of the officers and men, was detached as acting brigadier-general and the Seventeenth knew him only as commander of the brigade of which it formed a part. But they knew that he still retained a lively interest and affection for his old command. He was in active command of his brigade

in North Carolina, and participated in all the expeditions and battles in that department until the latter part of 1864.

When the Seventeenth Regiment was reorganized, after the expiration of its term of service in July, 1864, he became colonel of the new regiment, though he still retained command of the brigade to which it was attached, at Morehead City, Captain Henry Splaine being placed in command of the regiment, of which he afterwards became colonel.

In the fall of 1864, yellow fever broke out in the department of North Carolina, and was very destructive among the negroes that congregated there. A negro servant in Colonel Amory's family, it was said, brought the fever into it, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Amory and her mother, and a few days later the colonel succumbed to the same disease. His death occurred at Beaufort, N. C., on October 7, 1864.

One of the members of Company G, of the Seventeenth (Thomas H. Taylor), writing in an article published in the "Salem Gazette," September 17, 1886, of the experiences of his company in the regiment, some twenty-five years after the close of the war, said of him:

"Colonel T. I. C. Amory fell a victim to this terrible disease. He was one of the few commanding officers who remained at his post of duty, and in doing so, fell a victim. A perfect soldier and a gentlemen. His loss was sincerely mourned by all the department."

To show how sincere and lasting was the affection that Col. Amory inspired in the men of the Seventeenth, at the annual reunion of the surviving members of that regiment, on August 28, 1899, his youngest daughter, Mrs. Laura Amory Dugan, who was born in Newberne, N. C., in May, 1864, during the third Confederate attack on that city, was elected a member of the Regimental Association, and adopted as the "Daughter of the Regiment."

Col. T. I. C. Amory was brevetted Brigadier-General before his death. He will always be kindly remembered by his comrades as long as any one of them survives.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN FOSTER FELLOWS.

John Foster Fellows was the son of Oliver and Sarah Fellows. He was born at Ipswich, Mass., on January 8, 1815. When but six weeks old, his parents moved to Salem, where he lived until 1842. He was educated in the public schools of that city. At the age of twenty-eight years he moved to Boston, and became connected with the "Boston Atlas" (the organ of the Whig Party in Massachusetts) as chief book-keeper. He was also connected with the "Boston Courier" for several years. He was, at the time of his death, one of the oldest militia officers in the state. In 1845, he became a resident of Chelsea.

He joined the Salem Infantry in 1835, and was made corporal of the company October 1st of that year. He became sergeant October 25, 1837, and lieutenant in the same company in 1842. After his removal to Chelsea, he organized, on September 20, 1852, the Chelesa Light Infantry, Company F, Seventh Regiment, 4th Brigade, 2d Division, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. He was commissioned captain of the Chelsea company October 7, 1852.

In 1855 or 1856, while Captain Fellows was in command of the company, the community was disturbed by the ranting of a religious fanatic, who was styled the Angel Gabriel, because he carried a trumpet, on which he would blow a blast from time to time, in order to attract attention and draw a crowd to hear him. This fellow did not confine himself to preaching on the Custom House steps and other places in Boston, but took in the suburbs as well. On one particular Sunday, Gabriel was advertised to hold forth in Chelsea, and a crowd of fanatics and others followed him, the latter principally to "see the fun." In Chelsea they were joined by other crowds, and the Roman Catholic Church on Mount Bellingham was attacked and threatened with destruction. Seeing the danger from the mob, Captain Fellows assembled his company, marched them to the scene of the riot, saved the church, dispersed the mob, and then made application to the proper authorities for leave to call out his company.

This episode well illustrates the character of the man who afterwards played so prominent a part in the Civil War, as the

officer in command of the Seventeenth MassachusettsVolunteer Infantry. He resigned the command of the Chelsea Light Infantry, November 20, 1857. He was commissioned captain and quartermaster of the Fourth Brigade, 2nd Division, M. V. M., Aug.20,1858.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Captain Fellows was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, as quartermaster on the staff of General Joseph Andrews, commanding the fort. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, August 21, 1861. On August 22d, Governor Andrew went into the adjutant-general's office, and expressed a desire that the Seventeenth Regiment should start for the front the following day. Colonel Fellows was at Fort Warren, and the boat had made its last trip for the day, when the news of the departure of the regiment was received. Adjutant John G. Chambers volunteered to have Colonel Fellows in Boston that night. This he accomplished with a sailboat.

Colonel Fellows took command of the Seventeenth Regiment on August 23, 1861, at Lynnfield, and the regiment left Massachusetts for the front that night. Colonel Fellows commanded the regiment until Colonel Amory assumed command in Baltimore, Md. When the regiment left Baltimore, March 27, 1862, in two steamers, Colonel Fellows commanded five companies on one of the steamers.

The regiment arrived in Newberne, N. C., April 1, 1862, and the following day Colonel Amory was assigned to the command of the First Brigade of Foster's Division, Burnsides Corps. From that time up to the time the regiment served its term of enlistment except after his capture at Batchelder's Creek, February 1, 1864, Colonel Fellows was in active command the greater part of the time. The story of the capture of a section of the Seventeenth Regiment, with all its officers, is told elsewhere. Colonel Fellows was confined in Libby Prison, in Richmond, in Macon, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., in which latter place, he, with other Union officers, was lodged in a section of the city which was exposed to the bombardment from guns of Fort Wagner, on Morris Island. But the prisoners were fortunate in the fact that the building in which they were lodged was not hit,

though many of those in the vicinity received serious injury. At the end of the siege he was exchanged and returned home much exhausted by the strain upon his nervous system. He was discharged August 3, 1864, and commissioned colonel October 9, 1864, but was not mustered.

Colonel Fellows was a good officer and a brave man. He was at the head of his regiment in every encounter up to the time of his capture. He was popular with the officers and men, and his capture was greatly deplored by them. There were few more faithful, loyal and efficient officers in the department of North Carolina than Colonel Fellows.

Before the war, Colonel Fellows filled a number of important offices in his home city. He was elected and served as a member of the Chelsea Common Council for 1857, and a member of the Board of Aldermen for 1858. He was a charter member of Palestine Commandery Knights Templars, Royal Arch Chapter of Skekinah, and Past Master of Robert Lash Lodge F. and A. M., and also a member of Theodore Winthrop Post 35, G. A. R.

He was appointed deputy collector of internal revenues of the 4th district by Collector Sargent, in 1868, and held that position until the 4th district office was abolished. He was also treasurer of the Chelsea Savings Bank for twelve years, which position he resigned on account of ill health a few months before his death, which occurred at his residence in Chelsea, after a lingering illness, of paralysis of the brain, on July 6, 1888.

Two sons and two daughters survived him, one of the former of whom is Capt. Charles O. Fellows, who served with distinction in both the old and new organizations of the Seventeenth Regiment. Colonel Fellows was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and his bearing towards one and all was with the courtesy belonging to the old school. He was beloved by all who knew or came in contact with him. At his funeral the body was escorted by the veterans of the Seventeenth Regiment Association, under Colonel Henry Splaine; by commands of Theodore Winthrop Post 35, G. A. R.; and by delegations of the Masonic fraternities to which he belonged. Thus fittingly closed the useful life of a brave and loyal man both in war and in peace.

MAJOR JONES FRANKLE.

One of the best known and most active officers of the department of North Carolina during the Civil War was Major Jones Frankle of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Not only was he on active duty with his regiment during his connection with it, but he assumed and discharged other military functions with zeal. He became colonel of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, which he personally recruited, and was promoted to brevet brigadier-general at the close of the war. Major Frankle was a strict disciplinarian, and was strictly honorable in all relations with men in and out of the military service.

Jones Frankle was born in Silesia, a province of southeastern Prussia, April 17, 1829. He was educated in the public school of his native town until, at the age of fourteen, he was entered at the gymnasium of Breslau, the capital of the province of Silesia. At the age of nineteen he entered the University of Breslau. At this time also, he was enrolled as a one-year volunteer in the regular army of Prussia, to serve for promotion. According to the usage obtaining at the time, the volunteer for a year's service had to maintain himself during the probationary period, at the end of which time, if he passed examination, he was received as an officer in the regular service.

At the close of the year, young Frankle passed the examination and qualified for lieutenant in the *landwehr*, or reserve force, of the regular army. In the meantime the dispute with Denmark, in regard to boundary, and other matters, known as the Scleswig-Holstein affair, had led to hostilities between Prussia and Denmark, and the regiment to which Lieutenant Frankle was attached was ordered to the scene of strife. This was in 1848. In this war and subsequently he served two years, when he returned to the University to resume his studies.

In 1854, he came to the United States, landing in New York. He did not remain long in that city, but came to Boston. From the latter city, he drifted north to Essex County, finding occupation in the cities and towns of the Merrimac Valley—Newburyport,

Laura Carolina Amory.

Frederick T. Greenhalge.

Capt. Edward T. Parkinson.

Lieut. Philip C. Mason, Co. "A."

Amesbury, West Newbury and Haverhill—as a teacher in high schools and private classes of the French and German languages.

Mr. Frankle's first essay to obtain military service was when he joined the Ben Perley Poore Battalion at West Newbury as lieutenant. This battalion was afterwards incorporated a company of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment, with Captain Stanwood in command. Mr. Frankle's duty with this battalion was that of drill-master. He, however, remained with it only two weeks, when he received from Governor Andrew a commission as captain, and was assigned to the Fourteenth Massachusetts Infantry (afterwards the First Heavy Artillery), which was then in process of formation. But the men of the company which he was to command, and which was only partially filled, were, in the final re-arrangement of companies, distributed among other companies of the regiment, and the captain was without a command.

To make amends for the disappointment, however, Captain Frankle received the appointment of major, and was assigned to the Seventeenth Regiment, then in process of formation at Camp Schouler in Lynnfield. Colonel Fellows joined the regiment the same day of its departure for the seat of war, August 23d. At Baltimore, Colonel Amory took command of the regiment.

In the early part of 1863, Major-General Foster noting how inadequately the city of Newberne was defended from attack by land (and there had been several attacks made by the Confederates up to that time) wrote to Governor Andrew, suggesting that a regiment of heavy artillery be raised and equipped by the state of Massachusetts, and recommending that Major Frankle be commissioned to raise and command such a regiment. In response to this request, Governor Andrew issued an order for the recruitment of such a regiment in the state, appointing Major Frankle as colonel of the same. The major returned to Boston, in May, 1863, and began the work of enlisting the new regiment. He met with such success that in September of that year he had the regiment recruited to its full complement of 1800 men, and returned with it to Newberne, where he manned the forts about the city.

While Colonel Frankle was in command of the defences of Newberne, the yellow fever broke out, and raged with violence in that city and its vicinity, Colonel Amory of the Seventeenth Massachusetts being one of its victims. At this time, General Palmer, who was in command of the district of North Carolina, went to Washington, and General Harland, who commanded the district of Newberne, assumed his duties. This change left that post vacant, and Colonel Frankle, who was the only available officer of sufficient rank, assumed command of the Newberne district.

Stories and anecdotes without number have been told of Major Frankle. He was known as the "Little Major."

Since the above sketch was written, General Frankle, who had suffered from prostatitis, and had undergone surgical treatment for it, succumbed to the disease, and died on April 15, 1909—two days before completing his eightieth year.

MAJOR LUTHER DAY.

Major Luther Day was born in Bradford, Mass., February 23, 1829. He was of old Colonial stock, being descended from one of three brothers who came from England and settled at Ipswich in 1635. His grandfather, Moses Day, settled at Ward Hill, Bradford, in 1770, whose son, Joseph Day, married Fidelia Hale, June 20, 1824. Joseph and his wife were the parents of Bailey, Judson, Luther, Fidelia, Pearl, George W. and Joseph Warren Day. Joseph Warren Day was a lieutenant in the Seventeenth Massachusetts with the major. Major Day married twice, his first wife being Martha Jane Shattuck, whom he married October 17, 1850. Their children were Helen Eva (Currier) Day and Martha Jane. His second wife was Emeline Eaton Clement of Newburyport, whom he married July 13, 1867. There were born from this marriage Luther Clement, Anne M., Albert B., and Marion L. Luther C., when a young fellow, joined the 46th United States Volunteers, for service in the Philippines, where he served two years.

Major Day was one of the first captains to organize a company of volunteers in the early spring of 1861. On the 19th of April, 1861, he went to Boston to see the Hale Guards off to Washington, and while in Boston took out enlistment papers at the State House. Upon his return home, he, with others, recruited a full company in one day. The captaincy was offered to Dr. A. K. Towle, who declined, and Mr. Day was unanimously elected captain, and was commissioned as such April 26, 1861. Captain Day made several efforts to have his company put into camp and receive recognition as a military body. He failed to do this so often that, discouraged, he went to Governor Andrew, and told him that he and his company were about to join a New York regiment.

The governor, seeing that Captain Day meant all that he said, ordered the company into camp. This relieved the town and people of Haverhill from the expense of supporting the company and aiding some of the families of the members.

The captain was mustered into United States service July 22, 1861, and was promoted major December 29, 1863. He was mustered out at expiration of service August 3, 1864.

Major Day was a handsome man, of commanding appearance, extremely neat and painstaking and strictly a business officer. He was known among the officers and men of the command as a strict and unbending disciplinarian, yet never forgetting to look after the interests of the command.

Major Day died in Haverhill May 30, 1896.

ADJUTANT BARNABAS N. MANN.

Barnabas N. Mann was born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1824, of a very respectable family. Quite early in life he manifested a strong inclination for a military career, and as early as September 30,

1852, he became a member of the Chelsea Light Infantry, which company had been organized and commanded by the late Col. John F. Fellows of Chelsea. Mr. Mann enlisted as a private, but later became first sergeant of the company, and at the beginning of the Civil War, was adjutant of the 7th Regiment, M. V. M.

When the Seventeenth Regiment was organized at Lynnfield, in 1861, Barney Mann (as he was familiarly called) was commissioned a first lieutenant, and appointed adjutant. In this connection it may be truly said that he was one of the most faithful, painstaking and efficient officers the regiment ever had.

During the stay of the command in Baltimore, Lieut. Mann was married to Miss Love, an estimable lady of that city.

He was taken prisoner on the morning of February 1, 1864, at Batchelder's Creek, N. C., and died October 8, of the same year in a rebel prison.

Barnabas N. Mann was a firm friend to Colonel Fellows and a trusted official. Who among the survivors of the regiment that does not remember his soldierly presence and masterly activity? "I believe," writes John H. Tyler, "that he did more to promote discipline and good order in the early days of the regimental history than any other officer that we had."

Notable among his many brave acts was the burning of the Goldsboro railroad bridge, on December 17, 1862. Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding the Union forces on that occasion, had detailed Capt. George W. Graham to burn that bridge, and although the latter wore the uniform of a Confederate officer that day, he failed in his attempt to fire the bridge. In running back from the bridge, after his failure, he exclaimed, "No use! No use! It can't be done!" Thereupon General Foster ordered Colonel Fellows, commanding the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, to make a detail to burn the bridge. When Colonel Fellows called for volunteers, many stepped forward. From these he chose Lieut. Barnabas N. Mann and Privates Edmands and Besse of Company A. Lieutenant Mann and his aids, amid a hail of bullets, approached the bridge, set fire to it, and it was quickly destroyed. Lieutenant Mann was severely wounded in this heroic enterprise, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

Barney Mann has answered the last roll call. He went to his death in the Southland with the conviction that he had done his duty to his country and its flag; and while his death was far from kindred, and among the enemies of his country, it was a noble one—one of self-sacrifice—the death of a true man and a hero.

ADJUTANT HENRY A. CHEEVER.

There are but few officers or men of the Seventeenth Regiment more deserving of credit and prominent mention than the late Adjutant Cheever.

Henry A. Cheever was the son of Deacon Joseph Cheever, and was born in Salem, Mass., in 1839. His family removed to Chelsea, Mass., when Henry was a young lad, and it was in Chelsea that he was educated and obtained his early training for the military service which he so faithfully performed. He was graduated from the High School but a short time before the Civil War broke out. In his youth he was prominent in the affairs of the town. He was one of the organizers of the Chelsea Library Association, and was also active in the fire department in those days, and was captain of the Chelsea Wide-awakes in the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign in 1860. He was also a member of Company F, 7th Regiment, M. V. M., which company was commanded at the time by the late lamented Colonel John F. Fellows.

Mr. Cheever was commissioned a first lieutenant in the early part of the Civil War, was assigned to the Seventeenth Regiment, and was appointed adjutant to succeed the late Barnabas N. Mann. That he proved himself to be a thoroughly efficient officer is well known to the survivors of his regiment.

Adjutant Cheever was severely wounded at Batchelder's Creek, N. C., on the morning of February 1st, 1864, was taken prisoner, and his life saved only by the efforts and skill of the late Sur-

geon Galloupe. Indeed, his death was currently reported at considerable length in the Boston papers at the time. He recovered, however, and returned to his home in Chelsea, and after a season of recuperation, returned to his regiment. But his wound was a source of constant annoyance to him to the day of his death.

Henry A. Cheever was naturally a genial man, sometimes erratic in temperament, but that was always overlooked by those who knew and loved him for his sterling good qualities. He made and kept strong friendships for more than half a century, and when the last words were spoken over what was once Henry Cheever, men who knew him best realized that a good man had gone beyond recall, and those friends sincerely mourn his loss.

Adjutant Cheever was married to Miss DeBacon of Chelsea. The fruit of that union was one daughter, whom Henry idolized. She was taken away in early childhood, however, and from that moment the spirit of the father was broken, and without doubt he brooded over the loss of his daughter until the day of his death.

He was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York soon after the war, and was for some time an employee of the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. During the latter portion of his life he was engaged in the prosecution of pension claims. He opened an office in Boston, which was known to thousands of old soldiers throughout the state as "The Adjutant's Tent," where veterans of the war were always welcome.

He was formerly a member of the Theodore Winthrop Post 35, G. A. R., of Chelsea, but later became a member of John A. Andrew Post 15, G. A. R., of Boston. He was also a member of Hooker Command, U. V. U. He died in Boston in 1903, and his body was escorted to the grave at Woodlawn Cemetery, Chelsea, by a delegation of Hancook Command, U. V. U. of Chelsea.

DR. I. F. GALLOUPE.

Isaac Francis Galloupe, physician and surgeon, eminent in both branches of the curative art, was born in Beverly, Mass., June 27, 1823. He was the son of Isaac and Annie (Allen) Galloupe, a descendant of an old Colonial family of Essex County. He was educated in the public schools and the academy of his native town, and by private tutelage. He afterwards studied medicine at the Tremont Street Medical School in Boston, where he obtained his diploma of M. D. in March, 1849.

He began as a physician at Lynn, Mass., in 1849, where he soon built up an extensive practice. On November 27, 1854, he married Lydia Davis Ellis, by whom he had two sons—Francis Ellis, who is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with the degree of S. B., 1876, in mechanical engineering, and Charles William, a graduate of Harvard College, A. B., 1879, and M. D. of Harvard Medical School. The latter is a practising physician of Boston.

Dr. Galloupe was well known to every comrade who served in the Civil War in the department of North Carolina, where he served as regimental, brigade and division surgeon, and post surgeon at Newbern, N. C. He was also medical director of the 18th Army Corps, and was in charge of the United States Army General Hospital at Newbern, with the rank of Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. After the war he served as examining surgeon of the United States Pension Bureau of Boston for twenty-five years. In his residential city of Lynn, he served as a member of the school board and as city physician. In politics he was a staunch Republican; in religion, a Congregationalist. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Essex South District Medical Society, Lynn Medical Society, a Mason, a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, Loyal Legion, Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of the American Revolution, Massachusetts Association of Prisoners of War, and the Lynn Historical Society. These few facts sum up too briefly the events and occupations of an exceedingly busy and useful life,—a life filled with fine achievements and noble sacrifices.

On December 11, 1862 he accompanied the expedition under General Foster from Newbern to Goldsboro as Brigade Surgeon of the First Brigade, operating surgeon and surgeon in charge of transportation of the wounded. At the battle of Kinston, on the 14th, he established a field hospital, at which he was busily engaged from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night in performing operations, without leaving his post for any purpose, or partaking of food, until the last wounded man was properly cared for. Among those operated on was a successful case of amputation of the shoulder joint and upper third of the thigh on one person.

On the 16th of December, at the Battle of Whitehall, he established a field hospital in a hollow, which proved to be so near the firing line that pieces of shell fell among the wounded, one of which struck his foot, not, however, causing injury, and he was obliged to move the hospital further to the rear.

On December 17, at Goldsboro, he took a farmhouse for a hospital, close to the battlefield, and remained there until the army had retired, after accomplishing its object, and the missiles of the enemy made it necessary for him to remove the wounded. He superintended the removal of these, several hundred in number, to Newbern, a distance of about eighty miles, through woods and over rough roads, a considerable part of which was corduroy. On the return of the expedition, Acting Brigadier General Amory, in his report to the Commanding General, said: "Where all did their duty well it seems unnecessary to mention names, but I feel compelled, in this place, to testify to the fidelity with which Doctor Galloupe, the senior surgeon of the brigade, discharged his duties. His efficiency at all times, and his care of the wounded, merit the highest praise."

On February 1, 1864, an attack was made on a strong outpost at Batchelder's Creek, twelve miles from Newbern, at one o'clock in the morning. The firing being heavy, and continuing for an unusual length of time, Doctor Galloupe repaired to the place with a hospital corps and several ambulances. His stretcher men began to pick up the wounded, the first one brought in being Lieut. Cheever, adjutant of the Seventeenth Regiment. While Doctor

Galloupe was in the act of removing a musket ball from a wound in his chest, he was surrounded by rebel cavalry and taken prisoner.

He soon realized that the Confederate force was a large one under General Pickett, and that its object was the capture of Newbern. The Union force, while retreating, kept up a constant artillery fire, and after arriving within the line of defence, opened with heavy guns, and mortars, and continued the firing all that day and the next, killing and wounding many of the Confederates. To all of this firing he was exposed, and although fragments of shell were clattering all around him, none hit him. At about 5 P. M., February 2d, he was started with about 300 other prisoners towards Kinston. The road was sandy, the feet sinking three inches with each step. He had on heavy cavalry boots, and was compelled to walk under these circumstances to Kinston, a distance of twenty-five miles within twenty-five hours. When he arrived there his strength was exhausted, and his feet and legs so swollen and inflamed by the rough march, that it was two months before he recovered from the effects of the exposure. No food was furnished him for three days. At this extremity, his condition becoming known to Surgeon W. A. Holt, C. S. Army, that gentleman at once came to his relief. His gratitude to Surgeon Holt need hardly be said was hearty and lasting.

Doctor Galloupe was exchanged on the first of March, 1864, and after a month's rest at his home in Lynn, returned to Newbern, N. C., where he renewed his former duties. On June 10, he was again appointed Post Surgeon of Newbern, and filled that office until the last of July, 1864, when his three years' term of service having expired, and his health being much impaired, he returned with his regiment, and was mustered out of service August 10, 1864.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM D'ARCY HALEY.

Chaplain Haley was born in London, England, and came to the United States with his father when a mere boy. His mother, Harriet D'Arcy Haley, died in England. His people were of

Kent in Hampshire County, and were recognized for many generations for their literary attainments. His education was completed in the United States, having taken courses in Harvard, and at Meadville Theological Seminary. His first wife was Archidamia Maria Gammons of Rochester, Mass. The only child by this union was Grace Alton, now the accomplished and beautiful Mrs. Grace G. Barnum of New Haven, Conn. Chaplain Haley and his wife visited England, where he declined the pastorate of a London Church.

Upon their return to the United States, they resided in Washington where our chaplain became pastor of the First Unitarian Church,—"All Souls,—which has been since the place of worship of the Presidents. During their stay in Washington, Chaplain Haley and his wife made many dear and influential friends.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, in the spring of 1861, the Reverend William Haley, believing the best place for a patriotic minister was with the army, secured an appointment as chaplain in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, then organizing at Lynnfield, Mass.

He served with his regiment for about ten months, when his failing health demanded a change. He resigned, and paid a visit to England. While in London, he was requested by those who knew his talents best, to deliver a sermon in St. Paul's. This sermon was a remarkable one. It was published in the leading papers of the United Kingdom. The commentators of that time said it was equal to the best the great Mr. Spurgeon ever preached. Shortly after this he returned to the United States, where he gave up the pulpit for the sword, and became a captain of cavalry in a New York Regiment.

As a cavalry officer, he rendered good service to his adopted country. After the close of the war, he and his family went to California, where his wife died. Some time after he married Miss Elizabeth Holmes of New York. From this union there were born, a son, Herbert Holmes Haley, and a daughter, Ione D'Arcy Haley. For years before his death he was editor of the "San Jose Mercury," was connected with the G. A. R., and was a 33d degree Mason.

Upon his death, in 1890, the whole city of San Francisco paid tribute to his intellectual worth. He was a most brilliant and a kind-hearted man. During his service with the Seventeenth Regiment, he was noted for his generosity, his kindness to all—sick or well—and was ever ready to give help to the suffering, either spiritually or temporally. He campaigned with his regiment, and showed the true courage of the soldier, yet never forgetting the dignity of his high office.

QUARTERMASTER ROBERT HARRIS.

Quartermaster Robert Harris of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers was born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1830. He was of a highly respectable family, members of it having held high positions of trust and were also of high social standing. Robert entered the United States Navy as captain's clerk at the age of fifteen, serving under Capt. Robert Wyman, commander of the United States Frigate "Columbus." His cruise on this ship was a most eventful one. The presence of the "Columbus" in Japanese waters was, perhaps, the first step towards an understanding between the United States and the empire of Japan.

In 1845, the captain of the "Columbus" was ordered to China on duty there, and also to investigate the chances of opening communication and trade with Japan. Fortunately, the "Columbus" had picked up a Japanese vessel, which had been blown off the coast and was in distress. The Americans cared for the vessel and crew and landed them safely on the Japanese coast. Acts of kindness from the Japanese were made in return for the gallantry of the Americans, who were permitted to send ashore and get plenty of fresh water. This incident of Americans saving the distressed Japanese crew was without doubt the means of bringing about an understanding between the United States and the Japanese empire, heretofore hermetically sealed against all Occidentals.

The facts above related happened ten years before Commodore Perry landed in Japan and secured the signing of a treaty be-

tween the two nations. At the termination of Master Harris' cruise of three years, and having grown tired of life on the "ocean wave," he entered the office of the well-known engineer, J. W. Brooks, afterwards for a long time president of the Michigan Central Railroad Company.

While a very young man, Mr. Harris had some service as engineer on New England railroads. In 1857, he became engineer for the Beloit & Madison Railroad in Wisconsin, after which he rose to be manager, vice-president and president of some of the most important railroads in the country.

In 1861, he joined the Volunteer Army, and on January 9, 1862, became quartermaster of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers. In this position his worth as an army officer became so apparent that he was made a commissary of subsistence in the army, with the rank of captain. After a period of most active and patriotic service in the war, he resigned in 1863 to accept an important position on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.

His services were so valuable to the corporation that soon he became manager-superintendent of the vast system. After thirteen years with this road, he became an important factor in other railroad systems, rendering such important services as to make his name familiar among railroad men all over the country. Quartermaster Harris was a man of great ability. He was successful in everything he undertook, was of strict integrity and was an honest and fearless man. Many railroad systems which had been on the brink of dissolution, were made safe, solvent and successful under the wise care or good advice of Robert Harris.

In 1857, Mr. Harris married Mary Willis Duncan of Haverhill, Mass., thereby allying himself with the most prominent family of that town, and as prominent as any family in the state of Massachusetts, the head of which was the Hon. James H. Duncan, who had been a member of Congress, was an able lawyer, a brilliant public speaker and a most patriotic gentleman. He and the queenly Mrs. Duncan, (nee Mary Willis), daughter of Benjamin Willis of Charlestown, Mass., and their children—James Henry, Rebecca, Mary Willis, Susan Reynolds, Samuel White, Rosanna, Elizabeth, George Willis, Caroline and Margaret—made as many

sacrifices for the cause of the Union in their efforts, at the cost of time and money, preparing volunteers for the front and looking after the welfare of the families of the soldiers during the war, as any family in the state of Massachusetts.

Captain Harris died in the spring of 1894, at Rochester, N. Y. His funeral was held at his old home in Portsmouth, N. H. His wife survived him until 1910, when, surrounded by those she most loved, she quietly passed away.

One of the Duncan boys, Samuel W., became a captain in the Union Army. He rendered brave and valuable service to his country during the Civil War. He married Sarah Margaret Fuller Greene, daughter of Judge Albert Gorton Greene of Providence, R. I. Judge Greene was the author of "Old Grimes."

Capt. Samuel Duncan died at the age of 59, leaving two sons, Albert Greene Duncan and Samuel W. Duncan, and one daughter, who is the wife of the Rev. John M. McGann of Columbus, Ohio. Elizabeth married the Rev. Theodore T. Munger of New Haven, Conn. George married Elizabeth Damon of Concord, Mass. He died in Rome, Italy, February, 1884, leaving two boys who are now living. Margaret is Mrs. Stephen H. Phillips of Salem, Mass. She has two sons, Stephen and James D. Phillips.

CAPTAIN SIDNEY C. BANCROFT.

Sidney C. Bancroft was born in Salem, Mass. (in that section which is now part of Peabody), April 22, 1826. He was married October 26, 1853, to Mary G. Goodale, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom is now (November 30, 1909) living. He died July 28, 1891.

Early in life he worked as a mason with his brother Alpheus. Later he studied law with Otis P. Lord, afterward Judge Lord of the Supreme Judicial Court, and being possessed of a comprehensive mind was an apt and successful student.

He was admitted to the bar April 26, 1852, and took up the practice which Judge Lord had relinquished when promoted to

the bench, and which was successfully maintained by Mr. Bancroft for some years. It is said that his practice netted the young lawyer as much as $5000 a year, a very large sum for those days, and one which Mr. Bancroft perhaps never afterwards equalled, for his business capacity and habits were not equal to his other mental equipment. He had what is said to be one of the marks of genius—a disinclination to regular application and systematic effort, attributes fatal to business success. He seemed to prefer to do nothing unless in the mood for work, and then only for the kind suited to his taste. But these desultory exhibitions of his abilities were always of great excellence and often brilliant. He disliked forms and cared only for the substance. To illustrate this peculiarity, the gentleman who has furnished a sketch of Captain Bancroft relates that a judge of the Supreme Court once told a friend of his that the Court had received a brief from Mr. Bancroft, which by its force and perspicuity, compelled the admiration of the judges, but it was written on cheap colored paper with a lead pencil.

In all other respects, however, his character, like his ability, was far above the average. He was a gentleman of pure and scholarly tastes. He was a close reasoner, an attractive speaker and an able parliamentarian—a man of genius in fact, and his friends believe that under favorable conditions his might have been one of the noted names in the history of his country.

Captain Bancroft's ideas of war were of a nature that makes it a matter of surprise that he ever assumed the sword of conflict. He held that force had always proven an unsatisfactory means of settling national differences as of private ones, and that an international tribunal would eventually take the place of the present costly armaments of nations. All wars of aggression or conquest, notwithstanding the glamor of victory thrown around them, he believed to be wholesale murder.

The wonder is that a man with such sentiments—for he believed that war was justifiable with nations as with individuals only in self-defence—would become a soldier, and his resignation before the regiment entered into the real campaign work of the war was

perhaps most natural. While the regiment was still in Baltimore he resigned his command of Company B on December 18, 1861.

CAPTAIN NEHEMIAH PUTNAM FULLER.

Captain Nehemiah Putnam Fuller was born in Middleton, Mass., May 17th, 1830. He was the son of Nehemiah P. and Mary A. (Perkins) Fuller. He received his early education in the public schools of Middleton, but had to seek employment when quite young, as the family needed his assistance. He worked at the shoe business in Danvers, Mass., some time, but being of a roving and romantic disposition he soon travelled abroad, making his way and earning his living in many strange lands. It was assumed to be true that he participated in the General Walker—Nicarauga—campaign, where he learned something of the art of war.

After this, he returned to Danvers, Mass., where he earned considerable prominence as a good mechanic, a public spirited citizen and an active member of the Danvers Fire Department, at one time, being chief of that important organization. When the bugle-blast of war sounded, Fuller threw up the fireman's trumpet and drew the sword of the soldier. He was head and front in organizing Company "C" of Danvers. The Company soon became the left flank Company of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers then being organized at Lynnfield, Mass. The Company and regiment were mustered into the service July 22, 1861, and proceeded to the seat of war August 23, 1861. He was a strict disciplinarian, a persistent and never-tiring drill-master, and soon had Company "C" the equal of any Company in the service. Captain Fuller served with this Company and regiment in their many campaigns during 1861-2 and 3, but in July, 1863, he severed his connections with his Company and regiment, and became Captain of Company "B" 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and became one of its majors on October 2d, 1864. He was mustered out of service after the close of the war, September 3d, 1865. While in service he married Maria L. Fuller, daughter of Joseph J. and Mary A. (Glass) Fuller. There were born from this union,

Idabelle Glass, July 22, 1866, at Danvers, Mass.; Edward Putnam, 1869, at St. Louis, Mo.; Charles Henry, 1871, at Danvers, Mass. and Lucy Putnam, 1875, at Jefferson City, Mo.

Captain Fuller died at Danvers, Mass., February 3d, 1881, among his sorrowing family and neighbors.

CAPTAIN GEORGE WILLIAM KENNEY.

George William Kenney was born in Danvers, Mass., April 12, 1830. He was the son of William J. C. Kenney and Elizabeth Whittier Kenney. He attended the public schools of his native town until he was fifteen years of age, and then went to Pembroke Academy. From there he went to Thetford Academy, Vt., where he finished his education. In 1858, he married Gertrude Stickney. There were born to Captain Kenney and his wife two children, Willis Herbert and Gertrude Stickney. The latter died in childhood.

Captain Kenney was commissioned captain of Company G, 1861. He went to the front with his company and regiment, and shared in all their trials, privations and triumphs during their many campaigns. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Goldsboro, December 17, 1862, while bravely leading his company in the fight. He was confined to the hospital for three months, where he suffered considerable pain, and then was sent North on a short leave of absence. After a brief time in the North, he returned to his regiment, finished out his term of three years, and was mustered out at Lynnfield August 3, 1864. Not satisfied with his three years' service, he accepted the appointment of captain of the 29th unattached company of Heavy Artillery, and was stationed at Fort Smith, Arlington Heights, Virginia. He was mustered out of service June 16, 1865, it being the end of the war.

During Captain Kenney's service in the Seventeenth Massachusetts, he was found to be an affable gentleman, kind hearted to both officers and men, and was the idol of his company. He was

always on deck and never missed a fight or a march. He was a handsome man, tall, with soldierly bearing, dignified, but always condescending and kindly. He was well known throughout the department—even among officers of the highest rank—for his suavity and engaging manners.

After the war, Captain Kenney became a salesman for many large shoe houses, but owing to advancing age, retired from this active life and accepted the postmastership of Danvers, under President McKinley, which office he held up to the time of his death, which occurred March 9, 1891. His wife survived him ten years, dying in 1901. It is worthy of mention here that Mrs. Kenney and her son, Willis H., were as near to Captain Kenney at times during the war as it was safe to have them. Willis, then five years old, was a great favorite among the soldiers, notably, at Fort Smith, Virginia, where the men displayed their liking for the boy by purchasing for him a colonel's uniform, shoulder straps and sword, and they used to parade between regular drills, and be drilled by "Colonel" Willis H. Kenney. He was so much a favorite that he spent more time at headquarters as guest of the regular army colonel in command of the post than he did with his mother. He is alive today and shows with pride his eagled shoulder-straps and colonel's sword that he wore when only five years old. The little colonel, upon reaching man's estate, married Alice E. Tufts and two sons came to bless their union—Herbert Tufts and Philip Burr.

Willis H. Kenney is to-day a respected and prominent citizen of Danvers, Mass. Well may he be proud of his brave father, and well may Danvers be proud of her noble son, who offered his life that his country might live—a Union greater and stronger than ever.

CAPTAIN JOHN K. LLOYD.

Captain John K. Lloyd was born in Manchester, England, in the year 1819. He was soldierly from his boyhood, and as a youth became attached to one of the English militia regiments.

His progress in the art of soldiering was so rapid that he was soon chosen, among other picked men, to become a member of the "Cold Stream Guards," the crack regiment of the British Empire. In this command he soon proved his worth as a soldier, receiving frequent promotions among the non-commissioned officers.

After long service in the famous Cold Stream Guards, Sergeant Lloyd emigrated to the United States. He settled in Boston, Mass., where he was doing a successful business at the breaking out of the Civil War. The spirit of the soldier was in him and was bound to assert itself. Lloyd could no longer do business while his adopted country needed his services, and he at once set about organizing a company of British Volunteers, known afterwards as Company H of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

The men of the company were a sturdy lot of Britains, and were a credit to their old country as well as to their new one. Captain Lloyd was a tall, handsome man, soldierly in appearance and conduct, and was a good drill-master and a strict disciplinarian. He commanded the respect of the officers and men of his regiment.

At the battle of Batchelder's Creek, February 1, 1864, the captain with other officers of the regiment, was taken prisoner and held by the enemy at Richmond until just before the fall of that city. He reached Boston about the middle of March, 1865, a mere shadow of his former self. Captain Lloyd suffered untold misery and privation during his captivity, and was so impoverished physically that he could not rally from his weakness; but he had the satisfaction of seeing his wife and son before his death. He died at home with them at 20 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass., March 30, 1865.

Captain Lloyd married Miss Rebecca Ellis of Shropshire, England. She resides at this writing (1910) at 64 Revere Street, Boston, Mass. Their son, born in Boston, became a practicing physician in New York City, where he died in 1896.

CAPTAIN THOMAS ORMSBY WEIR.

Thomas Ormsby Weir was born at Lake View, Parish of Guiva, County of Sligo, Ireland in November, 1827. He was the son of Captain William Weir and Mary Weir, whose maiden name was O'Neill. Captain Weir's father was of the old Norman stock, while his mother was of the Irish-Celtic. Captain Weir married, in Haverhill, Mass., in 1848, Catherine Brown, daughter of John and Margaret Brown, who were emigrants from Weir's own parish and county in Ireland.

Captain Weir died in Charlestown, Mass., in May, 1901. He was survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Frances Swiney and Mrs. Sarah Kelly.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, Thomas O. Weir, then a resident of Lawrence, Mass., animated by a spirit of patriotism, organized Company I, which shortly afterwards became part of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry at Lynnfield, Mass. He was commissioned and mustered as captain of the company. He served with his company and regiment until July 2, 1862, when he was discharged from the service. He was a brave and aggressive commander, and led his company on many expeditions and through several hot skirmishes. The incident which led to his discharge from the service is fully related in its place in this history. All the officers and men of the regiment deplored the loss of Captain Weir when he was discharged from the service.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. SIMONDS.

Joseph R. Simonds was born in Charlestown, Mass., in the year 1821. He received his early education in his native town, and at the age of eighteen he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and learned the trade. He followed this business, and in time became a master in the trade. When the Civil War broke out he was in partnership with a brother in Spring Lane, Boston.

When quite a young man, he joined the militia of his native state, and was in the militia when the war opened. On April 30,

1861, he joined the Malden Light Infantry Company of Malden, of which he was afterwards elected captain. This company, with Captain Simonds in command, joined the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry as Company K of that regiment, at Lynnfield, Mass., July 10, 1861, and was mustered into service with the regiment July 22, 1861.

Company K was one of the finest companies that ever left the state of Massachusetts for the Civil War or any other war, and Captain Simonds was most fortunate in having command of such a company. He was an ideal captain of an ideal company. Harmony, and mutual respect obtained at all times between the captain and his men.

Captain Simonds was a brave, patriotic and intelligent officer, and deserved and received the respect of the officers and men of his regiment. He never failed in his duty, and his services deserve the gratitude of his state and the nation.

He was mustered out of service at Lynnfield, Mass., August 3, 1864 by reason of expiration of service. He lived in Melrose, where he died some years later. He had no children; his wife, who survived him, has since died.

CAPTAIN ENOCH F. TOMPKINS.

Enoch Foote Tompkins was born in Haverhill, Mass., November 4, 1830. His father was Christopher Tompkins, who was a classmate of John G. Whittier at the Haverhill Academy, and the captain's grandfather was Rev. Isaac Tompkins, who held the degree of A. M. from Brown University, and who became pastor of a Congregational church in the East Side of Haverhill, Mass., more than one hundred years ago. This grandfather married Mary Alden, daughter of John Alden, of Fair Haven, Mass., who was a lineal descendent of John Alden, who came over in the Mayflower—"Speak for yourself, John."

Captain Tompkins mother was Abbie Foote, daughter of Enoch and Sarah (George)Foote. The Footes were well-establish-

ed and prominent people in Newburyport, while the Georges were highly respectable people and belonged in Haverhill and vicinity.

In June, 1856, Captain Tompkins married Catherine Hayden Shurtleff, during whose infancy her mother died, the baby then becoming the protege of the Thurston family, hence she was often known as Catherine H. Thurston. Both the Thurston and Shurtleff families were highly respectable people. From the marriage of Captain Tompkins and Miss Shurtleff there are two surviving children, Miss Abbie Hayden Tompkins and Charles Chase Tompkins, who now reside in Haverhill. Captain Tompkins, when a boy, received a part of his education in the public schools of Haverhill, and after finishing an academic course, settled down to business in that town. He had not enjoyed many years at his quiet and pleasant business before it became apparent that war between the North and the South was inevitable. The excitement caused by the secession from the Union of state after state in the South, spread to every city, town and hamlet of the country. The people of the North became profoundly agitated, and fully determined to meet force with force for the preservation of the Union. The crisis came, the people of the South appealing to arms to enforce their demand for separation. The cry at the North was "To Arms" and save the country from disintegration.

With the blood of Revolutionary sires coursing in his veins, what less could young Tompkins do than rush to arms, and sustain the record of his heroic and honorable ancestors? It was in the blood, and he and other young men organized Company F, of Haverhill—Luther Day becoming captain, Enoch F. Tompkins, first lieutenant, and William H. Turner, second lieutenant.

Company F was composed of a hundred smart, intelligent Haverhill boys, and some of them were sons of the best families of the town. Drill was the order of the day. It was a splendid company. It was patronized by the towns people, who supplied the every want of the boys. When the company reported to Colonel Dike at Lynnfield, as part of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, on July 10, 1861, it was given position as right flank company, thereby making it and its officers the seniors of

the regiment. This was proof of its perfect organization and complete readiness for active service.

The regiment proceeded to the front on the 23d of August, 1861, making its headquarters at Baltimore, Md., for a few months.

Captain Tompkins was commissioned first lieutenant in the Seventeenth Massachusetts, May 10, 1861. His promotion to captain was recognized by all as a fitting reward for his faithful and intelligent service while first lieutenant. He served with his regiment during the three years' service of the command, and was mustered out at Lynnfield, August 3, 1864. He remained at home a few months when, fearing that he had not rendered all the service he was capable of to his country, he was re-commissioned in the same regiment as captain, and served with the command until the final muster out at the close of the war, July 14, 1865.

Captain Tompkins was on every march and in every fight that his company and regiment participated in. He was brave and cool under all circumstances—a strict disciplinarian, but never cruel. He was educated, attractive and witty. In his bouts at witicism he unhorsed many a friendly opponent with his laconic shafts of wit; but having conquered, with a peal of good-natured laughter, he would restore his antagonist to good-fellowship again. Referring to his well-known bravery, the writer of this sketch remembers distinctly one circumstance which showed the mettle of the man. On July 26, 1863, the regiment having landed near Winton, (otherwise Mt. Tabor), and was marching in column along the road, when the enemy, secreted behind breastworks, opened fire on the regiment. Colonel Fellows changed formation from column to line and advanced upon the enemy. This formation brought Captain Tompkins in command of Company B, on the road, facing the line of works. He led his men over the works as cooly and smilingly as though they were marching to a good dinner.

The children of Captain Tompkins may well feel proud of the record of their gallant sire, and the city of Haverhill of her heroic son, and no disparagement to others is intended when it is said that the city of Haverhill would not suffer if she proclaimed Captain Tompkins the peer of Major Jack Howe.

Captain Tompkins died February 6, 1901.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS W. FOSTER.

Thomas W. Foster was born April 1, 1828, at Rowley, Mass. His father was Thomas Foster and his mother, Mary (Wells) Foster, his grandfather being Daniel Foster of Rowley. They were all of the old English stock. Lieutenant Foster was among the first to shoulder arms in Newburyport, where he resided, when the Civil War broke out in the spring of 1861. He helped to organize Company A of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, known at its enrollment as the "City Grays." He was commissioned and mustered as first lieutenant, and went to the front with his company and regiment.

Failing health forced him to resign January 8, 1862. During his short term of service he showed high qualities as an officer, and it may be said with truth that in the resignation of Lieutenant Foster the government lost a good and patriotic officer.

The officers and men of his command were sorry to lose the fellowship of so estimable a gentleman. He married Lydia Margaret Perkins, and from this union were born Thomas W. Foster, Jr., Charles L. Foster, Mrs. Margaret Fogg, wife of Hon. Clarence J. Fogg, Mrs. Sarah Hidden, Mrs. Jessie Morse and Mrs. Grace Constantine.

LIEUTENANT RUEL BENTON PRAY.

Ruel Benton Pray of Danvers was the first of the volunteers of that patriotic town to enlist for the war of the Rebellion. He was elected second lieutenant of company C of Danvers, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, but was afterwards promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to Company A of that regiment. He was generally known as Captain Pray, having attained the position of captain in the merchant service.

Mr. Pray was born in Salem, April 18, 1836. He was the son of Ruel and Mehitable (Kender) Pray. He received a common school education, and in 1850, made a voyage around the world with Capt. Lewis F. Miller of Salem. He followed the sea in the

merchant service for ten years, serving as sailor, mate and captain. He made one whaling voyage and one cruise in the U. S. S. "Cumberland," which was stationed off the west coast of Africa. Returning to his home in Danvers just before the breaking out of the Civil War, he attended the original war meeting there, and was the first man to enlist. This was on April 16, 1861.

When the Danvers company was incorporated in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment as Company C, Mr. Pray was commissioned as second lieutenant. After serving with the regiment for one year, he resigned on account of disability, August 9, 1862. Recovering his health after a time in the more bracing climate of his native state, Mr. Pray went into the United States navy. He was mustered into the service March 4, 1864, as acting master's mate. He was promoted to acting ensign April 30, 1864, reported at New York, and during August and September of that year was in the Norfolk Marine Hospital to the close of the war. During his enlistment he served on the U. S. S. "Savanah," "Algonquin," "Young America," "Wilderness," "Chicopee," "Queen," and "Sassacus."

On October 28, 1860, he married Caroline E., daughter of William and Sally Galloupe of Danvers, two children being born to them—one daughter, Mrs. James F. Eustis of Everett; and one son, William G., of Marblehead, both of whom, with his wife survive him. He died in Danvers, after a long and painful illness.

Of him the "Townsman" has said: "He was a noble, whole-souled man, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His social, genial manner made him many friends, not only in this town, but elsewhere where he was known. He was engaged in the cigar business in Danvers at one time, and made his home there, coming to this town (Topsfield) several years ago.* * * * He was interested in the public schools, and addressed them at several patriotic gatherings, representing the Grand Army in an official capacity at the raising of the new flag over the Centre school-house a year ago (1895). He was a member of Topsfield Grange, No. 184, P. of H., and G. A. R. Post 90 of Danvers."

Thus closed the adventurous, patriotic and useful life of Ruel Benton Pray, sailor, soldier and journalist.

Major John E. Mullaly.

Capt. Chas. O. Fellows.

Capt. Joseph A. Moore.

Capt. Malcolm Sillars.

LIEUTENANT JAMES MORONEY.

James Moroney was born in Miltown-Malley, County Clare, Ireland, February 9, 1835. He was the son of Andrew and Bessie (Burns) Moroney. He came to the United States when a youth, and after a short residence in Massachusetts he settled in Haverhill. When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Moroney, being full of Irish valor and American patriotism, joined Company E, of Haverhill, Captain McNamara, in April, 1861, and helped to organize the company. He drilled regularly with the command, and helped to make it an excellent company.

In May, 1861, the company was ordered to Long Island, Boston Harbor, and was attached to what was then known as the 14th Regiment, Colonel Rice commanding. After a month of active drilling, and preparation for departure for the seat of war, the regiment was disbanded and many of its members were drafted into the 13th Regiment afterwards the Irish 9th. Lieutenant Moroney's company returned in a body to Haverhill and disbanded.

About the middle of June, under orders from Governor Andrew, the company went into barracks in Haverhill, and resumed its preparations for active service. Finally, the company became part of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry at Lynnfield, July 10, 1861.

Lieutenant Moroney was commissioned and mustered as second lieutenant, and went with his company and regiment to the seat of war. He participated in the Eastern shore of Virginia campaign, where he saw considerable service. He was promoted to first lieutenant January 31, 1862. He next served in Burnside's army corps, with his regiment, in North Carolina.

Lieutenant Moroney was attached to Company I, Captain Weir, and during the spring of 1862, saw a great deal of hard work and plenty of actual fighting. After returning North, Lieutenant Moroney married Miss Kate J. Culhane, daughter of John and Mary (Hanrahan) Culhane. The latter were old County Limerick stock, whose ancestors, men and women, helped General Sarsfield to defend their city against the troops of King William.

From the union of Lieutenant Moroney and his wife there was born one son, James Moroney, who married Miss Ida M. Kelly of Detroit, Michigan.

LIEUTENANT PHILIP COOMBS MASON.

Philip Coombs Mason was born in the old seaport town of Newburyport, Mass., March 5, 1834. He was the youngest son of William S. and Abigail (Jackman) Mason, there being two older sons and a daughter in the family. His father and grandfather (William Mason) fought in the war of 1812, and his grandfather was captured and confined in Dartmoor prison, in England, as a prisoner of war. All of his ancestry were of the typical New England stock. The coat-of-arms in the possession of the family bears the emblems of the Scottish and English. It is known that the Masons were among the first settlers of Newburyport. Both grandfathers of Philip were seafaring men, and William S. Mason, his father, was for many years captain of the trading ship "Nikolai" of Newburyport, and did an extensive business with Russia and other foreign countries. Lieutenant Mason received his education in the Newburyport schools. After leaving high school, he learned the photograph business of Mr. John McArthur.

When the Civil War broke out he was one of the first volunteers to go from Newburyport in Company A of the Seventeenth Regiment. By faithful and meritorious service he rose from first sergeant in the old company to second and first lieutenant which latter promotion came to him on July 8, 1863. He participated in all the engagements of the old regiment and was mustered out with it in 1864.

After serving his time in the war, Lieutenant Mason took up the photograph business in Newbern, N. C., where he remained until a serious illness compelled him to return North.

In 1867, he married Sarah L., daughter of Benjamin French of Salisbury, Mass. She, too, came of old New England parentage, whose ancestors came to this country in 1640. Both paternal and maternal grandfathers distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary War.

During President Grant's administration, Lieutenant Mason was appointed United States Gauger of Internal Revenue under Mr. Charles C. Dame, collector of Newburyport. He remained in the service twelve years, when, through change of administration, he lost his position. After a lapse of twelve years, however, he was reinstated in his old position, where he remained until November, 1903, when illness compelled him to give it up in order to regain his health.

Lieutenant Mason was a member of Post 49, G. A. R., of Newburyport, and one of its past commanders, but he has resided in Somerville for nearly twenty-five years.

(A brother officer of the Seventeenth contributes the following more full account of Lieutenant Mason's war service.)

"At the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, Lieutenant Mason joined the company known as the 'City Grays,' and after having helped to organize and drill the company for several weeks, he was appointed first sergeant of it. As first sergeant he went to the seat of war in Company A of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, the company being commanded by Captain David F. Brown of Newburyport and Captain Henry Splaine of Haverhill.

"He was promoted second lieutenant September 25, 1862, and first lieutenant July 8, 1863. At the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was mustered out of service August 3, 1864, at Lynnfield, Mass. During his three years of service he never lost a day on account of sickness. He was an ideal first sergeant, was an intrepid and gallant lieutenant, a good drill-master, a judicious manager, and never neglected to look after the interests of Company A and the others with whom it was his privilege to serve. He was on every march, and in every fight that his regiment took part in during his term of service.

"Many first sergeants, it may be said were not as fortunate as Mason for with him, when everything else failed, an appeal to the Hibernian tent was invariably successful. No matter whether they were tired or hungry, these men were always ready to help Sergeant Mason out of a difficulty. All he had to say was, 'Boys, I must have two men for special duty. I know it isn't your turn,

but, then, what am I going to do?' At that announcement all would spring to their feet and say; 'Sure, Mr. Mason, we will do anything in the world for you.' These conditions and doings, as may be judged, brought about a feeling of mutual regard and respect between Mason and his Hibernian friends. A treaty of reciprocity was established between them, and Mason kept his end of the treaty as sacredly as the others did theirs. He did many acts of kindness for them, saved some of them from getting into trouble, and when it did happen that one of them did get into trouble, Mason would be the first one at headquarters to make a special plea in his behalf. It often appeared to the writer that Mason, like the Geraldines of old, was more Irish than the Hibernians themselves, and that the Hibernians were more Yankee than Phil Mason himself.

"Many of the officers and sergeants joked Mason about the happy and handy relations existing between him and his Irish friends; but at that early stage of their lives they evidently had not studied environment and its effect upon human conduct.

"The friendship thus formed between Phil and his comrades, it may be added, was continued into the private life of both succeeding their war service, and both parties never tired of telling of instances illustrative of their mutual service and good will. So much did these influences attend Phil Mason for years after his army service that one day be became father of a beautiful boy, and, behold, the child was born on St. Patrick's day. Served him right. So much for environment association." Of Lieutenant Mason's three children, two of them are alive at this writing, and are most useful and respected members of the community: Miss Abbie Daniels Mason and Mr. Arthur French Mason.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EZEKIEL F. MANN.

First Lieutenant Ezekiel F. Mann enlisted at Boston, Mass., July, 1861, becoming one of the British Volunteers, afterwards Company H, Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers.

He was promoted second lieutenant, November 3, 1862, and first lieutenant, August 13, 1862. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Goldsboro, N. C., December 17, 1862. The severity of his wound compelled him to resign August 16, 1863. Lieutenant Mann was born in Boston, Mass., July 19, 1837, and at the age of six months was removed with his parents to their old home in Portsmouth, N. H. Here Master Mann went through the various grades in the public schools, thereby securing a good and practical education.

Lieutenant Mann, at the breaking out of the Civil War, like other young men, stirred by the excitement of the times, and believing that his duty was to help preserve the integrity of his country, man-fashion, went to the front.

His father was Joseph Mann of old Colonial stock, his grandfather and great-grandfather having fought in the Revolutionary War. His mother, Harriett Fitzgerald, was of the Fernalds of Portsmouth, N. H., whose ancestors also participated in the Revolutionary conflict. These Fernalds were the original owners, by grant, of the present site of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. They ceded it to the United States Government for a small compensation to accommodate the government.

Lieutenant Mann's parents died when he was but a mere child, and he was brought up and educated by his grandmother Fitzgerald. His wife is Martha Cutter Mann, daughter of Captain Cutter of the war of 1812.

Lieutenant Mann was a good officer and a brave one, and when he resigned because of disability brought on by his wound, the officers and men regretted parting with so good a man and officer.

LIEUTENANT HENRY TAPPAN MERRILL.

Lieutenant Merrill was born in Winthrop, Maine, April 12, 1841. He was the son of James Hooper and Mary Bodge Merrill. During his childhood, the family moved to Norway, Maine. From Norway, at the age of seventeen, he was put to work among mer-

chants in the city of Portland, but after a short stay in Portland, the young man, with his family, moved to Haverhill, Mass., where they resided at the breaking out of the Civil War. When the excitement attending the secession of many southern states from the Union, and the armed revolt of those states spread over the country during the spring of 1861, young Merrill was among the first to enroll himself as a volunteer, and joined Company F, of Haverhill. Soon afterwards the company became part of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and camped at Lynnfield, Mass. Before leaving for the seat of war, he was made the commissary-sergeant of the regiment.

The intelligent discharge of his duties and his gentlemanly deportment soon brought him further promotion, for on July 3, 1862, he was made second lieutenant in his regiment. Unfortunately, the malarial climate of North Carolina was too much for him. He broke down in health and found himself compelled to resign May 11, 1863. The army surgeons told him that he must resign if he wished to save his life. It pained him to leave his regiment, associates in the service, and particularly was he pained to leave the service of his country's Flag for which he was willing to die.

In July, 1865, he married Caroline A. Evans. Three children came to them, Gertrude, Susan E., and Mary T., the last two surviving their father, who died at the home of his parents in Norway, Maine, March 30, 1883. He was a talented musician and was chorister and teacher in many churches, especially the church in Dover, N. H. He was a home man, a good husband, a good father, a respectable and gentlemanly man, and above all, he was a truly patriotic American citizen.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure for Seat of War—Arrival in Baltimore—Cool Reception—Expedition to Eastern Shore of Virginia—He Stole His Own Goose—Topsey—Cherystone Oysters—Return to Baltimore—"Recollections of the War," by Ruel B. Pray.

The Seventeenth Regiment, under command of Lieut-Colonel Fellows, left Camp Schouler, Lynnfield, in the late afternoon of August 23, 1861, after farewells of relations and friends, and proceeded by rail to Boston, where it marched by the flank to the State House, and received its stand of colors from General Bullock, who, owing to the lateness of the hour, was deputed by Governor Andrew to act in his stead. Then it took up the line of march to the Boston & Albany Railroad Station, where the cars were again taken, and the journey to "the front" was resumed at 10 P. M., among encouraging cheers from the few friends assembled to see them off.

It was slow coaching in those days, for the regiment did not arrive in New York City until about eight or nine o'clock the next morning. At New York, the men were marched to City Hall Park, where they were halted for a short time. Little notice was taken of these men in the big city—a devoted band of patriots going forward to peril their lives to preserve the integrity of their country. Indeed, in the multitudes that thronged the streets, as was afterwards proved in the draft riots, there were, no doubt, thousands opposed to the war, and even in sympathy with the rebellion.

After partaking of some refreshments, the regiment resumed its march, going to the landing of the ferry at Courtland Street, where it crossed to Jersey City, and took cars for Philadelphia

over the Pennsylvania Railroad. But even on this road the transportation was very sluggish, and it was not until about six o'clock the following morning that it arrived there. But what a contrast it was to the way the regiment was treated in New York, when it marched to the old Cooper's Shop, so-called, and were treated to a royal welcome and a splendid repast by the loyal people of the Quaker City. They were again among warm-hearted friends, and whatever might betide, the men of the Seventeenth will always retain in their hearts a grateful remembrance of Philadelphia.

We got a little refreshment here before we again marched to the North River Landing to cross to Jersey City. Here we left the ferry boat and took the cars awaiting us for Philadelphia, over the Pennsylvania Railroad. We arrived in Philadelphia the next morning tired and dusty, for we had been in heavy marching order for about thirty-six hours. Here we left the cars and marched to the famous Cooper's Shop, where we struck it rich.

No cheer ever awaited soldiers that was more appreciated than that of the noble-hearted Quakers of Philadelphia. Lavatories and clean towels, hot coffee and delicious rolls, meats—in fact, a magnificent breakfast was given us. Much has been written in glowing terms of the city of brotherly love. Those only who were there and partook of the great hospitality of Philadelphia during the march of the Union soldiers to the front, can paint the picture as it deserves.

The ladies were more than kind as they graciously looked out for the comfort of every man in the Cooper's Shop, and men never left it more refreshed than the soldiers whose good fortune led them through Philadelphia on their way to the front. Night or day this good work never stopped. No hungry soldier ever left Philadelphia. Thousands upon thousands were fed and refreshed during the long years of the struggle.

After a good and hearty breakfast, the regiment again took the cars, at 9 A. M., and at 4 P. M., arrived in Baltimore. Here the men of the regiment realized that they were in an unfriendly environment, in striking contrast with the community which they had left five hours before. Sour and unfriendly faces were seen on every hand, and they realized that they were among people who had

Lieut. Reul B. Pray

attacked and murdered their comrades some few months before. But this did not make them unhappy, as they felt they would soon be further south where the rebels were in arms in the field.

The regiment was marched about a mile outside the city, and camped without tents. The following day, August 26th, when it was expected the regiment would take cars and proceed to Washington, and thence to the front, it was ordered to pitch tents at Stewart's Grove, where Nim's Battery was already located, the place being named Camp Andrew, after our Massachusetts war governor. Here the regiment learned that they were halted to do duty, for a time, at least, for no one knew when orders from the War Department would cause them to strike tents and start for the scene of hostilities. As it was they were not allowed much rest or idle time. Companies were dispatched on special duty to different points in and around Baltimore, to guard powder magazines and stores of war material, having to sleep on arms, to be turned out at all hours of the night, to be reviewed and inspected by general officers.

This round of duty was varied by street drills and other demonstrations calculated to impress the disloyal element of Baltimore that any hostile demonstration on their part would be sternly repressed and punished by the Lincoln soldiers from Massachusetts. It was the "ounce of prevention" which had a most salutary effect. Those who had been ready to give expression to their feelings in words of scorn and insult (notably the women) soon ceased to make themselves obnoxious. The soldiers were orderly and well-behaved, and, according to orders, did not resent such abuse, but did their duty faithfully. This disarmed their enemies to a great extent, and made them more tolerant.

And yet this round of duty on the part of the men, which was performed with cheerfulness and urbanity, was rendered under the most unfavorable conditions. The men had to sleep on the ground, or on pieces of boards picked up anywhere, and it was not until the first week of October that they were furnished with straw for bedding. This was indeed a luxury that all appreciated.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment

Up to October 13, Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows was in command of the regiment, but on that day Col. Thomas I. C. Amory assumed command.

Early in November it was found that the rebels were likely to become aggressive in the Maryland peninsula known as the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and an expedition from Baltimore was planned to go to that place, attack the armed bands there and destroy their works. This expedition was composed of the following military organizations: Pennsylvania Cavalry, Second Massachusetts Light Nims' Battery, Fifth New York Zouaves, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Sixth Michigan Volunteer Infantry, Second Delaware Volunteer Infantry, Fourth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, Maryland Purnell Legion.

This expedition, consisting of some several thousand men,—infantry, cavalry and artillery—sailed from Baltimore on November 15, 1861, under the command of Brigadier-General Lockwood, six companies of the Seventeenth accompanying it, who were under the command of Colonel Amory. These six companies were, C, E, F, G, H and K. The other four, A, B, D and I remained in Baltimore under command of Major Jones Frankle. The expedition landed at Newtown, Md., on the Pokomoke River, where it arrived about noon on the following day, and went into camp. All kinds of rumors in regard to the enemy were in circulation—that they were in force about five miles distant, etc., and expectations of active hostilities were indulged in. But the only sanguinary occurrences for the next two or three days consisted in the capture and slaughter of southern geese and other fowls, the members of the Seventeenth, of course, being more or less concerned in these hostilities, though they were not alone the aggressors, as others who came under the eye of General Lockwood were arrested and sent back to Baltimore, receiving severe punishment for such infringement of the army rules.

STOLE HIS OWN GOOSE.

Army life is often rendered tolerable and even agreeable by the occurrence of incidents which have the flavor of humor and even comicality to make them memorable. The soldiers in the war of the Rebellion were mostly young men, and were blessed with an appetite which, when on the march and loaded with heavy equipment, the army rations of "hard tack" and indigestible "salt horse" did not always satisfy, and when a halt was made more or less "foraging" was indulged in, for variety of food in the army, as well as in civil life, was the "spice of life" and of gastronomy. What wonder, then, that the marchers with ravenous appetites sought gratification in the pursuit of poultry, sweet potatoes and other "varieties," even though foraging was forbidden by the officers, to whom it was a source of constant trouble.

The following story has some really comical features, and is well worth incorporating into this narrative, as it presents one of the humorous phases of army experience. The expedition under General Lockwood to the Eastern Shore of Virginia had landed on November 17, 1861, and had camped over night at a place called New Town, on the Maryland portion of the peninsula. Here is the story:

"November 18, 1861.—In camp at New Town. In the forenoon a large part of Company "H" started out on a private foraging expedition, and returned later with a lot of geese. To reach the company quarters they were obliged to pass where they could be seen from regimental headquarters. As they were returning in single file, each with a white goose under his arm, and some with an additional one over the shoulder, Colonel Amory's attention was called to this breach of discipline, and he was obliged to investigate. When the men with the geese arrived at their tents, there was a great emptying of knapsacks, and most of the geese were transferred to where the clothing had been. Some of the birds were hidden under blankets, in knapsacks and in any place that offered a chance for concealment. During this operation many of the tent doors had been tied up, and when the colonel arrived in the company street, it took some time before all the

tents could be examined. The knots in some cases appeared quite hard to untie. In one tent, while the colonel was waiting, one of the men crawled out under the canvas at the back, and four geese were passed out to him before the colonel could enter. The result of the search was that Colonel Amory secured eight geese out of about forty that were brought into the company tents.

The men who were absent without leave were now ordered to do guard duty with knapsacks and in heavy marching order. At this time the guard duty was being done by each company in turn, instead of the usual custom later of detail from the several companies. This day being Company "H's" turn, the duty had been performed by the members of the company who had remained in camp. The men who had each succeeded in "saving his goose" went on duty, patrolled their beats, some of them with a goose in his knapsack during the whole tour of duty. The man who was on duty at headquarters can be imagined patrolling his beat with the contraband article in his knapsack and fearing that at any moment it would be discovered.

The captured fowls were sold by auction to the officers and the proceeds paid over to the owner, who afterwards appeared and made claim for his property.

Captain Lloyd, being the purchaser of one of the geese—a fine, large bird—had it sent to his cook, with orders to have it prepared for use the next day. Now, George Woodcock, the captain's cook, liked to have a quiet game of cards occasionally, and after dressing and putting the goose to cook in a camp kettle over his private fire—it being after dark by this time—thought it a good chance to go to one of the tents and have a game of cards with the boys. Captain Lloyd, being officer of the day, made a tour through the camp and saw the fire and the goose cooking in the camp kettle. Soon after he went to a tent where several of the officers were passing the time together, and informed them of his discovery, and also that the bird was nearly done. As it was being cooked after hours, he suggested it would be the proper thing to confiscate it for "the mess." This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and after waiting till the bird was ready (George,

in the meantime, being engaged in the game of cards), it was confiscated and heartily enjoyed by "the mess."

The next day, at noon halt, when George appeared with some "hard tack and salt horse," the captain inquired for his goose, and asked why George had not brought it instead of the other "grub." George's reply was that he had gone away from the fire for a little while, and that some "blankety-blank sucker" had stolen it, and he only wished he knew who it was.

Those who had helped the captain eat his goose the night before soon heard of the loss, and it required considerable "commissary" for the captain to set matters right with them.

It was at this place that General Lockwood made himself particularly unpopular with the troops, by ordering some members of the brigade, who had been detected in foraging, to be sent back in irons to Fort McHenry.

On November 19, the expedition started on its raid into Virginia, crossing the State line, the companies of the Seventeenth being in the advance. On this march earthworks and barricades were encountered, and two rebel cannons were captured. The men marched sixteen miles on this day, and rejoined the brigade at Oak Hall, Va. On the 21st, a march of twenty-seven miles was made, the expedition reaching Drummondstown, Va. On the way a battery of sixteen guns was passed, and several prisoners captured, but there was no fighting. The next day two gun-carriages were captured, but no guns, the rebels having either moved them to the main land or buried them.

During the ten days following its departure from New Town the expedition marched about ninety miles without encountering any opposition, and arrived at Cherystone Landing cold and hungry, severe weather having set in. The famous Cherystone oysters, however, served to allay hunger to some extent, and were devoured in liberal quantities. The return to Baltimore was attended with more or less hardship to the boys of the Seventeenth. A steamer of 200 tons was employed to carry the six companies of the regiment. The vessel had gone only a few miles on her return trip when a storm arose, and she was forced to return. From the time of embarkation, on December 2, the men had to bear the

discomforts of that steamer, including the lack of water. They were, however, young and optimistic, and took these experiences as they did other hardships of soldiering as being part of the program of army life, and simply joked one another about it, with such remarks as "Why did you go for a sojer?" etc.

The result of this expedition was that whatever rebels there were in that section of Virginia either became peaceful citizens or joined their brethren across the bay in old Virginia.

After the arrival at Baltimore, the men of the Seventeenth found comfort in a return to their straw beds, as well as new uniforms and two months' pay.

TOPSEY.

Topsey was short on the names of men, as the following anecdote will show. During General Lockwood's campaign through the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland in November 1861, chasing the command of the Confederate General Wise the 17th, Massachusetts Volunteers with other regiments of the Union command halted at a rich plantation for the purpose of resting and securing fresh water. The rest lasted half an hour or more. The master of the estate was not in evidence, neither were his two sons, the latter probably being in the Confederate Army.

The presence of five thousand Union soldiers was a surprise and a source of instant attraction to the hundred or more slaves of the place, who poured out to look at the Yankees. The darkies, in order to obtain a good view of the army, clambered to the roofs of the sheds, the shacks, and some of them even up into the trees, perched on the limbs like so many crows. One Topsey took to the upper rail of a Virginia rail-fence, looking wonderingly at the army. A lieutenant of the Seventeenth Massachusetts was resting against the same fence, some forty feet from the girl, and at once became interested in her girations and spasmodic movement towards him.

She appeared to be about seventeen years old, well developed, bright looking, with bright snappy eyes and a mouthful of handsome teeth as white as ivory. She wanted information and seemed determined on getting it. Seeing the lieutenant, she moved towards him, conforming to the zigzag shape of the fence, and finally reaching him, she placed her hand on his shoulder, and with eyes snapping and mouth open exclaimed, "Massa! Massa! has all you uns got naims?" Poor Topsey, during her seventeen short years of existence had probably heard such names as Tom, Jack, Bill, Joe, Jim, Ned, Pomp and maybe Charley.

But she could not understand how five thousand men could each have a name of his own, or so named as to be readily distinguishable from all the others. Poor Topsey, poor slaves of the South at that period; how innocent, how obedient, how respectful, and under all the circumstances how self respecting.

The program now was to provide more comfortable quarters as the stay of the regiment in Baltimore for the winter seemed to have been decided upon by the War Department. By December 18, lumber having arrived, work on a new barracks was begun, and in twelve days after the various companies of the regiment were more comfortably housed than they could be in shelter tents.

During the winter months following, the Seventeenth Regiment was engaged in a variety of duties, its companies being detached for guard duty at various points in and around the city, always discharging such duties faithfully and to the satisfaction of the military authorities. Its members also grew in favor with the people of Baltimore—the loyal people, especially, for there were many of them in that city.

The Northern people had but a faint idea of the conditions existing in the border towns and cities of the Middle States, in regard to the loyalty and disloyalty of their people. The feeling was intense on both sides, and men were not only outspoken where they dared to be —especially when under protection of loyal troops— but were prepared to suffer the consequences of their temerity if the fortune of war turned the scale against them. Baltimore

loyalists were no exception to this rule, and the loyal men there were free to back their convictions by acts of friendship and good-will towards the men in blue.

The friendly feeling between the people of Baltimore and the men of the Seventeenth had grown to such an extent, that the officers, to mark their recognition of it, and partly to break the monotony of camp life in winter, gave a military ball to their friends of the city and comrades of other commands. It was a most successful affair, and was attended by many ladies of the city.

On March 8, when news of the encounter with the rebel iron-clad, "Virginia," (formerly U. S. warship "Merrimac") and the sinking of the frigate "Congress" and "Cumberland", and two sloops of war was received, there was a scare in Baltimore, as it was feared the "Virginia" might steam up to that city and lay it under contribution or destroy it. Colonel Amory was ordered to take the regiment to Patterson's Park to aid in the defence of the city in case of emergency, but the result of the fight with the "Ericsson Monitor" a day or two later relieved the apprehension of the authorities in this respect.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

By Lieut. Ruel B. Pray.

(In 1895, Lieutenant Ruel B. Pray, then a resident of Topsfield, Mass., but connected with newspaper publications in Essex County, contributed a series of "Recollections of the War" to the "Topsfield Townsman," which are very readable and interesting because they are the result of personal observation and experience as an officer of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Lieutenant Pray had also served in the merchant marine and in the navy of the United States, and was as keen an observer as he was a

Capt. N. P. Fuller.

Capt. Enoch F. Tompkins

Capt. George W. Kenney.

Adjt. Henry A. Cheever.

ready writer. As the war recollections can only properly be included in this memorial history of the regiment (he had written also of service in the army), extracts only can be given, owing to the great amount of material on hand, and much to the regret of the compiler).

"Can it be possible that time flies so swiftly, that thirty-four years seem but yesterday? Nevertheless, it is true. What events have grown yellow in history since those memorable days? Those stirring times come back to us with freshness. We can almost hear the familiar sound of the rattle of the trappings of war, the voices of our early comrades long silent in death. Those were the times when we were in the vigor of early manhood, before the frosts of winter had touched our hair. In camp at West Gloucester the Danvers Light Infantry saw the first experience of a soldier's life, roughing it. Most of the members of the company were young, unmarried men, with little or no care for their individual wants. The State and government had nothing to do with us at that time, it being previous to muster into service. With a strong hope of early mustering, and also to keep the men together, and hold our organization, we had pitched our tents, borrowed ones, loaned us by the Methodist Society of Topsfield, on a high elevation of land back of the Currier farmhouse. The land was pasture land. Save the tent we had no shade to shelter us, for there were no shade trees to rest under to break the rays of the noonday sun. No regular rations were issued to us like the late Coxey tramps. All that fell into our nets were our fish.

The good people of Danvers gave large quantities of cooked provisions, as well as vegetables. Sergeant Inman was commissioned to collect these offerings to feed the company. I have often thought that many of the good friends of the boys sometimes went short themselves to send food to this company. The proximity to the seashore was the large factor in locating this camp at West Gloucester, where we all could fall back upon clams and shell fish that were found on the coast. The clams were abundant, and good food to get up the grit that was to come later to the boys. Here

we lived and drilled the men many weeks, doing the tour of guard and military duty as regularly and orderly as we did after our muster into the United States service. Often the men went hungry, the clam banks having heavy drafts made upon them by the continued digging and drainage they were subjected to. While this was a little troublesome at times, when pinched by the gnawing of hunger, it was passed over without a murmur of complaint. The boys felt that it would be but temporary, for Sergeant Inman's cheery face would appear again before many days with provisions and letters from our friends—and when I say friends, it means friends in the broadest sense of the word.

Danvers was proud of her boys, and almost every family in town was represented in the company by relatives and friends. The old town was not only doing a noble work in supplying the Light Infantry with food, but the men who were married and had left dependent ones at home were kindly considered by the good people and substantially cared for. Seventy or eighty men in camp with dependent ones at home was no small undertaking, yet it was done and well done all by contributions. It has always seemed to the writer that more patriotism was shown at that time than has ever been exhibited since the war. It was hardly dreamed that it would be necessary to call for a draft to fill quotas. Everything that came to us there was through a purely spontaneous patriotism.

Our first death among the commissioned officers in the regiment occurred in Stewart Grove, Camp Andrew, October 27, 1861, when First Lieutenant George W. Tufts of Rockport, Mass., belonging to Company G, died of typhoid fever. He left a widow at home where his body was forwarded by the colonel. He was a quiet, gentlemanly soldier, much respected by his brother officers and men of his company. Perhaps as free from sickness as it was possible for one thousand men to be at any place, yet we had some typhoid fever at this camp. James E. Lowell and William Sillars died of it. They were Company C men belonging to Danvers. Private William Sillars was but nineteen years old—a fine young soldier and a brother of Captain Malcolm Sillars. His body was

sent to Danvers for interment, the captain accompanying the remains. Private Sillars died January 3, 1862.

December 25, 1861, another Danvers man of Company C—Simeon Coffin, twenty-one years old died. On October 30, 1861, Company C lost Justin Flint, aged twenty-one. Flint was a Middleton man.

On the 8th of March came an order in great haste to the Colonel to take eight companies of the regiment and march at once to Patterson's Park, on the opposite side of the city, near the water defence. The "Merrimac," under the rebel commander Buchanan, an ex-officer of the United States Navy, had steamed around Sewall's Point, and had attacked the fleet of war vessels in Hampton Roads, and had sunk the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," two sloops of war, formerly frigates in the old navy; and with a determination to destroy every seaport on the Atlantic coast, they would undoubtedly have accomplished it but for the presence of Lieut. John L. Worden, U. S. N., and the first monitor. The fifteen-inch gun in the turret was too much for the Monster "Merrimac," which was heavily armored by bending T-rails around her bends and sides, making her almost invulnerable to the ordinance then carried by the ships of our navy. The monster, having demolished the larger part of the fleet the day before, came bravely on with the assurance of easy victory, when suddenly out darted the "Monitor" from under the quarter of the "Congress," and steered straight for the "Merrimac."

Buchanan had given the officer of the deck orders to run down the "Monitor" by ramming her with the iron-covered bow. This slipped off the "Monitor," giving the latter only a slight shock. Worden, as soon as he came in position, trained his turret on her, fired the fifteen-inch gun at the monster and backed off a few yards to swing his turret and deliver his broadside of one gun. The shot pierced the railroad armor of the "Merrimac," threw the whole ship's company into confusion and stopped for all time the further career, the hope of the rebel navy.

Now what the military authorities at Washington expected the old Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers to do against the

"Merrimac," with our old kicking Belgian rifles (the arms we were supplied with), I never could find out.

The question of supremacy being settled at Hampton Roads by the ingenuity of Ericson, and the courage of Lieut. John L. Worden, U. S. N., we again occupied our old camp at Stewart's Grove, where the order came for the Seventeenth to join the Burnside expedition in North Carolina.

The delay in getting transportation kept us in Baltimore anxiously awaiting orders. In the meantime the news of our departure was soon noised around the city, and the loyal citizens of Baltimore notified Colonel Amory that in token of the high esteem the command was held in the monument city they had ordered a stand of colors made especially to present to this command, and prior to our departure the presentation took place, the regiment being mustered for that purpose. Many ladies were interested and contributed towards the colors and were present to enliven the occasion. Colonel Amory, a quiet, unassuming gentleman, received the colors and made a patriotic response to the presentation speech. The parting from our Baltimore friends was like severing the bonds of a much longer acquaintance. Many of the officers had their wives and children boarding with them in the city, and while the regiment was preparing to move South, their families belonging North were also getting ready to return to their homes.

At last a dispatch came, announcing the arrival of the transport steamers to take us to Newbern, N. C. We broke camp at Stewart's Grove, where hundreds of citizens came to say good-bye, and with platoons in line and files dressed, field and staff in position, the colonel gave the order to "Forward, march."

With three cheers for our friends, and colors dipping salute, the band playing "The Girl I left Behind Me," we marched down West Baltimore Street for the wharf to take the two steamers. It was a sorry parting to those whose wives and little ones had been with husbands and fathers while the command was stationed in Baltimore.

CAMP ANDREW, 17TH REGT MASS.V. STEWARTS GROVE, BALTIMORE, MD

The embarkation was soon effected, shore fasts were cast off, and heading down the bay, we were fast leaving friends and the beautiful city that had been our home for seven months. Our lines were cast in pleasant places in Baltimore. What the future had in store for us the good God alone knew.

CHAPTER V.

Baltimore to Newbern—In Burnside's Ninth Corps—First Brigade of Foster's Division—Colonel Amory Commanding the Brigade—At the Front—Picket, Scouting and Fighting—Jackson Place, Red House and Deep Gully — Neutral Zone — Malaria — Conversion of Mrs. Cleave—Trenton—Turkey Fallon—Laughable Matter—Plymouth and Tarboro—Short of Rations—Battles of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro.

On March 27, the regiment left Camp Andrew, Baltimore, for North Carolina, and embarked on two steamers, "The Star of the South" and the "Marion," and was escorted to the wharf by Reynold's Battery, who fired a parting salute in its honor.

The voyage at first was not unpleasant as far as the weather was concerned, but the accommodations on the boats were so bad that the men were uncomfortable, being crowded, and those who were quartered below were in a miserable condition, which was greatly aggravated after it began to blow hard (as it nearly always does at Cape Hatteras); and the men, most of whom were new to sea life, became seasick.

The entrance to Pamlico Sound was through Hatteras Inlet, which had been defended by an earthwork fort that had been taken by the first coast expedition, under General Butler, to enable General Burnside to enter the Sound and effect the capture of Roanoke Island and Newbern. The entrance through this inlet was known as the "Swash," and after what seemed an interminable delay, the steamers bearing the officers and men of the Seventeenth got inside and awaited pilots.

While awaiting these people, who soon appeared in the sound like a flock of gulls swooping along for finny prey, the men had an opportunity of looking with wonderment at their new environment.

The extreme eastern section of North Carolina consists of a narrow strip of land extending along the coast, and separating the ocean from the interior or sound waters. The strip is sandy, varying in width from one-fourth of a mile to five miles. In places it is entirely bare of vegetation, being merely an ocean sand beach. In other places, especially near Hatteras—where it is widest—it is covered by a growth of live oaks, red cedars (which latter, even in calm weather, look as if a hurricane were blowing them into fugitive resistance), and some mainland trees, and a shrub called yeopon, from which a tea is made by the natives. This strip of land is called "The Bank" (sand bank would be more appropriate). It is broken by four considerable inlets, namely, Hatteras, Ocracoke, Beaufort,—and at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Through these inlets, vessels from the sea enter the interior waters. Root crops, sweet potatoes and ground nuts are the principal products, as the high winds are hostile to the cultivation of corn and other grains.

The inhabitants of this strip of land live mainly by fishing and pilotage, a number of these gentry soon putting in an appearance and taking charge of the transports, and on the first of April, 1862, the transports headed southwest towards the entrance of the Neuse River, a large stream which drained a large area of swampy land, for the mainland part, immediately bordering on the sounds to the east, is but slightly elevated, and abounds in large swampy areas.

The city of Newbern was reached about noon, though the regiment did not land till about 4:30 in the afternoon, when it was escorted by the 24th Massachusetts Regiment to the place selected for its camp outside the city, and near where Fort Totten was located.

The city of Newbern is located at the point of the junction of the Trent River with the Neuse River. It is an old city, having been founded by a Swiss nobleman, Baron de Graffenreidt, who emigrated from Berne, Switzerland, in 1709, being followed the second year, by 1500 people of his native place. He called the

city New Berne in honor of the city of his birth, though it must have been a "come down" for those mountaineers to settle in such a level, swampy region.

Before the war, Newbern was a port of entry and enjoyed a considerable trade in naval stores and cotton. Now, however, on the arrival of the Seventeenth, it presented a somewhat war-battered appearance, with vacant spaces on some of its streets covered with ruins of burned buildings.

The regiment was not permitted to take a long rest before assimilation into the army corps already in possession of the department, for on the day following its arrival in Newbern it was brigaded as the First Regiment of the First Brigade of the First (General Foster's) Division of the Ninth (Burnside's) Army Corps. Colonel Amory was given command of the brigade.

The different companies were now assigned to duty, principally on picket, at different points outside Newbern, from eight to ten miles distant.

The general policy of the officers in command of the department was a defensive one, and therefore invited attack or harassing demonstrations on the part of the enemy, which made outpost duty somewhat lively and often interesting. This was a novel experience for the men of the Seventeenth, who at first enjoyed it keenly, especially as the weather was mild and vegetation made the surroundings attractive, the deciduous trees coming into leafy and flowery luxuriance.

One thing, however, was soon realized, and that was that marching over the roads, with mud ankle-deep and water knee-deep, and skirmishing in swampy woods, was no fun for the boys, though they usually made light of such hardships, and tried to look on it as excitement and adventure.

Our regiment was not allowed to rest long in the city of Newbern, one wing, under Colonel Fellows, going to Batchelder's Creek, April 11, 1862, and the Red House, April 16, 1862; and the other wing, under Major Frankle, going to the Jackson Place April 11, 1862. Their movements were all conducted from these points until April 29, 1862, when the right wing joined the left

J. R. Simonds
Capt. Co. "C" 17th M. V. I.

wing at Jackson Place. On the 29th of May, the whole regiment was recalled to Newbern.

One of the first expeditions in which the regiment engaged was with the 23d and 27th Massachusetts Regiments, about eight miles from the Jackson Place, towards Trenton, on the Trent Road, to break up a rebel camp at the Merritt House. The rebels apparently were aware of their coming and had "skedadled," leaving a noonday meal of meat and sweet potatoes cooking, which was enjoyed by our men as far as it went.

On this raid the regiment came near losing some of its members, Companies C and F were deployed as skirmishers, and some of the men, seeing others in the woods, and thinking they were some of the enemy, Company C fired on Company F, and F returned the fire, but the mistake was quickly discovered, and fortunately no one was hurt.

Throughout April, and up to the middle of May, the various companies of the regiment were kept busy on outpost duty, making small raids in different directions outside of Newbern; engaging in skirmishes, capturing a few prisoners; killing some of the Confederates (mostly North Carolina Troops), and confiscating considerable live-stock, provisions, etc.

The first disaster marking loss of life was on April 10, 1862, when a party composed of men of Company H started out on a scout. In crossing the Trent River, the boat being overloaded, it upset, and three of the men of Company H were drowned. This scouting party went to Pollocksville and captured a cavalry picket outpost.

The necessity of maintaining a strong picket force around Newbern to prevent raids and surprises by the enemy, kept the various companies on picket duty most of the time, so the old battalion drill was becoming a thing of the past. Daily and nightly attacks by small parties of rebel cavalry and infantry, and bushwhackers kept the men on picket on the alert almost constantly, while false alarms often disturbed many a comfortable siesta. The turpentine woods also were frequently set on fire, making night more or less luminous, and keeping our men on the *qui vive*.

So frequent were the attacks on picket guards that fires were rarely allowed on outposts at night, though the monotony of keeping watch in the dark hours of the night was something trying, for the least noise, the cracking of dry branches, the baying of dogs in chase of game, or the footfalls of a deer or other wild animal would cause apprehension that the enemy was closing in, and frequently the picket post would be aroused by such trivial causes.

From time to time, where a fire was lighted on an outpost a shot from some concealed bushwhacker would ring out, and it would sometimes be a fatal one, for those fellows were usually good marksmen. The consequence was that from time to time the news would come that a sentry on such a picket line had been shot the night before. Poor fellow!

It was a lesson which the officers would use to impress their men as to the necessity of caution and watchfulness while on picket. Did the men heed it? Not always; and hence the lesson was repeated from time to time.

But the guerillas were not the only trouble to the boys in blue in North Carolina. In that swampy country malaria was more dangerous, if not more fatal than the bushwhackers' leaden bullets. The warm season in that country sets in early, and the mercury in the thermometer climbs up into the nineties in April and May, when Massachusetts is chilled and shivering in the northeast winds.

Our soldiers, being unacclimated, rapidly succumbed to "the shakes," and the mornings surgeon's call showed a rapid increase. Men were taken down sick, unfit for duty, who a few hours before felt all right; but with the shivers running down the spine, which a little later would turn to fever, they would throng to the doctor's tent, and get the bitter draught as remedy—whiskey and quinine. The next day the victim (in his first experience) would feel so well that he would marvel at the skill of the surgeon the medicinal value of whiskey and quinine, and feel fully competent to go on duty. But the surgeon, wiser by experience, would not permit him to do so. The day following he would know why. And thus he might go on, with occasional spells of freedom from the intermittent fever, until he had taken so much quinine that he was no

longer able to master the "hard tack" with his loosened teeth. It was a serious situation indeed, but no better remedy being available, whiskey and quinine became a regular morning ration in the North Carolina district.

The contests at the outposts, though on a small scale, were lively and continuous. One day it would be the capture of one of our cavalry videttes and perhaps one of our infantry pickets, and on the next day, three or four of the rebel cavalry unsaddled—killed or wounded. The day following perhaps four or more rebels would be captured. Then scouting parties would penetrate the enemy's territory, and return with an assortment of mules, vehicles, hams, bacon, corn and fowls—"confiscated," of course.

Added to this service and other discomforts, the season was a rainy one. Indeed, it was remarked that during the war, the wind-storms and rains were unusually heavy. To the men of the Eighteenth Army Corps in North Carolina, the early spring was not only a hot one, but a rainy and windy one. The wind and rain would come together. The wind would blow down the tents, and the rain would soak their exposed occupants.

Another discomfort were the insect pests—hungry fleas, wood ticks, ravenous mosquitos, biting flies and an army of gray-backs that never "ceased from troubling," and it can be judged what an amount of patient suffering was required of the men who endured and tried to enjoy life in spite of them.

The first expedition in which the Seventeenth Regiment participated, with other organizations, was on May 15, 1862, after being under arms most of the night. In company with the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, a squadron of the Third New York Cavalry, and two guns of the Fourth Rhode Island Battery, the expedition started at 2:30 A. M., taking the Trent Road. The road was ankle-deep in mud, and the small streams or branches were more than knee-deep.

The expedition, when within two miles of Trenton, encountered a force of the enemy about 100 strong. These, the cavalry, after a short engagement, routed. A house where the headquarters of the rebels had been located was burned, and the expedition returned to Newbern by 1:30 o'clock P. M., having marched twenty-six miles and cleaned out a nest of rebels—a small force, it is true, but

a much larger one was looked for. The casualties in this expedition were, two men of the Third New York Cavalry wounded; while the enemy had nine killed and wounded, who fell into our hands, besides several others that they carried off in their retreat.

DISASTER TO COMPANY I.

On the 22d of May occurred the most serious disaster that had as yet befallen the regiment. Company I, under command of Captain Thomas Weir, went out on a scout toward Pollocksville. When near that place, after securing considerable plunder, and meeting with little or no resistance, Captain Weir and his company started on their return to camp, when they were attacked by Confederates in ambush, and Company I lost one man killed, three mortally wounded and six badly wounded.

Of this unfortunate episode, Lieut. James Moroney, who had been promoted from second-lieutenant in Company E to first-lieutenant in Company I, and who was present at the catastrophe, writes:

"There was a widow woman by the name of Fosque, who lived outside our lines on the Pollocksville road. She held a protection from us. She came to camp one day and said the rebels were coming to take her property away from her. The colonel gave Captain Weir an order to take the company out there. So we started out in the morning. I think it was about the 22d of May, 1862. We had about thirty-five men. We threw out skirmishes as we went along to guard against surprise. We had been there once before. We started to return to camp about two o'clock in the afternoon. We had with us two little mule teams, and had not marched far when John O'Leary came back to the left of the company, where my position of first-lieutenant was, and said he was sick, and wanted to ride back to camp. I told him I did not have charge of the company, and directed him to go and see the captain. He did so, and the captain gave him permission, saying he could ride after we got on the hill which we were then ascending. O'Leary then put his

rifle and shoes into the wagon; but the poor fellow never got over the hill alive. He was the first man shot, and the shot that killed him seemed to be the signal for the rest of them to fire. There was not a man in our company that ever saw one of them.

"The Confederates lay there in the thick brush on the top of the hill, and fired down on us as we were marching by. The bluff was about twenty-five or thirty feet above the road—a better spot could not have been selected for an ambuscade. About twelve of our men were hit, the head of the company suffering most, as they did not allow us to get far before they fired. John O'Leary of Lawrence was killed outright. The orderly sergeant, Charles W. Judge of Haverhill was badly wounded, and carried a ball in his body until he died. James W. Brown of Boston received wounds of which he died a few days later. Daniel Farrington of West Newbury was badly wounded and lived only a few weeks. The others were not so dangerously wounded.

"This accident, which could not have been avoided, was never reported to General Foster, who was in command, and when he heard of it, he demanded an investigation from headquarters and Captain Weir had to be courtmartialed. The court found him guilty of neglect of duty for not throwing out skirmishers to guard against surprise on his return to camp.

"I sincerely think that there was not a braver or more competent officer in the regiment than Captain Thomas Weir."

Of this incident, the editor has recently received the following account which is circumstantial and accurate, being the relation of an officer who commanded the expedition sent to the rescue of Company I:

"When the regiment was at the Jackson Place, about six miles outside Newbern," he writes, "Colonel Fellows received information from outside the Union lines that the Confederates had been ordered to gather in all the cattle, horses and such supplies as they could find in the neutral zone lying between the opposing forces, so as to prevent the Union troops from taking possession of them.

"In order to defeat this scheme, Colonel Fellows, on May 22, 1862, ordered Captain Thomas Weir to march his company out on a foraging expedition to the estate of the widow Fosque,

on the Pollocksville road, where, as it was well-known there were some good cows, horses and other property, which could be used by the Union forces to advantage, and thus defeat the designs of the Confederates on the much-coveted property.

"Captain Weir obeyed the order promptly, and succeeded in getting in the property referred to, and started to return to camp, when he was ambushed by a greatly superior force of the enemy. Captain Weir had only thirty-five men and officers in his command that day, and when he had placed some of them in charge of the horses, some in charge of the cows, and others in charge of the team hauling several bales of cotton, there were but few fighting men left to the captain to act as skirmishers and guard his flanks, so that, as a matter of fact, there were no skirmishers thrown out, because there were not enough men to do much with. Thus it was with Captain Weir as he marched away from Mrs. Fosque's house that day.

"He had not proceeded far, however, when a volley from ambush killed one of his men, wounded orderly Sergeant Charles W. Judge and others, and stampeded the horses and cattle that were not in harness. The enemy had chosen an elevation in a thickly wooded spot on the side of the road, from which they delivered a well-directed fire from Harper's Ferry breach-loading rifles (as was afterwards proved) without fear of the fire being returned from the surprised and disorganized men of Company I.

"Captain Weir and Lieutenant Moroney tried their best to rally the men, but in the confusion, finding it unwise to make a stand against a concealed enemy on the open road, ordered their men over the fence on the opposite side of the road, where partially protected by fence and trees, the men maintained a fight which could not last long against such odds in number and in position, for it afterwards developed that a full company, with breech-loaders, were opposing them; but finding it would be useless to prolong such a contest, Captain Weir marched his men away through the woods from the scene of disaster and reached the regimental camp about an hour later.

"When Captain Weir made his report of the experiences of the morning, Colonel Fellows, then commanding the regiment, determined to punish the Confederates if possible, and regain the lost

property. He ordered Captain Splaine, with Company A, and Captain McNamara, with Company E, to proceed to the scene of the trouble as soon as they could get there.

"It is but justice to say here that Captain Weir tried to make a stand upon the open road, and to rally his men, then somewhat scattered and confused. Sergeant Killoran suggested, and even shouted at the top of his voice: 'Let us charge them.' But how many were there to charge with? There were only about a dozen men near enough to help Captain Weir to make any sort of a fight.

"A battalion of two companies (A and E), under Captain McNamara, marched in quick time to Deep Gully, when a halt was made, and then skirmishers were thrown out, and the command moved up to near the "forks of the road," where another halt was made for consultation. At this juncture Captain McNamara relinquished the command of the two companies to Captain Splaine, who at once made proper disposition of the men, and moved promptly towards the enemy, taking the middle of the Pollocksville Road himself, with his skirmishers on either side, kept dressed on him by the edges of the road.

"Upon swinging from the Trent Road, into the Pollocksville Road, the captain placed Lieutenant James Splaine in command of a platoon some distance in advance of the forks, with instructions to guard the approaches by the Trent Road and to guard and protect the rear of the companies then advancing toward the enemy.

"As Captain Splaine and his skirmishers swept on toward the scene of the ambuscade, he saw some Confederates talking with the wounded men of Company I, who, when they saw the rescue party coming, hastily rejoined their own command, and soon afterward Captain Splaine's skirmishers and the rebels became actively engaged.

"Some lively firing was indulged in; Captain Splaine ordered his men to move double-quick, and they drove the enemy before them in short order, recovering the dead and wounded and part of the property abandoned by Company I.

"In the light and quickly-ended skirmish, one of the enemy was evidently wounded, for he was compelled to abandon his

Harper's Ferry breech-loading rifle, which proved how the enemy was armed.

"The march back to camp, with dead, wounded, some horses, cows and considerable cotton was made through a thunder and rain storm unparalleled in the memory of the writer of this narrative. There was no sleep that night, for the camp was literally afloat.

"Captain Splaine was thanked most warmly by Colonel Fellows for the prompt and successful manner in which he accomplished the object of the movement, and was at once rewarded by being invited to remain at headquarters that awfully stormy night, a courtesy rarely extended to the officers of the line. It is needless to say that the invitation was accepted by the captain.

"Captain Weir was suspended from duty, and sent before a courtmartial, charged with neglect of duty for not having thrown out skirmishers when he had taken up his line of march after leaving the plantation of Mrs. Fosque. No witnesses were heard on behalf of Captain Weir, not even the captured rifle.

"Captain Splaine, the first Union soldier on the scene after the disaster, and commanding the Union forces, was not summoned. The court found Captain Weir guilty and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service.

"Almost without exception, the officers and men of the regiment sympathized with Captain Weir, and they also believed, as the surviving members of the command believe today, that Captain Weir had not been justly dealt with, and all then believed, as all the survivors believe, that the regiment lost a good and a brave officer when Captain Weir was sent home to private life.

"The full truth of the attack on Company I came to light on the evening of the day when the battle of Kinston was fought, December 14, 1862, Captain Splaine being acting provost-marshal, that evening, while Major Frankle the Provost marshall was absent, trying to save some cotton which the retreating Confederates had set on fire,—was accosted by a rebel prisoner, who inquired about Captain Weir. He stated that he was the captain in command of the rebel company that had ambushed Company I. He said that Captain Weir had made so many successful raids into rebeldom, and had captured so much property, that the command-

ing officer at Kinston had made up his mind that it was about time to wipe him and his company out. This rebel captain was placed in command of fifty picked men (the majority of them armed with Harper's Ferry breach-loading rifles, and a few armed with smooth bores, from which they fired "buck and ball") to carry out his wishes. This force was ordered to go and not return until they had finished up Weir's marauding company. They succeeded pretty well, as the facts related show.

"Is it any wonder, then, that fifty well-armed men from ambush routed twelve or fifteen who were marching in an open road unaware of any such danger as that which came suddenly upon them?"

While the Seventeenth Regiment was stationed at the Jackson Place, some miles out of Newbern, during the spring and early summer of 1862, several expeditions were organized and went forth to interrupt the communications and seize upon the supplies of the Confederates stationed and operating in that section of North Carolina, resulting in hard marches, some fighting, the destruction of bridges and other public property, the gathering in of supplies, and occasionally a few rebel prisoners. On these raids there was, as a matter of fact, more or less of individual foraging, notwithstanding the well-known prohibition of the officers of such work. There were few exceptions to this rule, however, but one of these was notable enough to furnish material for a story and a sobriquet for one of the actors in the little drama.

Turkey Fallon.

It appears that Sam Reed of Company A, on one occasion, because the captain would not allow him to "hook" one, actually bought a turkey at a farmhouse, near the Merritt House on the Trent Road, the latter place being well-known to members of the Seventeenth. Sam wrung the neck of the bird and carried it to the quarters of his company at the Mangan Place (the inner picket guard). He then hired a colored "mammy" to cook the turkey,

she agreeing to have it cooked and ready for him at an hour specified, for which service she was to receive a quarter.

When Sam was making his bargain with the colored woman, he was not aware of the fact that another party was an attentive listener to it. This was a comrade concealed in the bushes nearby. This fellow, taking advantage of the knowledge thus gained, presented himself about fifteen minutes before the specified time, and asked "Is me turkey cooked?" The mammy replied, "Yes, Massa; all ready, Massa." The man said, "Well, here's the quarter and give me me turkey." And she gave the bird to him.

A few minutes after the man left with the turkey, Sam Reed put in an appearance and asked for his turkey, but to his surprise and the indignation attendant upon a disappointed appetite, he learned that some one had got ahead of him and secured the bird. Sam asked the mammy who the fellow was, but all the information he could get from her was "Dat de gemman had come, paid de quarter and took dat turkey away wif him." Sam asked the woman to describe the man, and what he said when he called for the turkey. To all his inquiries she said, "All I know, Mars, he was a Yankee man, a sojer, an' I thought he wus de same gemman dat had guv me de turkey to cook."

Of course, Sam was wild over the loss of his turkey, which he had paid a dollar and a half for. He rushed to Captain Splaine and told him the story of his loss, and said the captain was to blame for the whole thing, for if he had not been so strict with his men the bird would not have cost him (Sam) anything.

The captain pacified Sam, and told him that if he would keep his mouth shut about the matter, they would soon find out who the thief was. Sam agreed to keep silent about it, and had not to wait many hours before the culprit was fully known, much to his satisfaction. It came about in this way: At roll call that evening, all the men not on guard were paraded. The orderly sergeant called the roll from memory, and the captain noticed that the name of Martin Fallon had not been called. He said, "Sergeant Mason, I did not hear you call Fallon's name. Why is it?" The orderly replied that Fallon was a very sick man. "Trot him out," said the captain. And sure enough, when Fallon was trotted out he

presented a woe-begone appearance—face flushed, showing that he was feverish. Martin was evidently a very sick man.

The captain looking at him a moment, asked: "What is the matter with you, Fallon?"—"Oh, then, captain," he replied, "but I'm awful sick!"

The captain approached Fallon, and with a show of knowing something of medical practice, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, raised the lid of one eye and looked in. Then, speaking so loud that every man in the company could hear him, said: "Martin Fallon, turkey does not agree with you, does it?"

Martin looked guilty and hung his head, but made no answer. Then the captain said: "Martin, you stole Sam Reed's turkey, and I'll give you until twelve o'clock tomorrow to pay him one dollar and fifty cents. If you don't pay him, I'll courtmartial you. "Will you do it?"—"I will, sir," was Martin's answer.

It appears that when he obtained possession of Sam's turkey, Martin went into the bush and ate everything of it but the bones. He must have eaten three pounds of turkey meat, and it was no wonder he was sick. When Martin recovered from his surfeit of turkey, he took some of the boys to the place where he had devoured it.

The men of Company A, and some of those of the other companies who knew of the affair, called him "Turkey Fallon," and to this day he is known by that name. When any of the boys attempt to joke Colonel Splaine about his countryman, Martin Fallon, the colonel wittily replies: "No, no, sir; that is a mistake," and adds, "Can't you tell by the man's appearance, his name, his accent, where he came from;" and adds that he knows by all the peculiarities referred to, as well as his weakness for poultry, that Turkey Fallon must have been born in the neighborhood of Constantinople; and that he has the name, the accent, the appearance and some of the habits of the people of that region.

"From what has already been told of the duties of our troops in the district in and about Newbern; the designs of the Confederates to gather in live-stock, provisions and other property in the neutral zone surrounding that city, and the efforts of the Union forces to prevent such a seizure, it can be judged what a hardship

it was to planters and dwellers in that section. They naturally sympathized with their own people, but if they held intercourse with the Union forces, they were suspected by the Confederates of giving information as to their movements, while the Union troops not only suspected that they gave information of army movements, but when picketing or bushwhacking was indulged in, at night, it was believed that it was these professed non-combatants who did the shooting. They were thus between the upper and nether millstones, and suffered accordingly.

Some harrowing tales might be told to illustrate this, but the writer can say from personal experience (and he slipped out beyond the outposts on more than one occasion while on picket) that the men he met were friendly and never attempted to take advantage of his or their (for he was usually accompanied by a comrade) isolated position, which might invite treachery under existing conditions.

The attack on Company I was at first thought to be the work of men not in the Confederate service—guerrillas, in fact; but it was soon proven that it was the work of Confederate soldiers, who were simply carrying out the orders of their superior officers.

That the people of North Carolina were not all hostile to the Union was evidenced by the fact that several regiments were recruited from these people and officered by commissioned and non-commissioned officers from the Seventeenth and other Northern regiments. The rank and file of these regiments, that is, the natives of North Carolina,—literally took their lives in their hands, for if not killed in action, they knew that if taken in battle, sure death awaited them.

Dr. Galloupe, while a prisoner at Kinston, N. C., on his way to Libby prison, in Richmond, tells of the execution in that city of twenty-five North Carolinans captured while in the Union service. They were hanged like common malefactors, and the doctor was invited by his captors to witness the execution, which, however, he very properly declined to accept.

One of the early expeditions (June 27) in which the Seventeenth Regiment participated was that to Swift Creek, some twenty miles from Newbern, on the north side of the Neuse River. To

get there the troops were carried in transports about half the distance up the river, and had to march over land from the landing-place.

The village of Swift Creek was located on the other side of the creek that gave it its name. This creek was crossed by a bridge, on the approach to which the enemy was sighted and shelled, upon which they retired in haste. In "Soldiering in North Carolina," an account of this affair runs as follows:

"Upon approaching the bridge leading across (the creek) they (our men) were fired upon by the rebels (without sustaining any damage) who had a battery masked by a breastwork or fort of shingles. The Seventeenth charged across the bridge in fine style (the bridge was a lightly built one) and swayed and shook under the combined weight of sixty men in such a manner as to lead to the belief that it would break down—but it didn't, but upon crossing they found the enemy had flown.

"Three companies went up the road in pursuit some distance, but the rebels were nowhere to be found. The regiment halted near a dwelling-house when some of the men went into an adjoining negro hut, where a pot of meat and cabbage was in process of being cooked, which they proceeded to confiscate; but just as they had commenced their feast, an officer came and drove them off, saying: 'Dom thee, did thee coom here to ploonder?' At the same time, it was asserted, though I don't believe it, that the officer who thus drove them from the feast had his pockets filled with 'ploonder.'

"Three prisoners were taken; one of them a lad about sixteen years old was thus interrogated by the Major (Frankle):

" 'What for you be guerrilla?'

" 'I'm not a guerrilla, sir; I'm in the regular Confederate service?'

" 'What for you lay in ambush, then?'

" 'I didn't lay in ambush, sir; I was standing behind a tree.'

" 'Ha, you be one rascally guerrilla, and we will string you up to a tree when we arrive in Newbern.'

"But it is needless to say this threat was not carried out."

STORY OF MRS. CLEAVE.

Mrs. Cleave's conversion, which had its inception later in the season of that year (1862), is related by Colonel (then captain) Splaine, who commanded Company A of the Seventeenth at the time, and is as follows:

During the second expedition of the Seventeenth Regiment to Swift Creek (in August, 1862), Captain Splaine found that his company was entirely out of rations, and, as he was opposed to pilfering or borrowing from the natives, he decided to report the matter to Colonel Fellows, then in command of that regiment. The colonel instructed the captain to take a few men with him and seize supplies for his company, but only to take from people who apparently had some to spare. The captain learned from some intelligent colored people that a Mrs. Cleave had enough and to spare.

Acting upon this information, the captain, with a few men, visited the home of the good lady, and made known his wants. He told her he would give her a receipt for the goods, and would make the price so liberal that she could well afford to go to Newbern and draw the money from the chief quarter-master.

Mrs. Cleave was not pleased at the captain's visit or his proposition. On the contrary, she was mad "clean through," and called him and his men "Yankee thieves and robbers," and added that if she had three hundred men, each as good as herself, she could whip the whole Seventeenth Regiment before breakfast. The captain finding the lady defiant and non-compliant, proceeded to the storehouse and took what he wanted. Then he placed a liberal value on them, for which he gave her a receipt, which was scoffed at, Mrs. Cleave averring that it was only "a Yankee trick," and she would never get a cent for her provisions. But the captain pledged his word of honor that the paper was as good as gold, and added, "If the quartermaster refuses my receipt I will myself pay you the next time we come to Swift Creek."

The captain noticed that Mrs. Cleave had a sick child about three years old, and said: "As there is no physician of your own people in town, I will bring the surgeon of my regiment to see the child, and he will prescribe and give you medicine for it." She

said she wanted none of his doctors or their medicine, and that all the Yankees were cowards and thieves. The captain, however, brought the doctor, who prescribed for the child, and left with the mother medicine enough to last through the little one's sickness. When about to leave the house, Mrs. Cleave said: "Why don't you people go up to Kinston, where you will get all the fighting you want?" She added that her husband was up there and would help to give the Yankees a warm reception.

The captain asked her husband's address, and promised her that he would call upon him when he reached Kinston, which he hoped to do some day. She replied, "My husband keeps a tobacco warehouse on—— Street, but you will never get any of his tobacco, and will never go into Kinston alive, except as a prisoner of war."—"Time will tell," replied the captain.

The fourteenth day of the following December the battle of Kinston was fought, and after Kinston was taken, true to his promise, the captain called at the warehouse of Mr. Cleave (who, however, was not there to welcome him), with a squad of his men. They found that Cleave, relying upon the defeat of the Yankees, did not begin in time to carry off all of his tobacco, and of course, the boys sampled the goods; and it is fair to assume that the boys of other companies—and regiments, too—did about the same thing. In other words, the Cleave tobacco warehouse was minus its stock of weed the following morning.

Captain Splaine, not finding Mr. Cleave at his place of business, left word with some of the neighbors to give his compliments to that gentleman, and to say that in visiting his warehouse he was only keeping his promise to Mrs. Cleave that he would call upon her husband when he visited Kinston.

During the following summer, the regiment again made an expedition to Swift Creek, and after wiping out Captain White's shingle battery, entered the town and settled down for a few day's rest. While Captain Splaine was resting in the shade of a tree, one of his sergeants, followed by a young negro, came up and reported that the black man wished to speak with him. The captain said, "Well, young man, what can I do for you?"—"Is you Massa Splain?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, the colored

boy said that his "Missus" had sent her "complemts" to the captain and requested him to call upon her. The captain inquired who the lady was, and to his surprise the boy told him it was Mrs. Cleave. "Well, well," he said, "I had forgotten. Does Mrs. Cleave reside here now?"—"Yes, Massa," answered the boy. Looking at the boy, the captain asked: "Is the madam angry with me?" To which the messenger laughingly replied, "Oh, no, massa; but I reckon she wants to see you right bad."

Captain Splaine made his way to Mrs. Cleave's mansion. On seeing him approach, she came out on the piazza, and, much to his surprise, greeted him warmly and welcomed him to her house. She said:

"Captain Splaine, you are a gentleman, a man of honor, and I think a man who never breaks his word."

Puzzled at the change in the lady's manner and her flattering language, the captain inquired as to what it all meant.

"Well, sir," she said, "When you were here a year ago, I supposed you were a pack of cowards and thieves. You seized my supplies, and gave a receipt which I regarded as worthless, but when I presented it to the chief quartermaster at Newbern, I received a liberal compensation and in good money. Your doctor treated my child and left medicine for it. The child recovered and has not been sick since. You promised to visit my husband at Kinston and sample his tobacco, and in this you kept your word, too. If you promised to go to Richmond and call upon President Davis, I feel that somehow or other you would keep your word."

To this last compliment, the colonel naively replied, "Rest assured, madam, that I am constantly praying for the opportunity of doing so."

She continued, "I thank you, captain, for all you have done for me, and I thank you for calling upon my husband, even if you did sample his tobacco; and now I want you to do me a favor." The captain promised, provided that the favor would not imply dishonor or treason to his flag.

"No, sir," she said, "You could not be guilty of either. The favor I ask is that you bring a few of your officers to dine with me today."

Qw. Master Robert Harris.

Lieut. James Moroney.

1st Lieut. Ezekiel F. Mann.

Michael Welch, Co. "K."

The captain remonstrated, and said, "As you have been situated of late you cannot have much good money to spend for such entertainment." But he added, "If you are set on giving us a dinner, have your servants get us up a nice little meal for four of us, and I will pay them liberally for it."

"No, sir," she said, "You dine with me or we will fight again."

The captain seeing that discretion was the better part of valor, surrendered to Mrs. Cleave, accepted her invitation, and he, with Colonel Fellows, Doctor Hines and Adjutant Cheever, dined with her that day, and were royally entertained during the afternoon. She now came to look upon the Seventeenth Regiment and its officers as her friends.

During the conversation of the afternoon, she remarked that the war was a cruel thing, and regretted that some means could not have been employed to prevent the outbreak of hostilities, and intimated that if all the people, or a majority of them knew the Yankees as well as she did, there would never have been any war. When the officers bade her good-bye, she said:

"Gentlemen, if you ever come to Swift Creek again, I hope you will honor me with a call."

Mrs. Cleave was a woman of strong characteristics,—strong in her likes and dislikes, and strong in her love for her southern land. Who could blame her?

Here is another incident of a Swift Creek raid, which may not be out of place in the present connection: (I quote from "Soldiering in North Carolina" again):

"August 23d (1862), six companies of the Seventeenth went to Swift Creek again, accompanied by a section of the New York Marine Artillery and four boat howitzers. Lieut-Colonel Fellows, who had command of the expedition, having missed the boat that conveyed the regiment and artillery across the river, to the command devolved upon the major, who marched them about a mile from the landing, and halted to await the colonel's coming.

"The column halted opposite a dwelling, and, as is often the case under like circumstances, there was a rush for the well to fill canteens. Two of the men, however, strayed into a field, and were making a flank movement upon a pile of tumble-down log out-

buildings, supposed to abound in hens, chickens, eggs, etc. One of the men, a very tall and large specimen of humanity, was named Gilman; the other was a small man named Bill Collins.

"The valiant major detected this unauthorized affair, and being determined to put a stop to all such unmilitary proceedings, sang out:

"'What for you stray off that way? Come back, I say to you! Doubel quick!' (The major had not then fully mastered the pronunciation of English and his enunciation was amusingly peculiar.)

"The little man obeyed, and came back at a dog trot. Gilman, however, hastened back slowly—at much too slow a gait to suit his impatient superior, who yelled out again:

"'Doubel quick!—I say—Dou-Bel quick!'

"But no faster came Gilman on, and the major, who was a little (or rather medium-sized) man, rushed to him, and seizing him by the coat collar, as he was crossing a fence, dragged him over; then drawing his sword, and flourishing it about the head of the still doggedly defiant Gilman, said,

" 'You think because I am small, I be afraid of you? I will let you know. Dou-bel quick, now, or I will make two Gilmans of you!'

" 'I'm on guard, sir.' " * * * * * * * * * * * *

"When the expedition arrived at the bridge over Swift Creek it was evening. Our cavalry, which had preceded them, were bivouacked on the other side, and our men at first took them to be rebels, but were soon undeceived.

"There was a storehouse in the village of Swift Creek, containing a variety of articles in the dry goods, grocery and merchandise lines. Some of the boys smelt the plunder, and proceeded to confiscate. The wife of the owner of the store, suspecting what was going on, went to Colonel Fellows and told him the men were breaking in, and he immediately repaired to the scene of operations, to put a stop to such work. A member of Company K, who had been left on the watch, gave warning of the colonel's approach, and the raiders fled.

" ' What ho, there!—What does all this mean? What are you doing here?' (To the man).

" 'I'm on guard, sir.'

" 'All right, madam,' said the colonel, 'you see there is a guard on.'

"What plunder the boys obtained it would be needless to state.

"The expedition returned to Newbern, burning the bridge after them."

A LAUGHABLE EXPERIENCE OF THE HISTORIAN.

In the autumn of 1862, Company K of the Seventeenth was on picket duty at Evans' Mills, some six miles south of Newbern. The duty there was not arduous, and as the rebels did not trouble us much,—though a vigilant watch against surprise was always maintained,—the boys of Company K had a good time of it, and had liberal treatment in the matter of passes to the city.

One day, on my return to camp from Newbern, where I had been on pass—feeling well and lighthearted—I encountered an adventure which may be worth telling for its oddity, if for no other reason.

I had just come into the clearing of the plantation, when I saw on the road approaching me, a negro boy—a chap about twenty or twenty-five years of age—having on his head an almost rimless hat. As he approached, I recognized what might be called a character. His clothing, like his hat, was a reminder rather than the actual thing, in sartorial equipment. But it was not the makeup of the darkey that attracted me as he came closer. It was the face of this colored nondescript, which was distorted or illuminated with the most comical expression of internal fun and merriment I had ever seen. So comical did it then seem to me that I could not refrain from laughing outright as the boy came close to me. This seemed to be a signal for him to let loose an almost irrepressible series of "yah-yahs" and yells, which only a donkey can excel in.

While this outburst greatly excited my risibles, I was not carried away by it, but simulated the yell-laughter of my opponent, and yelled and ki-yied in chorus with him to beat the band. I sat

down on the side of the road to enjoy the fun, and the darkey laid down in the sandy road and rolled around and laughed in a continuous paroxysm of yelling laughter. The more he laughed, the more I laughed, and the more I laughed the more frantic became his shouts and yells. I soon realized, however, that with me, at least, the laughter had assumed a form of hysteria, and that my best safety was in immediate flight.

I got onto my feet, still laughing, and turned my back on the writhing, wriggling, yelling, shrieking darkey in the road. I did not dare to look back, but I could hear his yells and shrieks for half a mile. Not a single word was exchanged between us; it was laugh answering laugh. I wondered if the poor boy survived. As for me, the muscles of my chest were so sore for many days that if I even tried to clear my throat it produced an agony almost unbearable.

PLYMOUTH AND TARBORO EXPEDITION.

On August 31, 1862, General Foster, in command of quite an army, of which the Seventeenth Massachusetts was a part, started from Newbern, and marched to Washington, N. C. There was some light skirmishing on the way, the losses on both sides being light. After resting at Washington, the army pushed on, going through Plymouth, Jamestown and Hamilton, evidently heading for the Welden Railroad, with the intention of destroying the road, and thus interrupt traffic, and cut off supplies to Lee's army.

The light resistance offered by the enemy meant that at a point many miles in their rear their forces were being concentrated for the purpose of giving stubborn battle to Foster's command, and prevent the destruction of any of the main arteries of supply. Finally, Foster found himself confronted by a large body of the enemy, which compelled the utmost caution, and it looked probable that the forces would clash at any moment.

On the evening of the 8th, Foster selected not only a camp, but also a battle ground, threw out pickets and skirmishers, looked the

field over carefully, instructed his officers what to expect under certain circumstances, and then laid down with his troops to rest for the night. There wasn't much sleep, however, for any one, for there came upon the troops one of the heaviest rainstorms ever known in that rainy region. Such a soaking did it give, that next morning the muskets of the men were almost useless. It is safe to say that of the twelve thousand muskets in the expedition there were not a thousand that were serviceable.

The troops had slept or lain in as much water as on land during the night, and General Foster, as soon as he was informed of the actual situation ordered a hasty retreat, even forbidding the making of fires for cooking or any other purpose, so that the enemy would not readily trace his line of retreat by the smoke. Hard marching was persisted in until the command was considered safely beyond the reach of the enemy.

The expedition entered Plymouth two days afterwards, where, after a much needed rest, water transport was taken for Newbern. The expedition was a trying one, the marching heavy, the weather bad, and all in all, the troops suffered a good deal without having accomplished anything worth mentioning.

THE GOLDSBORO EXPEDITION.

Battles of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro.

From services of a peculiarly local character in North Carolina, in and around the city of Newbern, and taking part in expeditions to various points in that state, either alone or in conjunction with other military organizations, the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was, in December, 1862, called upon to participate in one of the most considerable military demonstrations yet made in North Carolina, which had for its object the destruction of railway communication between the extreme southern states and Vir-

ginia by the coast-wise system of railway, the most important line of transportation in that section of the Confederacy.

This was to be effected by the burning of the railway bridge across the Neuse River, near Goldsboro and the destruction of the track of the Wilmington & Welden Railroad, some seventy miles above the city of Newbern. The movement was made in connection with the military operations in Virginia, where General Burnside was in command of the Union forces in front of Fredericksburg, and active hostilities had already begun.

Short Rations.

Although the best possible preparations may be made to supply an army with food during an active campaign, yet there are times when unforseen circumstances occur which upset the best laid plans, often resulting in shortage of supplies and consequent suffering, hunger and many other discomforts. Such a condition of affairs occurred during the early part of General Foster's campaign of the Goldsboro Expedition.

The distances from Newbern to Kinston, N. C., being only thirty-five miles, and the little army moving by slow stages, it was not expected that any one would go hungry, as the men were supplied with one day's rations, and the presumption being that they would be in touch at all times with the supply train which accompanied the troops.

Things went all right during the first day's march, but on the second day no rations were forthcoming, and the little army moved along, skirmishing and joking, without a bite to eat. On the following morning, there being no rations, and as word had come that the wagons were stuck in the mud several miles behind, Captain Splaine, ever watchful for the welfare of his company, determined that his men at least should have something to eat before going to sleep the coming night, and, acting upon that idea, he detailed A. Park Lewis of Company A, gave him an order on the quartermaster for a box of hard bread, some coffee and sugar, and also handing him his pistol, instructed the soldier to go back until

he found the army supply wagon, and bring the goods up to the company. Lewis hesitated a moment, and then inquired:

"How can I bring all that stuff?"

To this the captain replied by instructing the soldier to capture two "contrabands" make a handbarrow of the box by cutting two strong poles and binding them to the box with withes, and then by keeping up a good gait, it would be only a question of time when the much-longed-for hard tack would be at the disposal of his hungry men. Lewis, who was a sturdy, brave young man, readily understood his captain's orders, and started at once to obey them.

After Lewis had gone, the captain feeling mighty hungry, gave to Charley Keyes, another of the men of Company A, a five-dollar bill, told him to go around to the men of the different regiments, and buy some hard bread, adding, "If you can't do any better, give the five dollars for three hard breads."

Keyes was absent about an hour, and upon his return reported that he couldn't get a bite of any thing for love or money. The captain thanked the soldier, though he felt both hungry and gloomy but, true to the old adage that "every cloud has a silver lining," he soon realized a relief which was as welcome as it was unexpected.

Captain McNamara's boy (John Lynch), appeared on the scene, and asked if he had seen Lieutenant Splaine (the captain's brother) that morning. The captain said that he had not, and Lynch remarked that as he had been unable to find him, he thought it might be best to offer the breakfast he had prepared for him to Captain Splaine. The captain remonstrated with Lynch, saying: "Keep it, and no doubt the lieutenant will soon appear." But Lynch, evidently liking the captain better than the captain's brother, insisted that he should have the food prepared for that officer. Hunger is a great persuader, and thinking that perhaps his brother had secured something to eat somewhere, the captain ate the proffered food.

In the meantime the lieutenant Splaine asked his captain (McNamara) if there was anything to eat. The captain said there was, and that Lynch had gone looking for him, and had taken the food with him. The lieutenant went skirmishing after Lynch,

to get his breakfast, being hungry as a bear. He found his servant talking with Captain Splaine, and asked for his breakfast. Poor Lynch looked confused, and afraid, too; but after waiting awhile, made answer that he had given it to the lieutenant's betters. "My betters. Who are my betters?"—"Your brother, the captain," replied the man.

At this stage the lieutenant looked wild, and acted as though he wanted to strangle poor Lynch. But the captain now broke in and reminded his brother that the soldier had done his best to find him, and thinking that maybe he had joined some other officers who happened to have something to eat, thought it best to relieve the sufferings of his officer's brother.

"Your betters" was justified by the explanation that a captain (to the man) was better than a lieutenant, and therefore should have the precedence in the matter of breakfast, when there was only one breakfast for two.

This comical explanation somewhat mollified the lieutenant's temper, if it did not allay his hunger.

About this time the order to fall in came down the line, and soon after "Forward, march!" If a well-fed citizen of Massachusetts had seen those gallant fellows swing along, joking and laughing, or singing "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," he would not suspect that ninety percent of them were at that moment feeling the pangs of hunger. Such was the stuff that the boys in blue were made of. Such men are capable of overcoming all obstacles in war as in peace.

Well, the little army moved on and covered seventeen miles that day. Park Lewis and his contraband train had marched back eight miles to the quartermaster's resting-place in the mud, then marched up again eight miles, and then had to march seventeen miles more before catching up with Company A, making thirty-three miles of marching that day. He and his contrabands were cheered to the echo when they appeared. No conquerer could have been given a more hearty reception and praise than was bestowed on Lewis and his supply train.

Quickly the box was opened, and in order that the greatest good to the greatest number should be secured, the captain care-

fully counted the hard breads, finding just 612 in the box. Each man of Company A got a fair share of the bread, sugar and coffee, and then the captain sent some supplies to regimental headquarters some to the regimental hospital, a few to each of the the company officers, and last, but not least, he sent some to John Lynch, who so kindly gave that breakfast to him in the morning. It is safe to say that Company A was the happiest company in that little army that night.

Progress was slow on account of the road being blockaded by trees felled across it by the enemy, the line having to halt while the pioneers removed them. On the third day the line of march was resumed towards Kinston at 7:30 A. M., the men eager for the encounter, though rations had given out, owing to the non-arrival of the supply train, which was delayed by muddy roads, over which the artillery and ammunition wagons were given the precedence.

About 11:30, the battle of South West Creek was invited by our artillery, they shelled the woods where the rebels were known to be in force, but drew no response from the latter. The regiments, as they arrived, were placed in position for the battle that seemed inevitable on the following day, which was Sunday. The supply train having arrived in the meantime, rations of hard bread and coffee were issued to the men, who bivouacked there for the night.

THE GOLDSBORO EXPEDITION.

(As Described by a Private in the Ranks.)

In "Soldiering in North Carolina," written and published by the editor of this memorial history, there is an account of the Goldsboro Expedition, which has perhaps variety enough to make it admissable for publication in the present connection. This book was written at a time when the events, scenes and incidents portrayed were still vividly fresh in the memory of the author, who, like Captain Moore, was in the habit of making notes of passing events and happenings. At the time of the expedition, it may be

stated, the Seventeenth was doing provost duty in Newbern. Extracts only are given.

Leaving Newbern.

"At three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, December 11, 1862, we were awakened by the bugle call, and after a hasty meal, formed in the yard of our (Company K's) quarters, and proceeded to the place of rendezvous for the regiment on ——— Street. A gray, frosty mist enveloped the city, which was alive with marching men,—horse, foot, artillery and forage and ambulance trains.

"As early as was the hour, however, the whole population—especially the negro portion—were abroad in the streets, and many fervent prayers and good wishes for our success were showered upon us by the poor negro women as we passed along. 'Oh,' exclaimed one, 'I know de Lord, am walking alongside ob you, and you will best de rebs, I knows—I knows!' — 'Aunty,' sang out a soldier in the ranks, 'If I don't come back, you'll never get paid for them clothes you washed for me.' — 'Nebber mind de clo's, honey,' exclaimed the generous old woman, and then changing her tone, she continued, 'Oh, Lord!—de Lord!—Oh, good Lord! Nebber come back!—Oh, de poor sojer! Lord help de poor sojer!—Amen for de poor sojer! Amen! Glory!' We halted on the Trent road just beyond Fort Totten, and awaited the movement of the various bodies of troops that were to precede us. The morning broke clear and cool, and beheld a fine array of infantry, with their polished arms, cavalry and artillery, taking up their line of march, with an elasticity of step, and a merry hum of voices that unmistakably showed how high the spirits and expectations of all were aroused, and that it required only an able general to lead such an army from victory to victory.

"As we advanced into the country, the evidences of former strife everywhere met the eye, in the deserted plantations, houses burned to the ground or partially destroyed, and an air of ruin and desolation pervading all.

"After a tedious, plodding march of about fourteen miles, the army bivouacked for the night on a plantation which seemed more fortunate than many others we passed. But its time had

come, and as regiment after regiment arrived and stacked arms, it was a curious study to watch the rush they made for the nearest fence, the eager scramble for rails and the disappearance of fences, as if by magic. As night darkened over the scene, the countless bivouac fires rose in all directions, casting a lurid glare up to the sky, and forming about as picturesque a scene as could possibly be imagined. And the sound of voices and laughter, the neighing of horses and unearthly braying of mules, all combined to render that (my first) bivouac a something to be remembered. Beyond where we encamped Thursday evening, the rebels, having notice of our approach, blockaded the road for two miles, by felling trees across; but the pioneers set about removing them during the night, and when the army resumed its march in the morning the way was cleared, and we passed on 'into the bowels of the night.'

"About 10 A. M. on Friday, a skirmish occurred near Trenton, between our advance guard of cavalry and some rebel cavalry and infantry, in which the latter were routed, with the loss of three or four killed and several wounded and taken prisoners. Our advance reached Southwest Creek about noon on Saturday, and the enemy, about two thousand strong, were posted beyond with a battery commanding the road. The Ninth New Jersey and Morrison's Battery were sent forward to feel their position, and a smart cannonade of some two hours' duration took place, when the Ninth New Jersey made a detour through the woods putting the rebels to flight. They made another stand about four miles this side of Kinston, when the same force pushed after them, and engaged them for about half an hour, when the rebels again fell back." * * * * * *

Battle of Kinston.

"On Sunday morning, the 14th, we resumed our march on Kinston. From the place where we had encamped, the road wound through low, swampy ground for about two miles, when we came out upon higher land, where our advance (the Ninth New Jersey and Wessell's Brigade) had bivouacked for the night. The advance was already in motion, and our regiment followed. In the low ground of Southwest Creek, we saw the evidences of yesterday's

strife—two cannon captured and a few dead rebels. When we passed the lowlands, we saw abundant evidences of hasty preparation for resisting our advance; but I suppose, as a very considerable body—who expected us on the other road, where they were strongly entrenched—could not be got up in time, General Evans thought it prudent to abandon them. We had not proceeded far, however, when the crack of musketry told us that our advance was driving in the enemy's pickets; and soon, as we shortened the distance between us and the scene of the coming battle, the more regular and deliberate volleys of small arms announced that the battle had opened in earnest. Soon the artillery came galloping up, and took position just as we reached the wood skirting the battle-field. We were halted and ordered on to the right of the road to support a battery. The enemy were advantageously posted in a swamp, and on a rising ground beyond, about a mile from the bridge leading across the river to Kinston.

"The action, which was commenced by our advance in the morning, was sustained with vigor, until the main body of our forces came up, when the battle became more earnest and terrible, and as battery after battery arrived in position, and opened their fire on the enemy, the ground fairly shook with their repeated reverberations, while the sharp roll of musketry—whole battalions delivering their fire at once—filled up the intervals. The rebel position was well chosen, under cover of dense undergrowth of wood, their foreground protected by groves of pines, which, however, offered no impediment to our artillery, which mowed them down like grass. * * * * * * *

"We stood a few minutes in the position we had first taken, the cannon booming away like thunder, and the bullets began to whiz athwart our line quite lively—hurting nobody, however,—when the artillery officer, who was on horseback said, 'Here they come; the devils are on us!' We could see the gleam of bayonets at the edge of the wood, and fully expected a charge. Colonel Fellows ordered the men to fall back a few yards to a fence, unsling our blankets and fix bayonets. This was done, and we awaited with anxiety the onset of the rebels. * * * * * * *

"While we were in position awaiting the onset of the enemy, an incident occurred, which showed how severely men will look upon others going into the same danger they are in themselves. A negro teamster with his ammunition cart, was ordered forward to supply another battery on our right, whose caissons were running low of ammunition. The poor fellow thought he was going to his death, and if ever mortal fear displayed itself upon the countenance of any human being, it was upon that poor darkey's face. I shall never forget the wild rolling of his eyes, nor the frenzied and agonized expression of his face as he hesitatingly guided his team in front of our regiment, urged on by our men with such encouraging remarks as 'Go it, nig; don't be afraid'—'You're a gonner, old darkey,'—'good bye'—'Won't the rebs chew him up?' etc.

"We waited some time for the rebels to appear, but they came not. In the meantime the battery we were supporting was ripping up the woods in fine style—at every discharge cracking off the pine-trees as if they had been pipe stems. At length an order came for us to proceed further down to the right, where the Ninth New Jersey and a battery had preceded us, and here we crossed a swamp and turned the enemy's left.

"We were to push on, but our lieutenant-colonel, awaiting orders, halted us in a clear field beyond the swamp, and ordered us to lie down. The Ninth New Jersey were off in the woods to our right, and when I first beheld them, I took them for rebels. From the position occupied, we could see the long line of entrenchments in our front, but we did not suppose a river intervened, which was the case. During the movements just recorded, the firing had been rapid and tremendous, and from the cheers of our men we could clearly infer that the rebels were giving way. Then was the golden opportunity for us—for, had we advanced as we did afterwards, instead of taking a few hundred prisoners, we should have captured an entire brigade—but it was lost. * * * *

"Colonel Amory coming up, the regiment rose like one man, and on the order being given to forward at the double quick, rushed down with a yell. As we neared the bridge, we beheld a rout—an almost indescribable body of men running for their lives. All discipline seemed lost, and casting aside guns, equipments and

clothing, and in fact, whatever might retard their flight, they fled like a herd of frightened deer, while close upon their heels came on the charging columns of our men. It was a magnificent, and yet it was a pitiable sight. As intimated before, we succeeded in bagging a goodly number, but the bridge being set on fire, we were forced to give over the pursuit until the flames were extinguished.

"While lying down in the field, I observed a substantial looking two-story house in our front, and near the bridge, a large portion of the rear of which had been shattered by a shell evidently the work of the enemy. I found this the case when we halted near the bridge, from which position I could observe that the missile had entered the roof of the piazza, gone clear through the house, bursting as it was penetrating the rear wall, and making the havoc described. Standing upon the piazza, the picture of anguish and despair, were two women, who seemed watching the rout of their army with a terrible and heart-sick interest, perfectly heedless of the missiles of death flying around thick and fast. Some of our officers, taking pity on the poor women, and solicitous lest the exposure would endanger their lives, approached and advised them to retire to a place of safety. But they resolutely refused to stir from their dangerous position. Doubtless they had friends near and dear to them in the flight, and anxiety for the fate of the loved ones made them forget the natural timidity of their sex, and thus risk their lives.

"The brigade of General Wessell's opened the battle in fine style, driving in the rebel advance, and alone sustained the onset of the rebels, until the brigades, commanded by Colonels Amory, Heckman and Stevenson, got into position, where they formed the right wing of our line of battle,—Stevenson and Heckman center and Amory the right.

"General Evans commanded the rebel army, which consisted of over five brigades of about fifteen thousand men, including a brigade of home guards from Raleigh. Other troops were from South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi. * * * The fire of the rebels upon our attacking columns was rapid and well-directed, and did great havoc among them; but our line kept steadily though slowly, (from the nature of the ground,) advancing upon them, and

after a severe contest of five hours, and just as the Seventeenth Massachusetts and Ninth New Jersey had succeeded in turning their left flank, an impetuous charge was made, and the day was ours. *

"Men were detailed to put out the fires (on the bridge), which had been kindled by the retreating rebels, which in a short time was accomplished, and the Seventeenth Massachusetts crossed over, followed by the Ninth New Jersey; and here I had an opportunity of seeing some of the most terrible evidences of human strife. The bridge was actually paved with cast-off arms and equipments, while in the midst of where some of the fires had been, I beheld one of the most sickening sights that ever met my gaze. Some of the poor fellows who had been wounded by our fire on the retreat, or been trampled down in the rush of the flying host, were burnt to cinders, and I could actually see the fat seething and boiling in the hollow of the temple of one of the charred remains.

"Upon reaching the other side of the river we halted, amid a promiscuous mass of dead, dying and wounded men—of clothes, arms and equipments. It was here that the Ninth New Jersey picked up (captured) the battle flag of the Twenty-second South Carolina Regiment—a magnificent silk banner, with the palmetto tree on one side of the field, and a wreath of stars on the other, and the red, white and red bars.

"A few yards from where we halted was an abandoned field-piece, with its caisson, which the rebs had left in their flight. It was the same cannon that had fired the last rebel shot in the battle and wounded two or three men. * * *

"After a short halt, we advanced up towards the town of Kinston, whither the Ninth New Jersey had preceded us. * * * * At the entrance to the town the Ninth New Jersey were halted, and when we came up, mutual cheers were exchanged. Just then, General Wessells came riding up at the head of his brigade of Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. * * * *

"The rebels, after collecting their stores and all the cotton they could gather into a heap, set them on fire. They also set fire to the railroad depot, a handsome brick structure, but it was extinguished by our men before it had made much headway.

"Previous to our entering the town, a flag of truce, demanding its surrender had been sent in; but it was found the enemy had abandoned the town, and a messenger was sent back acquainting General Foster with the fact, and the party kept on to find the skedadlers, if possible. About two miles beyond the town they came up with Evans, who sent back word to General Foster to have the women and children removed, as he was going to return the fire, which all the time had been kept up by our heavy guns upon his retreating forces. This was simply a ruse to gain time; for, after our forces had been brought up and disposed in line of battle, and the cavalry and skirmishers had advanced up to where they expected to find the enemy, it was ascertained the birds had flown."

Surrender of a Confederate Company.

While several companies of the Seventeenth were chasing the Confederate rear guard, the commander of Company A observed a company of the enemy hiding—some of them secreting themselves in a culvert, and others lying down near by, on the side of the highway, at a point where there was a very palpable depression in the roadbed, which offered temporary protection. The enemy, in securing this hiding-place, hoped to remain undiscovered until nightfall, when they could rejoin the main body on the hills above.

"The commander of Company A found himself so near the detachment referred to that he made up his mind that General Evans wouldn't dare fire upon him for fear of hitting his own men, became emboldened, and after instructing the men of his company as to what was expected of them, he ordered a rush at the enemy, which resulted in the surrender of First-Lieutenant Evans and thirty-three enlisted men. Lieutenant Evans was the nephew of General Evans, then commanding the Confederate army on the heights beyond.

"Our regiment, which had been detailed from the brigade, when we entered Kinston was ordered on provost duty, in view of the anticipated flight, was ordered to rejoin the brigade; but when the skedaddle was discovered, we were again assigned to provost duty, and such marching and countermarching, and shifting, and

looking around for vacant places to serve as quarters for the night, as the men of Company K had, never fell to the lot of so tired and hungry a set of men to experience. I suppose some of the other companies could boast of similar experiences.

"The gunboats had come up to a blockade about four miles below the city, which was defended by an earthwork fort, and after we had driven the rebels out of Kinston, we could hear the continuous boom of heavy artillery in that direction. A squad of the Third New York Cavalry started for the scene, and surprised and captured the fort that was pounding away at the gunboats, with nearly all in it.

"The result of our day's work may be summed up in a few words: We beat the rebels from a strong position, took over 500 prisoners and eleven pieces of artillery. * * *

"On Monday morning, we were awakened early, and, with the Ninth New Jersey, took up the advance. Re-crossing the bridge, we passed over the battle-field, and here I observed a fine mastiff lying down beside the body of his dead rebel master. I had often read of such things, but I had at last the privilege of seeing for myself that noble instinct of affection which binds so closely the ties between man and the inferior animals. * * * * *

"The army bivouacked for the night within about four miles of Whitehall. * * * * About nine o'clock Tuesday, our advance came up with the enemy at Whitehall, who, after a short skirmish, retired across the river, burning the bridge behind them."

Engagement at Whitehall.

"Upon the advance of our forces towards the river—a feint being made as if we intended to cross—the enemy opened on us from the opposite side, with artillery and musketry. They had also a number of sharpshooters in the tree tops and other advantageous positions on the other bank, who kept up a continuous fire upon us, with perfect impunity, too, for we could not see them, but they could see us, and picked off many of our poor fellows.

"The Seventeenth was ordered down to the near river bank, on the right of the road, and got into a hornet's nest and no mistake,

for the shells burst around and among us, and the bullets made the air vocal with their insinuating whizzing; but, though we had quite a number wounded, not one of our number was killed. While being actively engaged upon the river bank, our own artillery came up, and commenced pelting at the rebs in glorious style. We had six batteries (forty-two pieces) in the expedition, and here they were all brought into play. The enemy had a good share of artillery, and when they all got into full working order, what with the bursting of shells and the rattle of small arms, the ground fairly shook with the reverberations.

"The wooded bank of the river, on which the Seventeenth was posted, becoming dangerous from the fire of our artillery, which ripped through the trees and drove the splinters about in all directions, wounding some of our men, Colonel Amory sent in his aide for Lieut-Colonel Fellows to draw his men further to the rear. I was sitting cosily on the edge of the sloping river bank, with my legs astride the butt of a tree, and anxiously dodging my head about in search of a sharpshooter, who was, as I had occasion to believe, engaged exclusively in the endeavor to put me out of suspense and existence at the same time, when the aide came up and inquired where the Lieut.-Colonel was. Perhaps it was officiousness on my part to direct him in the most safe and expeditious way to find Colonel Fellows, who, as usual, was at the front; for, without noticing my directions he proceeded further, and came near faring worse. Just as he was taking advantage of an opening in the underbrush to go down along the bank, whizz, bang, came a shell from the enemy, which passed within two feet of him. He drew back pale, and looking frightened enough; but, rallying, he proceeded a few yards further, but just as he had found another opening one of our batteries sent a discharge ripping through the woods just in front of him again, when, thinking probably he had gone far enough in that direction, he came to the right about, and sought the path I had pointed out to him in the first place.

"Our regiment was withdrawn about one hundred yards to the rear, ordered to lie down, and remained there under fire for three hours. * * * * Before the engagement had shown any sign of abating, the Seventeenth was ordered to take up the advance for

Goldsboro. We had to pass across the battle-ground under fire every step of the way, but, strange to say, no casualties occurred during this movement. We halted opposite a house * * * * when we were accosted by an enthusiastic but prudent defender of his country, who had taken shelter in the lee of the house, safe from the enemy's bullets, who exclaimed, "I say, boys, ain't we giving 'em hell?" Bestowing on the hero a few 'Oh, you be d——ds,' we resumed our march, and soon left the fierce cannonade far behind us.

"The battle of Whitehall was little more than an artillery duel. * * * * I think there must have been a great deal of lead wasted and iron thrown away. The only sensible impression made by our projectiles that we could see was upon the frame of a gunboat on the stocks at the other side of the river,(intended for an ironclad), and this was certainly riddled up in fine style. The mention of a gunboat, or frame of one, puts me in mind of a daring act performed the evening previous to the battle by one of the Third New York Cavalry. He stripped off, swam the river and was in the act of setting the gunboat on fire, when he was discovered and fired upon, and had to dive into the river, leaving his work undone, and swim back again amid a perfect shower of bullets not one of which, strange to relate, touched him. * * * *

"Our regiment was followed by the Ninth New Jersey and others, until all the infantry were under full headway, leaving only a battery and a company of cavalry to engage the attention of the enemy until nightfall. We continued our march to about five miles of Steep Creek, and eight of the Wilmington Railroad, and halted for the night."

Battle of Goldsboro.

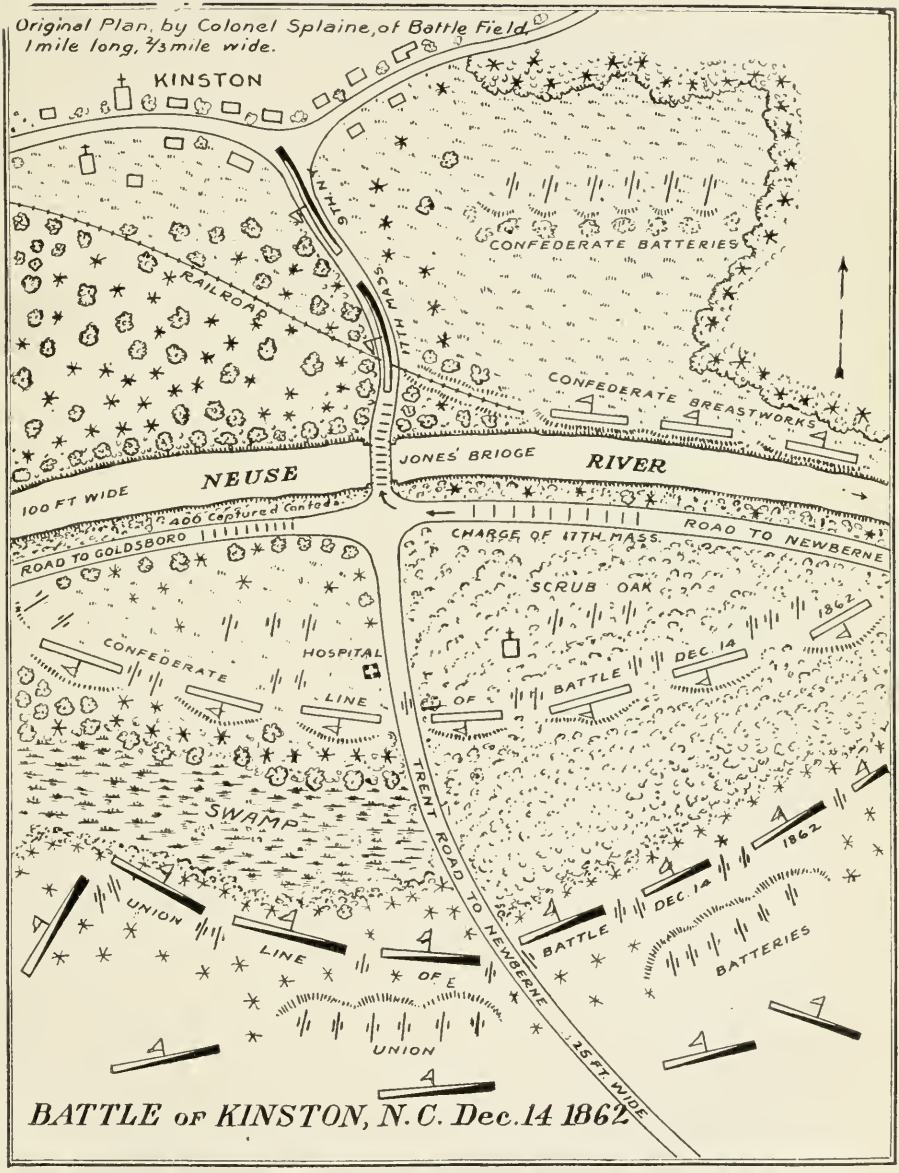
"On Wednesday morning our regiment, followed by the Ninth New Jersey, again took up the advance and proceeded cautiously along to within about two miles of the railroad, where, as we came out upon the brow of a hill, we could see about a mile in our front, the gleaming of the enemy's arms, as they slowly withdrew. Our advance companies came up with them, and quite a skirmish ensued, in which Sergeant Hardy of Company F was killed. Lieut-

Colonel Fellows seemed in his element, and went on even in advance of the skirmishers. A battery had been placed on the hill just mentioned, and commenced shelling the retreating rebels. We advanced through a wood, skirting the mill-pond, and just on the farther edge of the wood, where we struck the country road, we came upon a deserted rebel camp, the fire still burning, and in the ashes of which many roasted sweet potatoes were found.

"After a short halt we advanced along the county road about an eighth of a mile to the south of the railroad bridge over the Neuse River, on arriving at which place abundant evidences were manifest of a hasty preparation to receive us, abandoned in greater haste, the hoes and shovels used in making the rifle-pits and breastworks being left in confusion along the track. Axes were immediately brought into requisition, the telegraph poles cut down and the wires destroyed. We halted a few minutes just beyond the railroad, and two companies being sent out as skirmishers to the left, took up our march on the track towards the bridge, which it was the purpose of the expedition to destroy. This bridge was a magnificent structure (magnificent is too superlative, fine is better), about two hundred feet long, and is said to have taken twelve months to build.

"The Seventeenth had proceeded but a quarter of the distance, however, when they were opened upon by a battery placed on the track across the bridge, which, having the exact range of our position, sent shot and shell into us with terrible accuracy. The track was immediately cleared, the regiment dividing, taking each side of the railroad (the bed of which there rose to an elevation of about ten feet), and gradually advanced toward the bridge. The fire from the battery and sharpshooters on each side of the railroad, became so continuous and heavy that it was difficult to tell whether moving along or lying still was most dangerous; but we kept pressing on, returning the fire as best we could. Our firing was rapid, but, though the bullets flew into where the enemy were supposed to be, yet I doubt if they did much execution.

"While advancing cautiously onward, and during one of the pauses in our progress, rendered prudent by the iron and leaden hail directed against us, an incident occurred which impressed me


Original Plan, by Colonel Splaine, of Battle Field
1 mile long, ⅔ mile wide.
KINSTON
9TH N.Y.
11TH MASS.
RAILROAD
CONFEDERATE BATTERIES
CONFEDERATE BREASTWORKS
JONES' BRIDGE
NEUSE
RIVER
100 FT WIDE
400 Captured Cont'd
ROAD TO GOLDSBORO
CHARGE OF 17TH MASS.
ROAD TO NEWBERNE
SCRUB OAK
1862
CONFEDERATE
HOSPITAL
LINE
DEC. 14
BATTLE
OF
SWAMP
TRENT ROAD TO NEWBERNE
UNION
LINE
OF
BATTLE
DEC. 14
1862
BATTERIES
UNION
35 FT. WIDE
BATTLE OF KINSTON, N.C. Dec. 14 1862

at the time as being truly ludicrous. A Company K man, named Gately, who was hugging the side of the railroad with commendable zeal, was approached by a rebel of the canine species, who, with the instinct that often approaches to reason, and is at times wonderfully developed in this species of animal, seemed to realize that he was in the midst of danger, and sought the nearest place of shelter. For this purpose he insinuated himself between the soldier and the ground. The man, not relishing the companionship, from prudential reasons, no doubt,—an inch of elevation in the position he then was, affording so much of an additional mark for bullets or erratic pieces of shell,—endeavored to dislodge him, saying, 'Clear out, d——n you.' But the dog would not stay repulsed, and again returned. 'Give him the butt of your musket,' suggested Phil Mealley (another of Company K's men), 'Knock him over into the ditch.' This suggestion was acted upon and the dog driven off.

"As we were marching down the railroad in the first place, and when the enemy opened upon us, the cry was raised among the men—Billy Patterson's stentorian voice being among the loudest—'Unfurl the flag. Let the d——d rebs see what we fight under. Show them our colors.' A man named (Michael) Carney of Company I, who was color-sergeant, immediately responded to the call, and shook out the folds of the old 'star spangled banner,' and there he stood on the railroad track alone, a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, but strange to relate, though two of the color guard who were lying down behind him were wounded, he received not a scratch. This act of true bravery, no matter how ill-advised it may have been, is, I think, deserving record, and the honor of the deed should be given to the man who so nobly faced death while upholding his country's flag.

"Having progressed in the manner described about an eighth of a mile, when, from the skirt of the woods bordering the field on the left, came whiz-z-z, a volley of musketry fired by file, followed in half a minute's time by another volley delivered at once. (I should judge from the length of the line that not less than three regiments fired each time.) And then commenced a scene that it would be vain to attempt to describe, especially for an actor in it. In less time than I can relate it, every man who was not wounded, had

jumped, tumbled headlong or rolled over into the ditch at the right of the track and the regiment was apparently thrown into the wildest confusion. I have been told that those who witnessed the scene thought for the moment that the Seventeenth was cut to pieces, but were agreeably surprised to see the brave fellows spring up again, and commence a rapid fire upon the enemy, using the elevated bed of the railroad as a breastwork. There were several men wounded from these volleys. The rebels, evidently mistaking the distance (about 200 yards), and the height of the railroad bed, did not fire high enough, and most of their bullets lodged in the bank at the left—an extremely lucky circumstance for us all, as was also the interruption to our progress thus given; for had we crossed the bridge few of us would have returned to tell the tale. * * * * * *

"After a while, Morrison's Battery came thundering along and got into position in the field at the right of the railroad, and commenced hurling shot and shell into the enemy in fine style. * * One of our fellows had taken shelter behind a log, and a non-commissioned officer, observing the act, routed him out, telling him to go forward and do his duty. The man departed and the officer took his place, snugly ensconcing himself behind the log.

"Lieut-Colonel Fellows was continually going up and down the line, encouraging his men, showing them by his example a pattern of the most fearless bravery. Lieutenant Graham of the Artillery (not the Artillery, but the North Carolina loyal mounted infantry) went forward with combustibles to fire the bridge, but soon returned pell-mell, and jumping behind a log, exclaimed, 'D——n them; they won't give a fellow the ghost of a chance out there.' An order was given to form into firing line * * * * and we marched out from behind the embankment, and were halted in the rear of Morrison' Battery, and ordered to lie down in a hollow made by taking earth from the bed of the railroad. The rebels seemed to have the exact range of the position, and the way the shell and solid shot scattered and tore up the earth about us, and in our midst was a caution. Colonel Fellows alone stood up, and some of the officers were remonstrating with him upon the rashness of thus exposing himself, when a shell at that moment

came screaming by, apparently within a few feet of his head. 'Phew! There she goes!' exclaimed the colonel, and replying to the officers, he said, 'Well, it appears to me that it is just as safe standing here as lying down. If a man is to be hit, he'll be hit lying down as well as in any other position.'—'Poor philosophy,' colonel, I thought, 'but very inspiriting words.'

"Lieutenant Barnabas N. Mann then came forward with a bundle of prepared combustibles in his hands, and called for two volunteers to accompany him to the bridge to operate with another party in an endeavor to fire the same. The men, Besse and Edmands of Company A, were instantly forthcoming, of course, and the trio started on their dangerous errand. We watched them with anxiety, and saw them gain the bridge amid a perfect death-shower of bullets, one of which, unfortunately, hit our brave Lieutenant Mann on the plate of his sword belt, causing a severe wound. They returned with the wounded officer, reporting that they had succeeded in their enterprise.

"Faint cheers were now heard from the rebels, and on looking to ascertain the cause, it was discovered that a train had arrived with re-inforcements, which could be seen debouching from the cars, and forming in line of battle across the railroad. Captain Morrison, learning this, immediately jumped upon the railroad and directed the fire of his battery. The first shell fell rather to the left of the rebel line. The second fell in their midst, almost on the railroad track, and the way they scattered into the woods was amusing. A 'monitor', or battery, came up with this train, and immediately commenced shelling us, every shell bursting directly over our heads. At the third fire from Morrison's Battery, the shell exploded the engine, and a column of white smoke shot up into the air, carrying with it, no doubt, the lives of many poor rebels. The enemy's fire began to slacken, smoke could be seen issuing from the bridge, and soon the whole structure was wrapped in flames. The most important part of our work was accomplished.

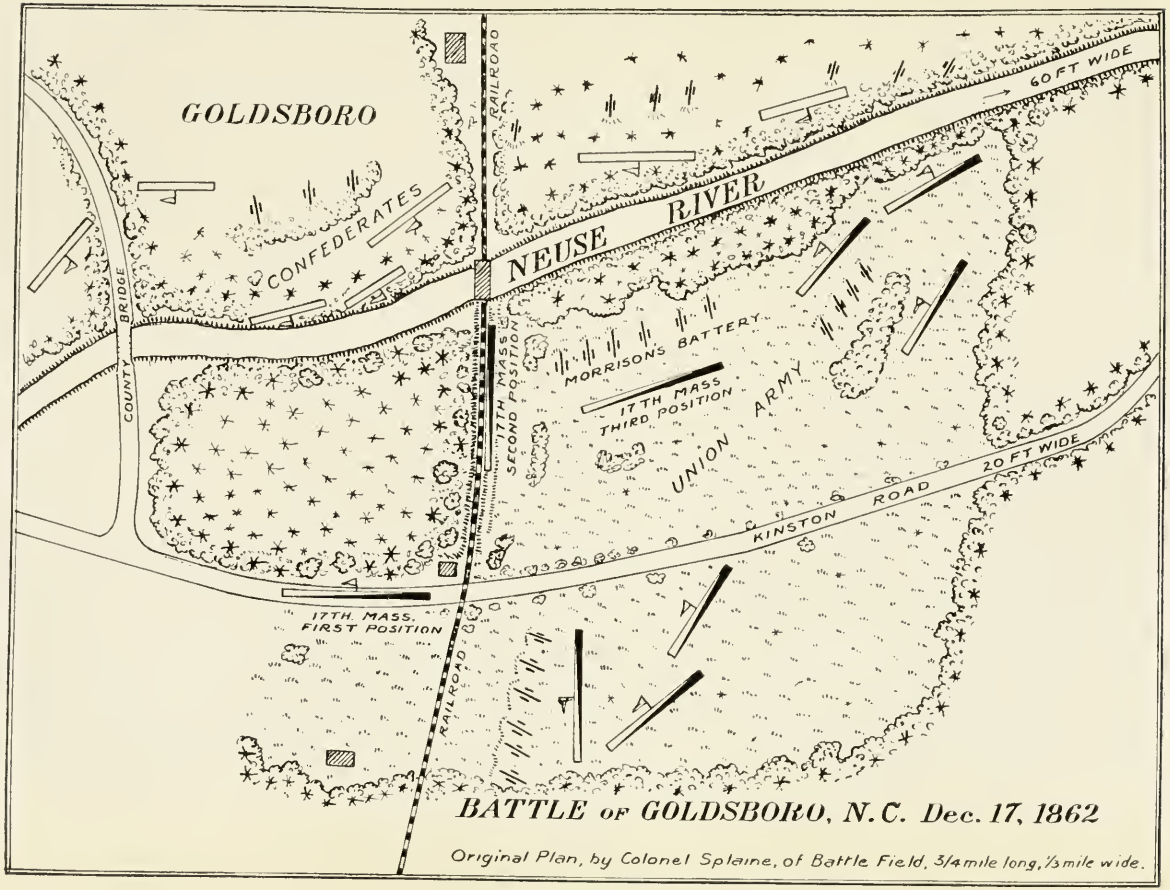
"In the meantime the work of tearing up the rails and sleepers of the railroads, and setting them on fire, was efficiently performed by the gallant Fifth Massachusetts Regiment and the New York Cavalry—the latter destroying another railroad bridge about two

miles north of the great bridge; and when the fight was concluded I had time to notice the smoke of hundreds of fires extending as far as the eye could reach on the bed of the road, indicating how completely the work of destruction had been accomplished.

"Our regiment marched out from under fire, and was received with cheers from all the other regiments that had come up to our support. We then took up the advance on the return movement, but had not proceeded far when we heard firing and cheers of men, indicating that the fighting was not yet over, and soon an order reached us to halt. We were formed in line of battle, in case the forces in front would be compelled to retreat, but after a half hour's suspense in this position, we were ordered again to the scene of our late labors, where we arrived in time to see the tail end of the fight, and to find we were not needed.

"It appears that just after we had retired from the field, and towards sunset, the rebels having crossed the county bridge, some half a mile above, to the number of three or four thousand, came down and charged across the railroad upon Battery B, Third New York Artillery. They formed in three lines of battle, and came on with a terrible sweep, intending to crush all before them. The captain of the battery ordered his pieces to be loaded with double charges of canister, and when they came within about sixty yards, sent a hail-storm into their midst, which mowed them down like grass, and before they could rally or fly, sent another discharge into them, which threw them into such confusion that they incontinently fled and were seen no more. The Fifth Regiment was supporting this battery, and received great praise for its gallant behavior. About forty prisoners were taken, and if the artillery supports had charged, no doubt many more would have been captured.

"Our aid not being required, we went to the right-about and again took up the backward track; but though night had fallen on the scene, our way was not in darkness, for some of the men—stragglers, perhaps—of the advance regiments had amused themselves by setting the woods on fire on both sides of the road. The scene was grand. The huge pitch pines, which had been stripped to obtain the green from which turpentine and rosin were made, were ignited and burned fiercely, and lined our road on either side



BATTLE OF GOLDSBORO, N.C. Dec. 17, 1862

Original Plan, by Colonel Splaine, of Battle Field, 3/4 mile long, 1/3 mile wide.

like flaming sentinels. The underbrush had also caught, as well as the dried leaves, and with their volume of light added, rendered our pathway as clear and distinct as if the noonday sun poured down his burning beams. The heavy and regular tread of the marching battalions, the rumbling of the artillery and the baggage-wagons and ambulances, the braying of mules, the confused hum of voices, the occasional cries of pain from the wounded men, the fierce flaming, cracking and crackling of the trees on fire, the occasional crashes of the falling giants of the forest, and the illuminated cloud of smoke which hung over all, made up a picture of sight and sound, that once witnessed can never be forgotten.''

And all this and many other scenes of warfare, equally striking, are today only pleasant memories, more or less distinct, in the minds of the few remaining participants in them.

THE LOSSES IN THE THREE BATTLES.

Kinston—Ninth New Jersey, 2 killed, 22 wounded, 2 missing.

Whitehall—44 wounded. Goldsboro—11 wounded.

Fifth Rhode Island, 1 killed, 4 wounded.

Third New York Artillery—Battery B, 2 wounded; Battery F, 2 wounded.

Twenty-fourth New York Independent Battery—1 killed.

Wessell's Brigade, 85th New York, 3 wounded. 96th New York, 1 killed, 6 wounded. 22d New York, 2 killed, 16 wounded. The 101st Penn. did not lose any in killed or wounded. 85th Penn., 9 wounded. 103d Penn. (with only 450 men) had 14 killed and 58 wounded.

Casualties in Second Brigade, Colonel Stevenson. 10th Conn., 11 killed, 86 wounded, of whom 10 died shortly after. 24th Mass., 1 killed, 7 wounded. 44th Mass., 8 killed, 13 wounded. Fifth Rhode Island, 1 killed, 3 wounded. Battery B, 1st R. I. Artillery, 1 killed, 8 wounded, 18 horses killed and wounded.

Casualties in Third Brigade, Colonel Lee, 5th Mass., 7 wounded Third Massachusetts, 2 wounded. 27th Mass., 3 wounded. 46th Mass., 2 killed, 3 wounded.

Casualties in First Brigade, Colonel Amory, Seventeenth Mass., 1 killed, 29 wounded. 45th Mass., 6 killed, 12 wounded. 23d Mass., 14 killed, 52 wounded. 51st Mass., 2 wounded. 43d Mass., 2 killed, 1 wounded.

Artillery Brigade, Colonel J. H. Ledlie—2 staff wounded. Battery B, 4 wounded. Battery F, 8 wounded. Battery E, 3 wounded. Battery I, 1 killed. Battery K, 2 killed, 5 wounded. 24th Battery, 1 killed.

Casualties in 3d New York Cavalry—Co. A, 3 wounded, 7 horses killed. Company B, 7 wounded, 10 horses killed. Company E, 2 wounded. Company K, 2 wounded.

Total, 72 killed, 460 wounded.

The following Massachusetts Regiments participated in these battles:

Third Regiment, Colonel S. P. Richmond.

Fifth Regiment, Colonel George H. Pierson.

Eighth Regiment, Colonel J. F. Coffin (Garrisoned Newbern while the other troops were away.)

Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel John F. Fellows.

Twenty-third Regiment, Major John G. Chambers.

Twenty-fourth Regiment, Colonel T. G. Stevenson.

Twenty-fifth Regiment, Colonel Josiah Pickett.

Forty-third Regiment, Colonel Charles L. Holbrook.

Forty-fourth Regiment, Colonel Francis S. Lee.

Forty-fifth Regiment, Colonel Charles R. Codman.

Forty-sixth Regiment, Colonel George Bowles.

Fifty-first Regiment, Colonel A. B. R. Sprague.

The other regiments and batteries engaged were:

Battery F, First R. I. Regiment, Captain James Belger.

Fifth R. I. Regiment, Captain Job Arnold.

Third N. Y. Cavalry, Colonel S. H. Mix (Cos. A, B, E, D, K.)

Third N. Y. Artillery, Colonel J. H. Ledlie (Batteries B, C, F, I, K.)

Twenty-second N. Y. Infantry, Colonel Walter Phelps, Jr.

Eighty-fifth N. Y. Infantry, Colonel J. S. Belknap.

Ninety-sixth N. Y. Infantry, Colonel Charles O. Gray.

Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, Colonel E. D. S. Goodyear.
Twenty-fourth N. Y. Independent Battery, Captain T. E. Lee.
Ninth New Jersey Infantry, Colonel C. A. Heckmann.
The Eighty-fifth, One Hundred and First, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Regiments.

The Killed and Wounded in the Goldsboro Campaign.

The following letter from Colonel Splaine will be read with interest by many of the comrades who can appreciate its sentiments:

"To Thomas Kirwan,

"Historian of the Seventeenth Infantry.

"*Dear Comrade:*

"When reading your account of the Goldsboro Campaign, I was impressed with the meagre detail concerning the killed and wounded of the regiment during that expedition. You are not to blame for not giving the names, for you had but very little official data concerning that movement at your command. The printed accounts relating to the part taken by Massachusetts soldiers in the Civil War, issued by the Commonwealth, simply state that the soldier was either killed, discharged for disability or by expiration of service. Immortal honors to the memory of those who were killed; but how about those who were severely or slightly wounded? Slight wounds were often as painful as severe ones.

"I remember distinctly that we had many men wounded at Kinston (December 14, 1862), Whitehall (December 16), and Goldsboro (December 17, 1862). I will not attempt to name all of the men of my own company who were wounded in the three fights, although there were quite a number, for fear it would look like neglecting other companies of the regiment whose losses were quite as heavy as my own.

"I feel it a positive duty, however, to mention James McKnight, who was shot down by my side in the battle of Whitehall. His ankle and leg were shattered, necessitating amputation of the limb. The amputation was performed right there on the field. Poor Jim! He lived some years after this, but an untimely death was the final result. We are consoled, however, for his loss by the fact that he

is survived by his gallant brother of the same company and regiment, John W. McKnight of Beverly, Mass., who is respected wherever known as a good citizen, a patriotic soldier, and as one who retains to the last the respect and confidence of his old commander. There was one killed and several men of the regiment of every company wounded in the battle of Goldsboro, and three commissioned officers severely wounded there. They were Captain George W. Kenney, First Lieutenant Barnabas N. Mann and Second Lieutenant Ezekiel F. Mann; but there is no mention of the wounded in the volume issued by the state, so that when a man was discharged for disability, we do not know whether it was for the loss of a limb or for malaria.

"It is well-known that the Seventeenth Regiment was the only Infantry command actively engaged at the Goldsboro bridge, and it is also well-known that that railroad bridge was burned by men of our regiment—and I think the command was most fortunate in escaping with the loss of only one killed and twenty-nine wounded. Sergeant Hardy of Company F was the man killed. There were other regiments in the Goldsboro fight, but ours was the only one at or near the bridge.

"By adding these few remarks to your account of the Goldsboro Campaign you will oblige,

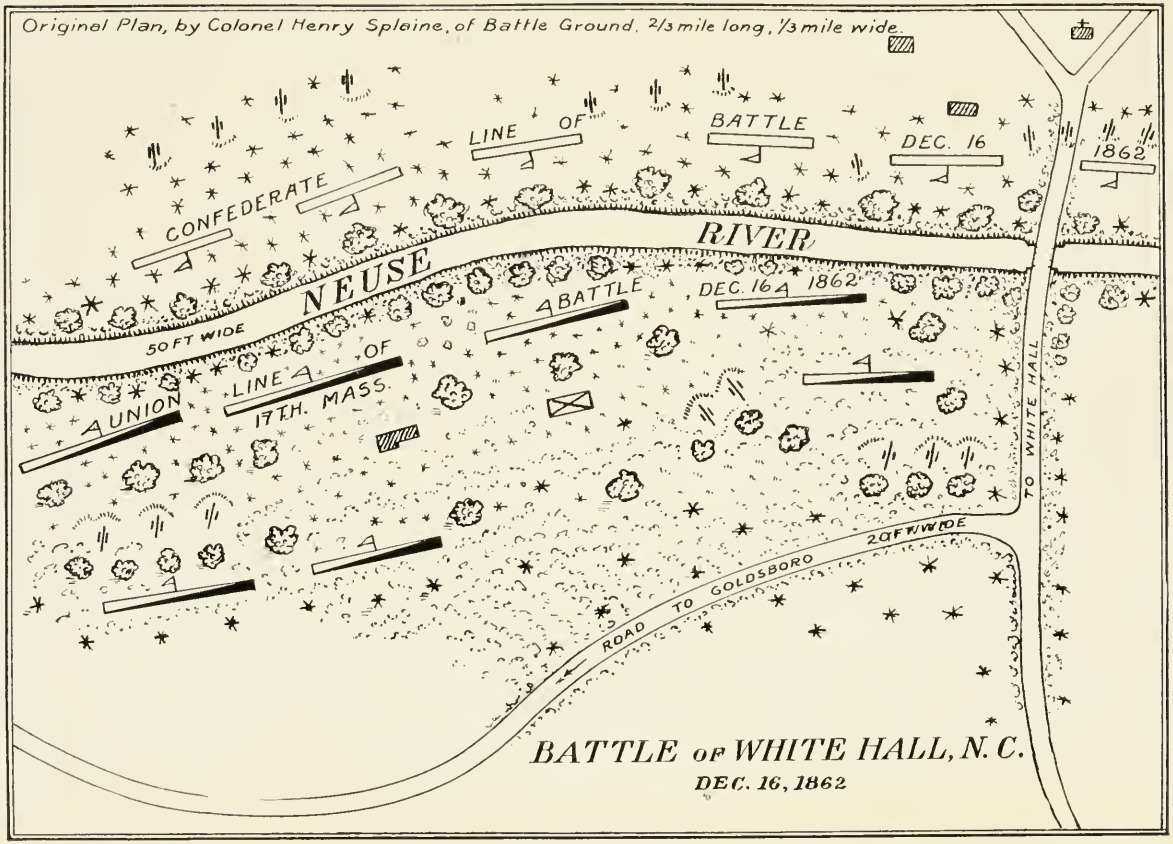
HENRY SPLAINE."

STORY WITH A SEQUEL.

BY THE HISTORIAN.

Stories of the war, with sequels, are not uncommon, and this one may be perhaps among the least wonderful and exciting.

During the fight at Whitehall, on the Goldsboro Expedition, while the Seventeenth Massachusetts was lying in a field near the burned bridge, under a heavy cannon and musketry fire, I left my place in the ranks, and went down to the river-bank, about 150 or 200 feet distant. I selected a tree about fifteen inches in diameter,


Original Plan, by Colonel Henry Splaine, of Battle Ground. 2/3 mile long, 1/3 mile wide.
CONFEDERATE
LINE OF
BATTLE
DEC. 16
1862
RIVER
NEUSE
DEC. 16 1862
BATTLE
50 FT WIDE
UNION
LINE OF
17TH. MASS.
TO WHITE HALL
20 FT WIDE
ROAD TO GOLDSBORO
BATTLE OF WHITE HALL, N. C.
DEC. 16, 1862

growing on the edge of the steep bank, and got behind it, with my legs embracing it; my feet hanging over the bank.

I was looking for experience and soon found it. I had scarcely settled myself when the zip of a ball reminded me that some one on the opposite bank desired to have a little sport with me. The opposite shore was heavily wooded down to the water's edge, so that those under it were invisible to me. I had not long to wait, however, for a second salute, the firer of which I located approximately by the smoke which arose from the discharge. I returned the compliment, aiming below where the smoke ascended. We exchanged shots for perhaps half an hour, some of them coming very close to my head and body, chipping the bark from the tree, and two tearing holes in my clothing.

Suddenly, I felt a hot, burning pain in the lobe of my right ear. At first, I thought it was the sting of a bee, but realized on reflection that it couldn't be that, as it was December, when the bees were in their hives. I put my hand to the lobe of my ear, which began to swell and was painful, and then I realized it must have been caused by the "windage," so-called, or vacuum created by the passage of a ball at high velocity. I took it as a hint to evacuate, returned to the regiment, which was still lying down and resumed my place in the company's ranks.

Some ten years later, I was in North Carolina, doing a mining business in the foothill counties above Charlotte, which city I made my headquarters. It was during the Ku-klux excitement, and United States troops—cavalry, infantry and artillery—were quartered in the counties of Mecklenburg, N. C. and York, S. C., the disturbances being in the adjoining counties in both states. At the Mansion House in Charlotte, where I stayed when in town, there were several army officers and their wives. These officers had been in the Civil War, and as the hotel was also a rendezvous for a number of ex-confederate officers, it can be understood that in the evening, when the public room was well occupied, stories and reminiscences of the late war were frequently heard.

One evening, while in this company, the talk turned on "close calls" in the strife of war—narrow escapes, in fact. Some wonderful and thrilling stories of such escapes were related, and being

called upon to contribute any experience of the kind which I had had, related the above episode, with considerable misgiving as to its unimportance. To my surprise, when I had finished, a gentleman present (Dr. McCoombs), who had been a regimental surgeon in the Confederate Army said: "I know the man who was shooting at you at Whitehall. He is chief of police at Charlotte, and I know would like to meet you."

"I should like to meet him," I said.

"I'll bring him in to see you tomorrow," said the doctor.

The next day the doctor came in accompanied by a fine, stalwart six-footer, whom he introduced as City Marshal of Charlotte. We soon compared notes and were satisfied as to our mutual identity. He was as pleased to meet me as if I was a long-lost brother, instead of a whilom enemy, and on my part I was equally pleased to meet him.

The story spread among the habitues of the hotel, and a movement was at once made to commemorate the occurrence by a supper. This took place on the evening of the day following, and was largely attended by Confederate officers—fine, hearty fellows all.

Of course, the story of our duel across the Neuse at Whitehall had to be repeated, speeches were made, and the last remembrance (a hazy one, I own) which I have retained of this occurrence is, that the city marshal and I were embracing "over the bloody chasm."

THE RETURN MARCH

From Goldsboro to Newbern.

On December 18th we marched to within four miles of Kinston on our return march towards Newbern.

On December 19th, we took up our field hospital, left near Kinston, where Doctor Galloupe had been compelled to leave many of our wounded, among whom was one of the Seventeenth, whose wounds were so severe that the surgeon had removed the right arm from the socket and had amputated the left leg near the hip.

The writer of this sketch remembers talking with Doctor Galloupe about the man just referred to, and as they approached

the field hospital, the doctor remarked that he did not expect to find him alive; but to his great surprise, the patient was doing well and finally recovered. But many weeks afterwards, when the man was able to undertake a journey North, and while awaiting a furlough which had been applied for and was a long time coming, the poor soldier contracted malaria, which caused his death.

The writer is unable at this late day to state the name of the soldier referred to, and yet recalls the fact of having made application for an indefinite furlough for the man.

The march homeward from Goldsboro brought the command back to fields of victory, marched over but a few days previously. The interest taken in those scenes by the officers and men was very marked and interesting, many relating incidents of the conflicts and telling of personal experiences during the hours of danger; but some of them forgot to speak tenderly of the comrades they had seen go down in glory.

On December 20th, many of the regiments were allowed to cut loose, to make their way to Newbern, then thirty-five miles distant. Among the regiments were the Ninth New Jersey and the Seventeenth Massachusetts—old and tried friends—but on this occasion a friendly rivalry sprang up between them, to see who could reach Newbern first. It was nip and tuck for a long time, and at last, the Seventeenth being well in advance, Colonel Fellows concluded he would halt the Seventeenth, and give the men a chance to make a little hot coffee, but just as the coffee was getting warmed up, the Ninth New Jersey came tearing along, and then Colonel Fellows shouted, "Fall in, Seventeenth!" Coffee-pots were emptied of their contents, or some of the men drank the coffee as they marched, and entered the gates of Fort Totten, winners, after a smart march of thirty-five miles. When the troops reached Newbern, they were thoroughly exhausted, and were granted a much-needed rest before resuming any very severe duties.

Soon thereafter came Christmas, many of the boys receiving presents from their friends in Massachusetts. The good cheer of a soldier's Christmas, coupled with the recent successful campaign made it more than an ordinary Christmas to the Seventeenth Massachusetts.

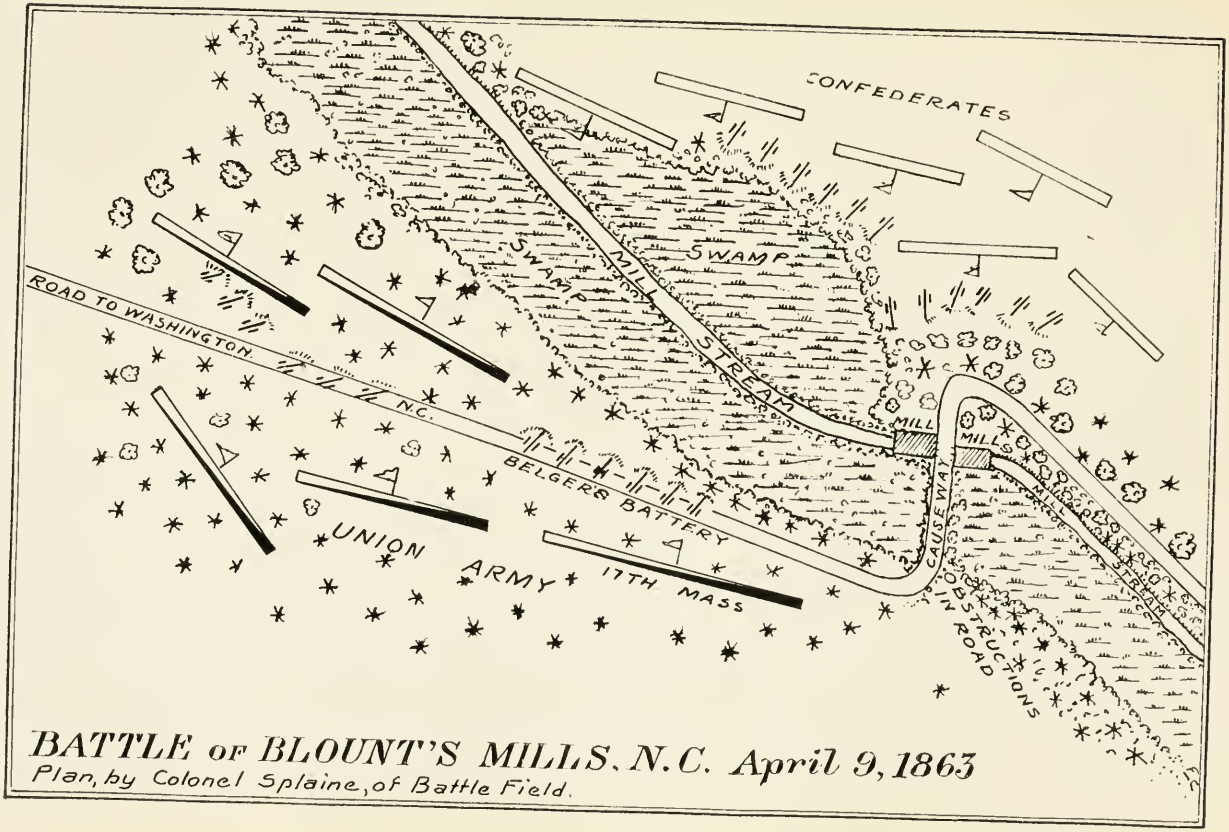
CHAPTER VI.

Relieved from Provost Guard and Back in Barracks at the South Side of the Trent—The Johnnies Came to Collect a Year's Rent—Battle of Blount's Mills—Charge the Causeway—Gum Swamp Expedition—Trenton and the Barber of Seville—Plenty of Water Down There—Winton or Mt. Tabor Church—The Captain's Shower Bath—Escorting the Colors—Captain Mac and the Laughing Mule—Didn't Blame the Captain.

After the return of the troops from the Goldsboro Campaign, the Seventeenth Massachusetts did provost duty in the City of Newbern, housed comfortably, and had an opportunity to rest and clean up. This could not last, for an order was issued sending the regiment across the Trent into barracks, which the Seventeenth had erected the year before, and which had been occupied by several regiments alternately—the last being the Forty-fifth Regiment. It took the Seventeenth a few days to settle down in their old quarters.

No sooner had the regiment become settled than it was dig and delve, and throw up a line of rifle pits around and at the opposite end of the county bridge. As days came and went, rumors were rife of danger everywhere, and with frequent orders to be ready at a moment's notice, and many orders to cook three days' rations, the regiment was kept busy.

Pickets were driven in on the Trent road, and three men killed. There were rumors that Newport Barracks were being attacked and bad reports came from Little Washington. On March 14, the regiment went to a review, which was changed into a defence



BATTLE of BLOUNT'S MILLS, N.C. April 9, 1863

Plan, by Colonel Splaine, of Battle Field.

of Fort Anderson. On April 7th, it crossed the Neuse River, and moved towards Blount's Mills.

ATTEMPTED TO COLLECT A YEAR'S RENT.

On the morning of the 14th of March, 1863, the many Union commands in and about Newbern, having performed their various duties incident to that time of day, and enjoying the repose that came from long-continued inactivity, were suddenly aroused by the sudden and excited appearance of aid-de-camps from the head-quarters of the general commanding, ordering all troops under arms. The long roll was beaten, and then it was hustle and hustle. Fall in, Seventeenth!

Then the sudden booming of artillery coming from the westerly side of the Neuse River plainly told that the enemy in force had suddenly attacked Fort Anderson. The Seventeenth was double-quicked to the long bridge spanning the Trent River. Now could be seen the many gunboats composing the Union flotilla getting under way and taking part in the defence of Fort Anderson. The boats hurled shell after shell over the fort into the ranks of the attacking enemy.

The graceful movements of the gunboats up and down the harbor, while keeping up an incessant fire on the enemy, the screaming and bursting of shells, coupled with the steady fire of artillery and infantry from Fort Anderson, presented a spectacle long to be remembered.

These conditions lasted about two hours, when the Johnnies made up their minds that the anniversary of the capture of Newbern by the Union troops, under General Burnside, was not a favorable day for the collection of a year's rent. The enemy was repulsed with considerable loss, while the Union loss was very small.

During the afternoon, the many commands were returned to their stations of the morning, to take a rest and consider the impertinence and the impropriety of any landlord attempting to collect rent during the middle of the month.

BATTLE OF BLOUNT'S MILLS.

To Charge the Causeway

By an Officer of the Seventeenth.

(The following article, descriptive of an episode of the war in North Carolina, which might have eventuated in a tragedy not unlike the "Charge of the Light Brigade" in the Crimean War, when "somebody blundered," if Colonel Amory, in command of the brigade of which the Seventeenth was a part, had not interfered, is by an officer of the Seventeenth who was present at the engagement, and is a truthful description of the occurrence.)

In the early spring of 1863, when the Union lines were extended from Newbern to Plymouth on the northeast and to (Little) Washington on the north, the Confederate generals evidenty saw an opportunity to damage the prestige of our arms in North Carolina, and invested Little Washington, which was about seventy miles from Newbern. The garrison at this place was small. It consisted of eight companies of the Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts Infantry, one company of the First North Carolina Infantry (Buffaloes), one company of the Third New York Cavalry, Battery G, Third New York Artillery—less than seven hundred in all. This garrison had been reenforced by a portion of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts, and a number of negros willing to fight, who had been given arms by Colonel Lee of the Forty-Fourth. The whole garrison thus re-enforced numbered not over one thousand men.

The rebels began to invest the town, and cut off supplies and reenforcements, but General Foster, who was in Plymouth, ascended the river on March 30th, and took personal command. Defences were strengthened, and every preparation made to defend the town to the last extremity; but the odds were all against him and his handful of men.

As a matter of fact, General Foster was hemmed in at Washington, N. C., besieged on one side by the Confederate General Hoke, thereby cutting off all means of escape by land, while retreat by water was rendered almost impossible by a portion of

the command of General D. H. Hill, who occupied a strong position on a promontory at a narrow point of the river, some fourteen miles below the town.

This position was well chosen, being high land, was easy of access from a good public road, and was easily made almost impregnable from the water side, while its elevation gave the gunners in it complete command of the river. Many heavy guns and some smaller ones were mounted at this point, and it is safe to say that, as our navy was then represented in North Carolina waters, it could have disposed of any naval force we could send against it.

The position referred to was known as "Hill's Point," for it was General D. H. Hill of Lee's army, who was conducting the movements which were intended to culminate in the capture of Little Washington and General Foster's little force of defenders in it.

General Hill, having cut off the retreat of the Union forces by water, now turned his attention to finding a position where he could successfully deal with a comparatively small army that was marching overland from Newbern, with the object of raising the siege and rescuing the garrison.

Hill chose "Blount's Mills" as the ideal spot where with his ten thousand veterans, he could resist the onslaught of forty thousand; and he chose wisely. He selected a long ridge of high land—almost terraced in shape on the side of approach—with his center resting in front of a causeway, which constituted at once the mill dam of Blount's Mills, and the only passable road for artillery, the only other road or way of approach being at least twenty miles away, and out of the question.

Hill's position gave him every advantage that he could desire. The form of his works enabled him to concentrate the fire of every piece of artillery he had, and that of the majority of his infantry, upon this causeway—the only possible way that an attacking force could reach him. The position was impregnable, and Hill knew it.

At the base of Hill's position was an almost interminable swamp, running for miles to the right and left of the causeway. It was impassable at any other point, and dangerous everywhere else to every living thing except snakes and mosquitos. The road

from Newbern to the causeway ran parallel with the swamp, and did not extend beyond it, turning into the causeway at right angles. Surveying this swamp from the road, the writer recalled the lines of the poet Moore:

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbled o'er."

The scene was not only dismal, but silent as a graveyard. This silence, however, at that time, was not destined to last long.

The reader must remember that the road ran parallel with the swamp, and now that the Union force (under General Spinola) had come up, it found itself in line on this road, with its right resting at the end or junction with the causeway. The right of the line was the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry then commanded by Colonel Fellows, Colonel Amory being Acting Brigadier-General on this occasion.

It would appear that General Hill, well knowing the exact position that Spinola's troops must occupy, had caused his engineer to measure with accuracy the distance between the two lines, and his artillery had their shell fuses cut to suit the distance, so as to quickly deal destruction to the Union forces as they arrived and took up position.

While approaching the scene of coming conflict, some colored men cautioned General Spinola, Colonel Amory and others, of the close proximity of Hill's army, remarking that there was a "right smart good lot of rebels" up there. Spinola, Amory and others did look carefully over the ground, too. At the right of the line, or head of the causeway, all any one would need to do was to look into the muzzles of Hill's guns to see the reception that awaited the attacking force.

The place, which a few minutes before was so silent, now became the scene of a one-sided conflict, for Hill, having perfect range of the Union forces, opened with all his artillery, dealing death and destruction right and left. Belger's Battery, which was supported by the Seventeenth Massachusetts, was almost completely knocked out. Its captain and lieutenant were wounded,

and had to be removed from the field. Nearly all their horses were killed and many of the men wounded.

At this juncture, the first piece of real generalship was shown on the Union side. It was by Colonel Fellows, who saw at a glance that the enemy had perfect range of our lines, and, waiting for a lull in the noise of battle, cried out in his loud and very musical voice, "Seventeenth, fall back." And immediately after, in a low tone, said, "Halt! Lie down."

The enemy heard his command to fall back, but not hearing the second command to halt, took it for granted that the Union troops had fallen back some distance, and they lengthened their fuses, which caused the explosion of their shells some distance beyond our lines.

There was very little infantry firing, as the enemy was not to be seen, because of the intervening trees and undergrowth. Belger's men were frequently assisted by men of the Seventeenth in handling their guns. The battery did splendid work and elicited great praise from the officers of rank in charge of the movement.

About this time, Adjutant Cheever of the Seventeenth came down the line, inquiring for Captain Splaine, and said "Captain, you are ordered to the right of the line." The captain, as he received the order, looked Cheever in the face, and thought he saw signs of emotion which should not belong there under ordinary conditions, and inquired hurridly but quietly, "Cheever, what is it?" Cheever glanced at the captain, lowered his head and said, "You charge the causeway." Captain Splaine answered, "We will charge it," and at once ordered his company to "Right dress! Front! Fix bayonets!" and glanced along the line. His glances were answered by those of his unflinching men, ready to obey his next order with equal alacrity. They suspected that there was something special, maybe something desperate, to be attended to. "Without doubling, right face! Support arms! Forward, march!" shouted the captain, and as the company swung along, the commander said "Step, step, step, step!" and along they marched with heads erect, preserving the cadence of the march, reached the right of the line and reported to Colonel Fellows: "Halt! Front! Right dress! Front! Present arms!" thus saluting the colonel

Colonel Fellows looked at Captain Splaine and his company, and said, "Do you know what you are up here for?" The captain replied that he was there to charge the causeway. "Yes, sir," replied the colonel, "but you marched up here as though you were going on dress parade." The only answer of the captain was "Colonel, we are soldiers." "Rest your company, captain, and await orders." said the colonel. The captain ordered arms and in place, rest.

Then he went quietly among his men, telling them of the movement they were about to undertake, and instructing them as to what should be done under contingencies that were likely to occur in case the charge was made. While awaiting orders the men examined their muskets, cartridge boxes, cap boxes, readjusted their belts, straightened their caps, smoothed out their blouses, and seemed very determined to be in the best possible trim when the order came.

At this moment Colonel Amory rode up, looked at the company, and asked Colonel Fellows, "What is this company doing here?" On being answered that it was there to charge the causeway, he exclaimed, "What! Who ordered it?" "General Spinola," was the answer, and then with a painful look on his face, he actually scowled at Captain Splaine, and said "Don't dare to move, sir, until I return." His scowl was not intended for the captain, but for a combination of circumstances which makes it possible to have a man in command of an army who didn't know any better than to order a single company to charge across a causeway into the "jaws of death," without a solitary chance of securing corresponding, or at least, commensurate results for the sacrifice that was to be made.

Just as Colonel Amory was about to turn his horse's head, a shell, in its shrieking flight, passed between the colonel and his horses' head. The big black horse trembled perceptibly, but the rider sat like a statue, apparently not noticing it. Colonel Amory then went in quest of General Spinola. Shells and bullets were flying about pretty lively during all this time; many of the men of the regiment were wounded, but fortunately none were killed.

In a few minutes, Colonel Amory, accompanied by General Spinola, returned to where he had left the company in question, and then there was fun for the boys. Colonel Amory told the general that he protested against sending that company over the causeway, and added: "If you order it forward, I shall order it back and will take the responsibility!"

Colonel Amory was re-enforced by Colonel Fellows, and there was a lively time between them. The upshot of this colloquy was that this company of the Seventeenth was ordered back to its position in line. If it had charged over that causeway, not a man would have returned to tell the story.

Let me contrast the commanding officers in this episode which was so near to a tragedy. The general—well, we may call him a "bully boy" who knew comparatively nothing about military matters. He certainly was not a great general. Colonel Amory was a regular army officer, and as well able to command an army as a regiment; tall, dignified and soldierly in bearing. Colonel Fellows was a trained soldier from boyhood; tall, handsome, educated and soldierly in every respect. Think of these two able officers playing second fiddle to a man who hardly knew the right flank from the left! Captain Splaine thinks that they, by the exercise of their good judgment and firmness in dealing with an incompetent commander, saved his life and the lives of the men of his command. The company over which so much fuss was made was Company A of Newburyport.

This engagement of Blount's Mills was fought on April 9, 1863. It may be added that, though General Foster was "bottled up" in Little Washington for the time being, he soon found a way to draw the cork. He had gone to Plymouth in the steamer "Escort," and when the investment of Washington was reported to him, he took the steamer to Washington, where he put the defences in such good shape that the Confederates paused before making a demontration to take the place. Finding the expedition for the relief of the beleagured town unsuccessful, he took the "Escort" down the river past the fort, under a murderous fire from cannon and rifles, which riddled the upper works of the steamer, and arrived safely in Newbern, where he at once organized a

new expedition, and within a week marched to the relief of Little Washington, the project to capture which had been given up before the arrival of the expedition.

GUM SWAMP EXPEDITION.

On May 22, 1863, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, several other regiments, some artillery and quite a command of cavalry, under command of General Innis N. Palmer, proceeded part way by rail to Gum Swamp, where it was known that quite a large body of the enemy was basking in the sunlight of imagined security, and doing a little prowling around without much molestation from Union forces. The expedition went in to camp a short distance from the terminus of the railroad, and next day moved forward, pushing the enemy's skirmishers before them. The firing was desultory, with a few wounded on each side. The Union force then camped for the night, and next morning the boys were pushed rapidly forward, meeting the enemy in considerable force. A line of works was encountered, and after consultation between General Palmer and the regimental commanders, it was decided to move on the works. There was some artillery firing, and the rush for the defences, which were carried, but not until Colonel Jones of the Fifty-eighth New York was killed, and a few men in each regiment wounded.

Colonel Fellows commanded the Seventeenth Massachusetts and Colonel Amory was acting brigadier-general.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

During the summer of 1863, a large body of troops, commanded by Colonel Amory, marched to Trenton by way of the south side of the Trent River. The Seventeenth Massachusetts, under Fellows, was part of this force. The march was tedious, slow and hot, and several unimportant skirmishes with the Confederates took up the attention of the column on the way. On arriving at

Capt. James Splaine, Co. "A."

Sergt. Granville Hardy.

John W. McKnight.

James McKnight.

Trenton, the whole force settled down to await developments, as it was currently reported and believed that the Johnnies stationed at Kinston would come out and try conclusions with the Yanks. The men were taking a good rest, and having ample shelter from the sun, were quite happy, yet constantly on the watch against surprise.

After the troops had been resting for about three days, Captain McNamara of Company E, Seventeenth, was possessed of the idea that he needed a shave, and summoned the regimental barber, Jack O'Hara, to do the work. "Give me a shave, Jack," said the captain. "All right, captain," responded Jack, who, by the way, was a member of the captain's company, "I will be with you in a moment." In a few minutes he returned with a tin dipper and a lathering brush. The next thing was to find a seat for the captain. This was found in the shape of one of twin trees that had been cut down, leaving the other standing. Seated on this stump, with his back leaning against the tree, the captain waited for the tonsorial artist to begin. Jack got up a rattling lather, which he spread thickly over the captain's face. He then put his hand in the pocket where he usually kept his razor, but no razor was to be found, and it now dawned on him that he had forgotten that instrument which was left in camp forty miles away. "My heavens, captain, I have left my razor in the camp!" The captain, thinking he was about to lose his shave, which he needed badly, exclaimed, "The devil, damn you, you fool, what did you do that for?" Jack said, "Please, captain, don't be angry, and I will run down the line and borrow a razor." And he departed. But he never came back. His attempt to borrow a razor was fruitless, and fearing the consequences of the captain's wrath, he did not show up, and was not seen by the captain during the rest of that short campaign. With Captain McNamara was his trusted friend, Captain Henry Splaine. When it became evident to the latter that Jack was not coming back, the reason for which he guessed, and as McNamara was about as mad as a March hare, he tried to comfort him, as well as mollify his wrath, by excusing Jack, whom he suggested, thinking that the expedition was only for a day or so, did not think it worth while to take his razor with him, and the same reason no

doubt prevailed with many other owners of razors; but of course, he would yet find one somewhere, and would no doubt be back soon.

It may be stated that near where the officers were there was a dense willow hedge of stunted growth. The two actors in this comedy, it was evident could not see through that hedge. If they could, probably this story would never have been told. Captain Splaine now said to his friend, after his effort to soothe his wrath, "Captain, I have often heard that it was a bad thing to allow lather to dry on one's face, as it was likely to make the face sore, or maybe cause skin disease. Now, if you will consent, I will keep the lather moist until Jack returns." Mac consenting, Captain Splaine proceeded to lather his face, and so industrious was he in his new job that in a short time the lather on Mac's face stood out in bold relief.

During this operation, Splaine was most voluble, his victim submitting quietly, but hoping that Jack would soon return with the razor. Finally, seeing that he could do no more in the lathering business, Splaine now said: "Mac, I am now satisfied that Jack has been unable to borrow a razor, and is afraid to come back without one. I think, therefore, I had better shave you myself."

Thereupon, Captain Splaine drew his sword, holding it in his right hand, and seizing the end of Captain Mac's nose between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, proceeded to shave his victim in a most unheard-of way. He scraped and scraped, tearing off heaps of lather, and no beard, for of course the sword wasn't sharp enough to shave a scalded pig. This curious scene lasted for a while, until the victim began to realize the ludicrousness of the situation, and begged Splaine to desist. This the latter was loth to do, when Mac was seized with a fit of laughter. He was not the only one, however, who was moved in this way by the comicality of the scene, for, from behind the willow hedge came a chorus of laughter. Mac continued to laugh, and in doing so, gulped down enough of the lather to nearly strangle him. Splaine, however, scampered off as quickly as he could, for in the laughter beyond the hedge, he recognized familiar tones. As he went away, he wiped the lather off his sword, so that his men wouldn't suspect

anything funny, for he was a rather strict disciplinarian, and on duty something of a martinet.

After a while he joined his company and laid down a little way from the men to get a rest, but he wasn't permitted to rest long. An orderly from regimental headquarters came along, speaking in turn to each commissioned officer, saying: "Wanted at headquarters, sir." The same message was for Captain Splaine, who joined the other officers as they moved to headquarters, all wondering what was up. Splaine suggested that perhaps a new move was on foot, such as taking a dash at the outskirts of Kinston, have a go at the rebs, and then fall back on Newbern over the Neuse road.

When all had reached Colonel Fellows' headquarters, they were cordially received by him. He said, "Gentlemen, the day is warm, and I know you must be tired waiting around here, and in order to break the monotony, I have invited you here, and have ordered Sergeant Rankin to give each of you a little medicine, and as you drink it, I want you to drink to the health of "The Barber of Seville." The majority of the officers were puzzled at the curious request, but two of their number suspected what it implied. It may be explained that about that time there was on the boards in the North and West the opera of "The Barber of Seville."

As captain Splaine approached headquarters, he saw on his left the identical willow hedge behind which he had shaved Captain McNamara a half hour before, and now, coupling the title of the toast with the scene behind that hedge, he concluded that laughter which he had heard was in reality that of the whole field and staff, including Colonel Amory, from the piazza of the house in which they were now drinking the health of "The Barber of Seville."

The medicine disposed of, Colonel Fellows said: "Gentlemen, give me your attention for a moment, and I will tell you what I meant when I asked you to drink the health of "The Barber of Seville!"

Then he related what he and the others of the field and staff had witnessed beyond the willow hedge. The officers greatly enjoyed the story as Colonel Fellows related it. But Splaine, though he

felt like laughing with the rest, remained silent and enjoyed the joke of drinking to his own health.

PLENTY OF WATER DOWN THERE.

In the summer of 1863, the Seventeenth Regiment was ordered to Swift Creek to destroy or capture a force of Confederates that had full sway in that section. The command, under Lieut. Col. John F. Fellows, took steamer up the Neuse River to a landing about eight miles from that village. While going slowly up the river, the weather being too hot for comfort on deck, the officers gathered in the cabin, and passed the time pleasantly in telling stories. Among the stories told was one about a gentleman who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, and who resorted to many expedients to hide or amend it. The story was a good one, and elicited many expressions of sympathy from all who heard it.

Among the listeners to the story was Captain J. R. Symonds of Company K, who said that it reminded him of a story about the mate of a ship, who had an impediment of speech, which compelled him to say all he had to say by singing it. The captain was a good story-teller, and had a way of his own that was hard to imitate.

The story was that a ship was approaching the coast of New England in foggy weather, and the captain being a very careful man, and desiring to make doubly sure of his whereabouts, ordered his mate to throw the lead. The mate was the one already mentioned, who had the impediment, and as he hauled up the lead after his first sounding, sang out (to the air of the hymn "There will be no more sorrow there") "There is plenty of water down here-r-r-ah!" At the next throw of the lead he sang: "Full fifty fathoms down here-r-r-ah!" At the third trial he warbled: "Oh, there are twenty-five fathoms down here-r-r-ah!" And once more he shouted: "Only ten fathoms down here-r-r-ah!" Again he shouted with all the power o his lungs, finding the water rapidly shoaling: "I would have you keep clear of here-r-r-ah!" And then the danger became so apparent to the mate that he forgot the impediment in his speech, and shouted, excitedly, "For heaven's

sake, Captain, put her about at once!'' The shock occasioned by a full realization of the danger the ship was in, cured him of the impediment.

The officers listened with unusual interest and attention to Captain Symonds' recital, which was made more realistic by the way in which he acted the part of throwing the lead by the mate.

Just as he concluded his story the steamer came to a stop and anchored, the captain of the boat explaining that the water was too shoal to permit him to approach the landing-pier, and the troops could not land until the scows, which were being towed by another steamer, came up. After a short wait, the scows came up and landed the troops. Captain Symonds, with Company K, was among the last to reach the landing, and the captain, who could not swim, in attempting to get on the wharf, fell into the water. There was excitement among the officers and men, and efforts were made to save the captain by the men of his company. When the captain struck the water, he went down, and when he came up, there was "Gurgle, gurgle, blub-blub-save me! Save me!'' At the most there wasn't over seven or eight feet of water, and it was dollars to pennies that he would come out all right.

When the captain came to the surface, he flung his arms around one of the wharf piles, and in this position uttered his appeal to be saved. Just as he spoke, one of the officers who heard his story on the steamboat, in a spirit of mischief, leaned out over the wharf and shouted: "Captain Symonds!" But the only response of the captain was: "Save me! save me!'' He called to the imperilled man several times, who finally said: "Yes, yes; what is it?'' And then the officer (whom we shall call Captain S.) sang in a loud voice to the tune employed by the mate) "Is there plenty of water down there-r-r-ah?''

Captain Symonds was mad clean through, used many words not to be found in the Lord's Prayer, and threatened that when he reached terra firma he would bring the joker to a speedy and disastrous reckoning.

The captain was rescued from his unpleasant position, and a few minutes afterwards took command of his company like a little man, up to Swift Creek, which was just ten miles distant. One of

the captains in that regiment steered clear of another one for a few days, or until the anger of Symonds had subsided, and when they did meet, the jolly good old captain enjoyed the joke about as well as any of the others. It was related of Captain Symonds by his intimates that, though noted as a good story-teller, he never afterwards told the story of—"Oh, there's plenty of water down there-r-r-ah!"

WINTON OR MT. TABOR CHURCH.

On July 24, 1863, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, under Lieut.-Col. John F. Fellows, went on board a transport and sailed from Newbern, and made a landing on the Chowan River, near Winton, two days afterwards. Here the Seventeenth was joined by several other regiments and a battery of artillery, all under command of General Heckman. Shortly after landing, the troops were pushed forward, with the Seventeenth in advance. After a march of about a mile, the expedition came upon a line of earthworks, behind which the army appeared to be in force. Company G, under Lieut. C. O. Fellows, formed the skirmish line here. The firing was pretty lively, the rebels defending their position stubbornly, and a portion of the Seventeenth was moved up to support the skirmishers. Lieut-Col. Fellows formed from column into line and moved forward. Company B, under Captain Enoch F. Tompkins, got the advance and was first in the works.

Lieutenant J. A. Moore, with ten men of Company B as skirmishers now advanced on the double-quick, and when about seventy-five yards from the second line of works on the opposite side of the creek, the rebels fired a volley which went over the skirmishers and wounded three men in the regiment in the rear. Lieutenant Moore was the first man to cross on the stringers of the bridge—the enemy having thrown the planks into the stream—and the first into the works and through the rebel camp. The rebels retreated pell-mell.

Several men of the Seventeenth were slightly wounded, Captain Splaine being wounded in the left arm. In crossing the dismantled bridge several of the men slipped off the stringers and got

a ducking in the creek. The rebels, in their haste, left their garrison flag, which was flying when Lieutenant Moore's skirmishers went through the camp. The garrison flag, however, never became United States property, for the reason that a certain captain who was willing to rest while others were chasing the enemy, took possession of it, secreted it, and finally sent it home to his family.

General Heckman thanked Colonel Fellows and his command for their gallantry during the fighting of the day.

THE CAPTAIN'S SHOWER BATH.

During the hot days of 1863, when the Seventeenth was stationed on the south side of the Trent River, the officers and men found it pretty difficult to get a comfortable or clean wash or bath because the river was muddy, and was dangerous to bathe in, on account of the water-snakes, alligators and other undesirable things in it, one man having lost his life the previous year by a snake bite while bathing. But even with this experience, many of the men and some of the officers risked it, and would take a dip in the water sooner than go dirty, and to cool off in the hot days after a hard day's drill or march.

Among the officers was one who did not go into the muddy waters of the river. He frequently lectured his fellow-officers because they were not as wise as he was in providing a suitable equipment for taking a comfortable wash and shower bath without risking the doubtful and dangerous aid of the river water.

The other officers knew about the captain's hygienic outfit, but didn't think much about it, or regarded it as a fad of his. He was certainly cleanly in his habits and dress, and was fond of good things to eat. He would boast of these good things, and tell how fond he was of fresh "cukes" and sweet June butter. He certainly liked good eatables, but he enjoyed them alone, for he never asked a brother officer to dine or sup with him. He was fond of other things, not so palatable to others. He was cruel and tyrannical to the men of his company, and to those of other companies when they happened to be under his command.

When enlisted men would forget to observe in the smallest detail some rule of military etiquette—rules sometimes unnecessary and often unwise—he was fond of making them march around in the hot sun, carrying a log of wood on their shoulders as punishment. As a military man he was not in it with many of the other officers. He was proud, selfish and overbearing, and never was a favorite with either officers or men, or even with a small minority of them. (When the surviving officers and men of the regiment read this anecdote, they will not have to be told the captain's name.)

Well, once on a time three of the officers conspired to give that captain a shower bath that he was not prepared for, and they did it in good shape. The captain's apparatus was rigged in his bell tent. It was a wooden structure about eight feet high, upon which was supported a tin pan of about eight gallons capacity, with a perforated bottom, and just above it was a small wash-tub hung on a pivot. Attached to the top side of the tub was a strong cord, which when pulled by him, would empty the tub into the pan, the result being a cooling shower in the operation.

One day when the captain was away from his tent, the conspirators had the tub filled with river water, and meeting him when strolling about the parade ground, entered into conversation. One of them suggested that it was a good day to have a swim. The other said, "No; the sun is too hot, and I hate to go into that muddy river." The captain said, "I have been telling you folks for a long time how you could have a nice bath in your own camp at any time, and it doesn't cost much to do it." Another of the officers said, "How do you do it? I never saw anything of the kind." Thereupon the captain said, "Come along and I will show you all about it," and remarked that he had had a splendid bath about two hours before.

The four officers entered the tent where the outfit was, proceeded to inspect it, and asked many questions about it, as to the cost of the rig and its operation. The captain readily answered the queries, explaining its simplicity of operation, and to illustrate the working of it, stood under the pan and said, "You stand right here, and after giving yourself a good rubbing with soap, you pull

this cord and the tub empties its contents into the pan, the shower then comes from there upon you, cleansing and cooling you at the same time.'' Suiting the action to the word, he pulled the cord, the tub discharged its contents, the pan did its work cheerfully, and the captain got a shower bath he had not bargained for.

To say that he was surprised and thoroughly mad is putting it mildly. He was furious, and swore that if he knew who played that trick on him he wouldn't hesitate to kill him. His handsome uniform, it can be conceived, presented a sad appearance. He was compelled to take another bath, and send the uniform to a tailor in the city to be cleaned, dried and pressed.

Just who the three conspiring officers were (they had prevailed upon their servants to fill the tub with river water, and mum was the word) deponent saith not; but one of them is alive and well at this writing, and tells the story with much gusto.

HE DIDN'T BLAME THE CAPTAIN.

During the early summer of 1863, the Union and Confederate forces stationed near and about Newbern and Kingston, N. C., respectively, were comparatively inactive. The weather was warm and because of the lull in activity, the inhabitants of the neutral zone had a season of rest. During this season of quiet the duties of the Union troops were mainly of the routine order, such as batallion drills, company drills, guard duty and dress parade.

During this period of rest, the commanding officers of the regiment and other commands were indulgent to their men, permitting various kinds of amusement unknown to soldiers employed in more active campaigning. The enlisted men were given passes to almost anywhere within the lines of the Union army, but generally they all headed to Newbern, where they had a chance to do a little shopping and get lunch and refreshments of a better order than the sutler could furnish. They also availed themselves of the opportunity to visit friends in other regiments and fraternize with new friends and acquaintances among them.

Among the men indulged with liberal passes was John C–n–y of Company A, Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry. On the occasion in question John made his way from the camp of the Seventeenth Regiment, on the south side of the Trent River, to Newbern. He was a good fellow, an honorable man, and above all, a brave American soldier, with an intense love for his country. While in Newbern, he met many kindred spirits, as good and as loyal men as he was. They lunched and refreshed together, and discussed the war situation until their loyalty was at fever heat. They cared nothing for any country but the United States. They knew no flag but Old Glory.

Well, the day was drawing to a close, and John, like his associates, started for camp, which he reached late in the afternoon. On his way to camp, he no doubt brooded over the sentiments enunciated by himself and pleasant associates of the day, and the spirit of patriotism, etc., stirred him to the depths. In fact, John's American eagle soared high and, circling round in the blue air above the sordid earth, was ready to swoop down upon anything offensive to John's high notions of true and loyal Americanism. (John, it may be said parenthetically, was of Irish parents, born in Boston and educated there, and was a fine specimen of a good, kind, generous and brave Irish-American boy—gentle to all, except when his patriotic Americanism was aroused, and then—but to our story.)

As he entered the camp in this mood, John saw Mike Sullivan (an Irishman, a foreigner), another member of Company A, coming across the parade ground. In the mood he was then in, the sight of Mike aroused and intensified John's Americanism until all the Irishism in his nature was overwhelmed. It maddened him, and rushing at Mike in true Know-Nothing style, called him an "Irish son-of-a-gun." He struck at Mike and continued to call him that same funny name. His blows were numerous, hard and rapid, and had it not been that Mike was an athletic fellow and well able to parry the blows, he might have suffered. He did not take the offensive, being too busy defending himself.

John's captain, Henry Splaine, was in his tent about 100 feet away from the curious encounter, and upon the first hostile move

on John's part was inclined to interfere, but upon hearing the language used by John, he sat back and laughed himself almost sick at the fun, though, of course, if the thing had gone too far, he would have put a stop to it. First Sergeant Joseph C. Richardson of Newburyport also witnessed the encounter. He rushed forward, separated the men, and sent John to his tent until further orders. A number of the men of the company also saw the encounter, but made no talk about it.

That evening at roll-call, Sergeant Richardson, in calling the names of the men, omitted that of C–n–y. The captain, looking at the Sergeant, remarked: "I observe that you skipped the name of C–n–y. Why did you do that?"

The sergeant, who was not a tatler, approached the officer, and saluting him, said in a low tone: "When C–n–y came back from pass this afternoon he was somewhat irate and had a little difficulty with Mike Sullivan. Fearing they might become bad friends, I restrained John and ordered him to remain in his tent until further orders." The captain then inquired "Has he calmed down, and is he now fit for duty?" The sergeant replying in the affirmative, the captain ordered the man restored to duty.

Thus matters stood for several days, when the truce which one would imagine had existed between the opposing armies was suddenly broken by the Johnnies, who became decidedly hostile and aggressive. They made a lively demonstration towards Batchelder's Creek, placing our troops there on the defensive, the commanders of the companies of the Seventeenth were summoned to Colonel Fellows' tent, informed of the situation and ordered to supply their men with three days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, as the regiment would march early next morning for the scene of hostilities.

An early start was made the next morning, the command reaching its destination early in the afternoon. Colonel Fellows' command was thrown forward with orders to do picket duty, and use every precaution to guard against surprise by the enemy. Captain Splaine was ordered to picket a certain section of the front line, and after carefully looking into the situation, detailed a certain number of the men for that duty, and ordered Sergeant

J. Q. A. Johnson to post the men at points already explained by him. In about an hour's time, the sergeant returned and reported that he hadn't men enough to cover all the posts shown him. One post was still to be filled. "Is this a very important post, sergeant?" The sergeant said it was the most important post of the lot, adding that he must have an extra good man there, as without such a man the enemy might get through, turn our flank and endanger the whole regiment.

The captain paused, looked along the line of the company, and said: "Well, sergeant, if this post is as important as you say, it behooves us to put the best man we have on that post." He added: "Sergeant, *put none but Americans on guard* tonight. Put C-n-y there." There was a dead silence for a moment, but the boys could not stand it any longer, and they snickered very perceptibly along the line. Sullivan never budged, but looked squarely to the front, yet one could see that his face took on a flush; but poor C–n–y, who became fully alive to the importance of the order, shouldered arms, marched two paces to the front, threw his left arm across his musket, giving the sergeant's salute, and said:

"Captain, I don't blame you."

He went to that important post to do his duty as a true soldier, and right well he did it, as he always had done.

The joke on C–n–y soon became common property, and often the boys were wont to say, when the occasion seemed to warrant it: "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." This saying survived while the company was in service, and often since at company or regimental reunions, when the men indulged in anecdotes about their service in the army, the story of John C–n–y and Mike Sullivan was sure to be told, always ending with "Put none but Americans on guard tonight."

John, at this writing, is alive and well, and is a good and respected citizen, as he deserves to be. Some three months ago of this year (1909) John called at the State House in Boston to see his old captain, now Colonel Splaine, and told the story himself, as above related, and no one present enjoyed the anecdote more than John, himself. Some of John's old comrades asked Colonel

Splaine recently why or how John could have spoken to poor Mike as he did on that occasion. The colonel smiled and said "I guess John must have been attacked by that new malady called 'dementia Americana.' "

CAPTAIN MAC AND THE LAUGHING MULE.

In the fall of 1863, the Seventeenth Regiment was snugly housed in barracks on the south side of the Trent River, near Newbern, N. C. The principal duty of the regiment was company and battalion drills and dress parade. Detachments were stationed at Evans' Mills, Beech Grove Station and Brice's Ferry. The company drills were conducted on the open plain beyond, and in full view of the camp and Colonel Fellows' headquarters. These drills were interesting, because the men had become as proficient in drill and discipline as regulars, and their officers knew their business to a T. The battalion drills during the afternoons were sights worth seeing. Colonel Fellows commanded at all these drills, he being the active commander nearly all of the time, as Colonel Amory was almost invariably detached as brigade commander, and at times performing even higher duties.

These drills under Colonel Fellows would put any regular army officers to the blush. Fellows, the superb drill-master, would put the regiment through a course of evolutions that would thrill the beholder. There he was, that handsome, elegant gentleman, every inch a soldier, his great stentorian, yet musical voice, ringing out, to be easily heard a mile away, giving orders that none but skilled veterans could obey, for it required a knowledge of tactics and drill on the part of the men, as well as the officers, to obey such intricate orders as he gave. It would be "Double column at half distance—march!" Form square, double quick—March!" "Reduce square—march!" "Right companies, right into line, wheel!" "Left companies, on the right into line, battalion guide right, double quick—march!" "To form oblique square; guides on the line; column at half distance, by division, on third division, right in front, double quick—march" "Right and left wheel, double quick—march! Guides post, fix bayonets!"

These movements are only a sample of what was ordered by this fine drill master, and as promptly and exactly executed by the officers and men of the battalions. The best official function of the day was dress parade. On these occasions every man, from the colonel to the drummer boy, looked his best. What a handsome line those boys would form. Their accoutrements shone brightly; their arms glistened in the sun; their poise was admirable, their soldierly bearing superb; not a waver nor a motion, while the music played from right to left and from left to right again, as the line stood at parade rest. The adjutant would command: "Attention, battalion! Present arms!" salutes his colonel, retires to the rear of the commanding officer, and then Colonel Fellows would resume command, ordering "Shoulder arms!" and such other orders as he deemed fit, his musical voice vibrating in the silent air. The orders of the day and other instructions were then read by the adjutant, and then the companies were dismissed for the day.

The active duties of the day disposed of, the officers were wont to gather in small groups to enjoy themselves as circumstances would permit, and if the evening happened to be cool they would naturally seek the society of one another in their quarters. But as time wore on, the quarters of the more popular officers became the resort of the greater number. One of the most popular was Lieutenant Charles O. Fellows—tall, handsome, brave, dashing, hospitable, entertaining—a worthy son of his gallant father, Colonel Fellows. If any officer failed to be properly entertained in Lieutenant Fellows' quarters it was surely his own fault.

It was in these quarters, when they came together, that the officers rallied one another about mistakes made at drill, dress parade, or performing some other duty equally important. The gatherings here were more instructive than the printed tactics, because the officers had an opportunity to compare notes, and the less efficient ones gained points from the more efficient.

As a "school of the officers," the quarters of Charley Fellows, as he was familarly known, was a useful institution for the discussion often entered into by the officers had a most beneficial

effect on the less efficient among them. When they grew tired of discussing tactics, some of them would tell stories or guy one another or criticise any defect of toilet. It was no place to be ungentlemanly, to tell foolish anecdotes or other pointless stories, and yet it was one of the most hospitable places to be found in the army. Many an entertaining story was told there. Wit and sometimes sarcasm reigned. Some of the stories told were about strong men, boxers, runners or jumpers, many of the feats related being almost incredible. It remained for Captain McNamara, however, to cap the climax.

The story he told once on a time was so unreasonable, so evidently false, that all present told that he was making it out of whole cloth. They guyed him, said he was crazy, and that none but a fool would tell such a story. In their criticism of the captain, they became so loud and boisterous that the attention of the officer of the day, Captain Splaine, was attracted to the tumult. He said, "Come, gentlemen, there is too much noise here. Kindly speak low. You know it's against camp regulations to make so much noise at this hour."

Captain Tompkins, familiarly known as "Old Tomp," said "H——, Splaine, how can we help it? If you had heard it, you would be more severe on Mac than any one of us. Why, Splaine, the damned lie he told would make a mule laugh."

At this, Captain McNamara very excitedly said, "I will leave it to Splaine if I am not telling the truth, and I'll bet he has seen the same thing himself."

Splaine said he had not heard the story, and therefore couldn't give an opinion upon a thing he didn't know anything about. Thereupon Mac told the following story:

"When I lived in the old country, there resided near me a great jumper. He had outjumped every competitor, had outrun every runner he contested, and no one knew how far he could jump. Finally, the people became so interested in the man's power as a jumper, they determined to put him to the severest test, and for this purpose made up a long purse for him, if he would give a public exhibition of his great jumping capacity. Side bets were made, the man himself taking many of them. He wagered

that he could jump across a river which, at the point named, was a quarter of a mile wide. I saw him jump that river,'' said Captain Mac. And again the officers howled at him.

"I don't care,'' said Mac, "it's true, and I know that Splaine will say it is true.''

It was well known that Captain Splaine was the chosen and tried friend of Captain Mac on all occasions, and now Mac thought and hoped he would give a decision favorable to him and save him from the ridicule of his fellow officers. Captain Tompkins here, broke in saying that, while he was willing to leave it to Splaine he would first ask Mac a few questions.

"All right,'' said Mac. "How wide was the river?'' "A quarter of a mile.'' "Have you got the cheek to ask us to believe that a man jumped across a river a quarter of a mile wide?''

Mac's answer was: "Why couldn't he and why shouldn't he? Sure, he had a mile of a run to it. It's the last feather that breaks the camel's back.''

And now the laughter and uproar was almost beyond control. When the noise of the outburst had subsided, Captain Splaine was called upon to render his decision. Mac looked at him imploringly for a judgment favorable to him. The crowd cried, "Fair play, Splaine; we want your decision!'' Poor Splaine was in a trying position. He felt greatly embarrassed, but couldn't endorse so palpable a lie. At the same time he didn't wish to hurt the feelings of his friend.

While pausing, embarrassed at his peculiar position something happened which enabled him to attempt a compromise, and to avoid the painful task of deciding that Captain Mac had been lying. This "something'' was a noise from without, which sounded like: "Hee–a haw–a, haw–a, hee–a, hawa–a.''

That noise was loud enough to be heard all over the camp, and Captain Mac and his associates heard it very plainly. Here was Splaine's opportunity to avoid giving a positive opinion; but when he did speak, he made things much worse for Mac. Looking at the latter, he said, "So help me jiminy Johnson, Captain Mac, even the headquarters mule is laughing at you.''

McNamara was wild. The officers were beside themselves with glee at the strange turn things had taken, and stamped Mac as the biggest Munchausen in camp.

The noise made on this occasion, however, was too much for the forbearance generally shown by Colonel Fellows, who came along, asked what the uproar was about, and suggested that it was about time for the officers to retire for the night. Then looking into his son's quarters, he said, "Lieutenant Fellows, report at headquarters at once."

The majority of the officers, seeing the lieutenant go to headquarters, and fearing that the colonel was about to scold him, loitered around in the darkness to learn something about it. Their fears were soon dispelled, for the laughing at headquarters became so boisterous that the officer of the day began to think it was about time to enforce regulations there also.

It appears that when Charley reached headquarters, the colonel sternly asked him what all that noise in his quarters meant. Charley related the incidents connected with Mac's story, and the part the colonel's mule had played in it, on hearing which Colonel Fellows and his staff could not contain themselves, and gave full vent to their merriment, and laughed most heartily about Mac and the Mule.

Next morning, Captain Splaine, as old officer of the day, called at the colonel's headquarters to make his report about his duties of the night before, and turn over his instructions to the new officer of the day. Colonel Fellows inquired of the captain about the fun of the night before. The captain told the whole story as related, and there was fresh laughter and more merriment. The whole party went out to see the mule, and being joined by other line officers, proceeded to inspect it.

Captain Splaine paid particular attention to the animal, fondling and patting him, but taking good care to keep away from his heels, as he was known to be a great kicker. "Fine mule," said the captain, "fine mule, bless him, for he has a devil of a fine laugh in him."

Captain McNamara never heard the last of the mule story, and if at any time he inclined to swerve from the truth in his

relations, some one would remind him to be careful lest the mule might hear him.

ESCORTING THE COLORS.

During the late summer and fall of 1863, the Seventeenth Massachusetts was stationed in Newbern, N. C., doing provost duty in that city. A dress parade of the whole regiment each evening finished the duties of the command for the day. And such parades! About 800 men attired in their best, their brasses bright, their belts and boxes polished, their shoes shined, their gloves snow white, their muskets shining like silver, were in line on those occasions.

At the time in question, Colonel Amory was in personal command of the regiment, and did his best to make the parades as spectacular and attractive as possible. These parades were usually witnessed by generals and other officers who were not actively employed at the time. Leading citizens and prominent persons from the northern states also attended to witness these parades. To the civilians they were most attractive and made them wonder how it was possible that a body of men could do so many things in unison and so gracefully and so mechanically, at the command of a single officer.

A variation in the performance came at one of these parades one evening, when Adjutant Cheever, after it was over, approached one of the captains and said "Captain S., Colonel Amory orders you and your company to escort the colors to headquarters."

"Escort the colors to headquarters!" exclaimed the captain, who knew that this ceremony had never been carried out in that department before, and perhaps had never been attempted in the volunteer army. "Yes, sir," said the adjutant, who saluted and walked away.

Why was this unusual order given? The answer is that, shortly before, a few officers had remarked that Captain S., was so well posted that he could not make a tactical mistake on battalion drill, and that he could not be feased on any matter relating to tactics.

On the evening before giving the unusual order in question, the same statement was made at the supper of the field and staff at Colonel Amory's headquarters, upon leaving which the colonel said: "I will puzzle him before tomorrow night." When asked how he could do it, he declined to explain. Hence the order on the following day to escort the colors to headquarters.

When the captain received the strange order, though he had made no special study of that most interesting movement, he prepared to carry it out as if it were only a common company drill. He made proper disposition of his company, received the colors and guard in due form, and started his column, having to make various wheels and movements in the course of his march, so that he could arrive at headquarters "right in front." The towering Colonel Amory, with mischief in his eyes, watched the company's progress and with quick long strides he reached headquarters before the company did, and took position on the front steps leading up to the door of the headquarters building.

The company soon after arrived, halted and wheeled left into line, presented arms, etc., when Lieutenant P. C. Mason placed the colors in the outstretched hand of Colonel Amory.

The colonel then said: "Captain, I have seen the escorting of the colors done only twice in my life—once in the regular army—and on that occasion the movement was not properly executed. I have seen it today for the second time, and the movement has been properly carried out."

He then congratulated the captain, the lieutenant and the men on their success and soldierly bearing, and said: Captain, let Lieutenant Mason march the company to quarters, and you, sir, will dine at headquarters tonight."

The modest captain reluctantly accepted the invitation. He found a good dinner, and spent a most enjoyable evening at headquarters. Colonel Amory admitted the joke of trying to puzzle the captain, and again congratulated him and his company on their clever performance of a difficult undertaking.

Hurrah for the volunteers!

CHAPTER VII.

In the City on Provost Guard—Batchelder's Creek by Colonel Splaine—A Civic Hero in the Muddy Trenches—Siege of Washington, N. C., With Signal Guns—Second Direct Attack on Newbern—Colonel Amory and the Daughter of the Regiment—A Moonlight Drill Capture and Fate of a Confederate Spy—Muster Out of the Old Seventeenth Regiment and Birth of the New Organization.

The regiment, having been back in Newbern since October 1, 1863, and again comfortably housed, while doing provost guard duty, Colonel Amory in command of the regiment, everything went merry as a marriage bell until February 1, 1864, when the most serious disaster which had befallen the regiment came.

The men had been doing their prettiest and behaving their best, and had gone through enjoying their third Christmas in the army, little dreaming what the morrow might bring forth. In a little more than a month they found out.

THE BATCHELDER'S CREEK AFFAIR AND THREATENED ATTACK ON NEWBERN.

By Colonel Henry Splaine.

About one o'clock of the morning of February 1, 1864, a distant rumbling, like thunder, was heard by the guards and others in and about Newbern. Many good sleepers, soldiers among them,

knew nothing about the cause of that noise until the following morning.

The Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry was then doing provost guard in the city and its immediate suburbs, the right wing being quartered in houses in the city proper and the left wing in tents a short distance in the rear of Fort Totten.

At the hour above named, Colonel Fellows received an order from General Palmer, commanding the forces and defences of Newbern to send such officers and men of the left wing of his regiment stationed at Fort Totten as were not actually on guard duty, to Batchelder's Creek, to re-enforce Colonel Classon, and to send a competent officer to command the detachment. Colonel Fellows, in obedience to General Palmer's orders, directed a certain officer, who had been promoted only a few days before and whose new grade just fitted him for the task in hand,—as there were only 110 enlisted men hurriedly called together for the emergency—to take command of. The newly promoted officer hesitated and said that he did not have a horse to ride, whereupon Colonel Fellows directed his quartermaster to prepare a certain horse for the officer at once; but to this offer the officer demurred, saying that he did not know anything about the horse, and therefore was afraid to ride him. Colonel Fellows, who was now so disgusted at the manner in which the officer was trying to evade the responsibility of taking the detachment to the point of danger, said to his adjutant (Cheever): "Go at once, with my compliments, to General Palmer, and say that I have already taken command of the detachment myself, and have started on the march. After that, you, adjutant, join me as soon as you can."

Colonel Fellows, the brave and dashing officer, in his anxiety to obey the order of the general, sprang into the saddle, without even waiting for his sword, which was being passed to him by one of the attendents, saying, "I haven't time—I have my belt and pistol, but can't wait for the sword!"

He would not wait for anything, so anxious was he to reach the point of danger as quickly as possible, to assist his comrades in defending Colonel Classon's position, the holding of which was so important to the safety of the city itself. The march was a hurried

one, the little band under Colonel Fellows reaching the point of conflict long before daybreak.

The rumbling which had been heard about one o'clock continued, until it dawned upon all in the city that the noise was the thundering of Confederate artillery. And now could be heard the clattering of horse's feet everywhere on the streets, the riders of which, whether they were aids or orderlies, were bearing the news of the conflict at the outpost—or with orders to commanding officers to hold their troops in readiness for any contingency. During the early morning, rumors of the disaster to our forces at the outpost were freely circulated, but no one wanted to believe them. Later on, however, these rumors were confirmed, when Colonel Classon, with his command on platform cars, steamed into Newbern. But where was Colonel Fellows and his detachment of the Seventeenth? There was no news from them, and all were wondering what had become of them.

It appears that when Colonel Fellows and his command reported to Classon they were immediately put into action, and right well did they acquit themselves; but at a critical moment they were neglected, deceived and deserted by Colonel Classon, who hurried his men on to the steam-cars, and retreated to Newbern, leaving Colonel Fellows and his handful of men to their fate.

After maintaining the conflict against thousands of the enemy for a time, finding his little band was literally surrounded by the Confederates and knowing that it would be futile to attempt to escape as an organized body, Colonel Fellows ordered his men to save themselves. The best military men in Newbern said that the colonel had acted wisely. A heavy fog prevailed that morning, and this, together with the smoke of the conflict, enabled quite a number of the officers and men to escape through the woods. Lieutenant Cann, with his platoon almost intact, escaped through the bushes, and found themselves in the deserted camp of Colonel Classon. The garrison flag was flying, but was saved by Lieutenant Cann and his men, who also destroyed all the tents and military stores there, by burning them; and as the lieutenant and his men were going out from one side of the camp, the Confederates were coming in at the other side.

Eight officers, including Colonel Fellows, and sixty-two enlisted men, were captured by the Confederates. A few men were killed and several wounded. Dr. I. F. Galloupe, who was well mounted, might have escaped, but he refused to leave Adjutant Cheever, who was wounded. He remained with him and rendered all the surgical aid he could, and while doing so, was captured, together with his patient. Of the sixty-two enlisted men of the Seventeenth who were captured that morning, only four ever returned to freedom, the other fifty-eight having died in Andersonville prison of starvation.

When the extent of the disaster became known to General Palmer, it was hurry, skurry—hustle, bustle—aids and orderlies riding like mad in all directions. Telegraph wires were hot with messages to all outlying posts, and all men, no matter where stationed, were ordered to concentrate at Newbern. The right wing of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, housed in the city proper and doing provost duty, was at once sent to the line of works flanking Fort Totten and the provost duty was performed by the clerks and other civil employees of the government.

By early afternoon every available man was in position in the defences of the city, and as the commands from the outlying districts reported for duty, they were assigned to positions in the works, or kept as reserves at a convenient distance behind those already in the works. As night approached, a strong line of skirmishers was thrown out in front of the works, and extended from the Neuse River to the Trent River. The writer remembers well that his company was placed as skirmishers across the Neuse road, and extending to the main gate of Fort Totten. The assistant adjutant-general of the district placed these guards, and the instructions given to the writer were that there was no organized body of Union troops outside the lines then, but there doubtless were a few scattered bands or individuals after the fight of the morning. "These latter," he said "you will admit, of course; but if any large body of organized troops approaches, you may rest assured it is the enemy, and it will be your duty to fire upon it." My men were in line when these orders were given me; but after the departure of the assistant adjutant-general, I said to my men:

"Take your orders from me, and upon your lives do not fire until I order you to."

The night wore on, and just at one o'clock A. M., of February 2d, a noise in front of the pickets stirred every one up. There was a clanging of sabres, clattering of hoofs and the low-toned words of command by officers as the command neared the skirmishers. Realizing that the approaching body was an organized command, and perhaps a large one, I called to my men: "Steady there! I will do the challenging!" Whereupon I ran forward and shouted: "Halt! Who goes there?" The answer came: "Twelfth New York Cavalry."—"Who commands you?" "Colonel Savage."—"Is Colonel Savage present?"—"Yes."—"Then tell him to dismount and advance alone to be recognized."

Colonel Savage met me in the middle of a muddy pool, having a length and width of about 300 feet, a depth of about three feet. Here we met, shook hands—as I recognized him and gave him permission to pass with his command inside the works, and added: "For G——sake, colonel, march your men in through this gate. It will be dangerous for you and your command to go in any other direction, for the guards are all ordered to fire at any organized body of men coming from without." Notwithstanding the request and words of caution from me, Colonel Savage headed his column in another direction, supposedly to avoid the mud puddle. My lieutenant, Mason, was in command at the other gate, and had he not been thoroughly instructed by me as to how he should receive organized bodies from without, firing would have been the result. Lieutenant Phil C. Mason knew what his orders meant and knew how to obey them.

If that fine regiment of cavalry had been fired upon by my pickets, all the batteries of Fort Totten would have been opened, and the firing would have extended along the infantry line for half a mile on either flank of the fort, and Colonel Savage and his command would have been wiped off the face of the earth. What was true of my part of the line was true of all parts, for the instructions were substantially the same to all commanders. It will be seen what a calamity was averted by the intelligence of a few line

officers who knew what to do at a correct time—who knew more than some of their superiors about the art of war.

Feeling ran high in Newbern among the troops,—especially so when they discovered that the enemy was in force and commanded by the doughty warrior, General Pickett, who had led the memorable rebel charge at Gettysburg. Some even thought that the city would fall, but all were determined to make a stubborn fight.

The most sensational thing of all happened on the third night of the Confederate investment, when our war steamer "Underwriter" was blown up by Captain Howard and his men of the Confederate navy, who came down the Neuse River in boats, with muffled oars, and boarded the ship at one o'clock in the morning, and after robbing her of everything they wanted, blew the ship and some of her crew to fragments. The spectacle was awful and awe-inspiring. At this terrible sight, and the thunderous noise accompanying it, all sprang to arms, not knowing what would happen next.

Later in the night, the Confederate bands struck up some lively military airs, which called forth a musical response from the band stationed in Fort Totten. Tired, weary and sleeping in the muddy trench, I was awakened by Lieutenant Phil Mason, who called my attention to the music. I listened for a moment, and then said, "The enemy is retreating. Their music is only throwing dust in our eyes to cover their retrogade movements." When broad daylight came, it was discovered that the enemy had departed.

A CIVIC HERO IN THE MUDDY TRENCHES OF NEWBERN.

Following the disaster at Batchelder's Creek on February 1, 1864, and the investment of Newbern by General Pickett's Confederate forces, the feeling was intense among soldiers and civilians, many believing that the city was doomed to fall into the hands of the enemy; but the best efforts of both commanders and sub-

ordinates were put forth to make the best possible resistance. As a consequence, every man who was well enough to stand up was brought to the defence of the city.

These efforts were not confined to the officers and enlisted men of the army. The patriotic citizens doing business there and the civilian employees of the government also became imbued with the spirit of resistance, and determined to assist the troops in every possible way in their power. Notable among the young men among the government employees was one who had made every effort, but without success, to become an officer or a soldier in the Union army, and his failure to be one or the other was through no fault of his. He had graduated from Harvard College shortly after the war broke out, and at once tried to enlist as a private soldier, but was rejected on the ground that he was not strong physically. Failing in this, he made another attempt and through the good offices of influential friends, was promised a position on the staff of a general officer, but after waiting a considerable time, and receiving no encouragment that the promised position would be given him, he made up his mind to go to the front on the civil list among government employees. He did so, and found himself doing the duty of chief clerk in the commissary department at Newbern, N. C.

On the occasion of the investment of that city by General Pickett, this young man organized a company of civil employees, had them uniformed, armed and otherwise equipped for field service, and marched them up to and into the trenches near Fort Totten. By this patriotic action, both he and his associates took their lives in their hands, so to speak, for had the city fallen and the enemy discovered they were not regularly enlisted men they were liable to be shot. No one knew better than the young civilian captain the risk they were running, but they cast their lot with the Union troops, come weal or woe, and took the responsibility.

They occupied a position on the right of Captain Splaine's company of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers. The veterans could not help admiring the gallant bearing of this young civilian captain and his men. They were all young, intelligent

boys, and presented a neat, soldierly appearance, and the captain elicited favorable comment from the army officers for the way in which he handled his company. Many of the soldiers remarked: what fools these fellows were to leave their comfortable quarters down town to come out and sleep in the muddy trenches; but they came and roughed it with the enlisted men for three days and nights, and held themselves ready to fight to a finish.

On the night of the third day, they, as well as the soldiers witnessed a spectacle which they must have long remembered. It was the blowing up of the Union gunboat "Underwriter." This was accomplished by Captain Howard and men of the Confederate navy, who came down the Neuse River in boats, boarded the gun boat quietly, captured the guards without firing a shot, took from the ship what they wanted and blew up the vessel, sending her crew into eternity. The scene was awe-inspiring and still lingers in the memories of the survivors of the siege of Newbern.

After Pickett's forces had retired from in front of Newbern, the civilians returned to their quarters and regular employment, after receiving the thanks of General Palmer and many other officers who had witnessed the heroism shown by the young captain and his men in the hour of peril. Captain Splaine and others remarked at the time that it was a pity that the young man commanding that company wasn't a commissioned officer in the army. If he were, the army would have had a brave and dashing officer, who would have reflected honor and credit on his country, his State, and himself. This young man, it may be stated, was Frederick T. Greenhalge, afterwards the efficient and popular governor of Massachusetts, whose untimely death prevented him from succeeding himself in that high office.

DAVID WALLACE.

Three Confederate Soldiers Surrender to Him.

On the morning of February 1, 1864, after the disaster to a detachment of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment at Batch-

elder's Creek, David Wallace, like many others of the command, sought refuge in the forest, hoping sooner or later to reach the Union lines. During that day and the following night, he struggled in vain to find succor, and although he frequently heard human voices and the rumbling sound of artillery wheels, he did not dare to venture out, fearing that he would march into the arms of the enemy.

On the morning of February 2d, he was so tired, cold and hungry that he made up his mind to seek shelter and food at any cost. Soon he saw smoke "that so gracefully curled" through the evergreens, and being very cold, determined to approach the fire. He found a camp fire, and near it a booth made of boughs, and within the booth the trappings of soldiers. He took a seat on a log near the fire and awaited developments. In a short time three Confederate soldiers, evidently the proprietors of the booth, appeared.

David did not stir, believing that the jig was up, but to his surprise the enemy seemed more embarassed than himself. They, believing that David represented a considerable Union force, became alarmed, advanced and surrendered to David. Soon realizing the advantage thrust upon him, David put on some frills, accepted the surrender, and marched the three to Newbern, as prisoners of war.

General Palmer warmly thanked David for his discreet and gallant conduct.

SIGNAL GUNS.

Siege of Washington, N. C., and Evacuation of the Town.

On April 14, 1864, six companies of the Seventeenth Regiment, then stationed in Newbern, were ordered to board transports for Little Washington, to re-enforce the troops there under command of General Harland. The singular thing about this movement was the fact that although the major part of the regiment, carrying the regimental colors with them, the commanding officer at that time saw fit to remain at his comfortable quarters

in Newbern, and sent Captain J. R. Symonds of Company K, in command. The regiment was unused to such tactics. Colonel Amory was acting brigadier-general, and Colonel Fellows was a prisoner of war at the time. It seemed that the man who had succeeded to the command of the regiment thought more of his personal safety than about its welfare or reputation. The officers and men of the six companies were not displeased at this change of commanders. They didn't love or respect the one who remained in Newbern, but they did know Captain Symonds, and trusted him. They knew he was brave and patriotic, painstaking and honest, and never failed to look after the comfort of his men.

The regiment, with other commands, reached Washington late that night, but did not land until next morning. On landing they were assigned to positions along the line of defensive works, the companies, with the exception of those of Captain Splaine and Smith, being separated, these companies being stationed on the extreme right, occupying Fort McIver. Captain Symonds made headquarters near the latter companies, and kept himself in constant touch with the other four.

The officers and men now settled down to duty, observed their surroundings, and prepared to do their part in the defence of the. town, the chief duty being to watch and be ready at all times Not more than half the men were allowed to sleep at one time, the other half remained awake and under arms, ready for any emergency. They were confronted by a superior force under General Hoke, who was known to be an able and aggressive commander, and that he and his army were then flushed with their recent capture of Plymouth, N. C., with many prisoners and a large quantity of supplies. Hoke's army had Washington completely invested, and it seemed only a question of time as to when the assault would begin

Things went on in this way for several days, when General Harland made up his mind that he would find out whether Hoke was in force or not and for this purpose detailed about forty skirmishers from the Seventeenth Massachusetts to make a reconnoisance along the enemy's center.

The skirmishers were placed in command of Capt. George W. Graham, a cavalry officer, who knew nothing about infantry skirmishing, though Captains Splaine and Smith and Lieutenant Fellows offered their services to command them. General Harland thanked these officers, but remarked that he would not make any change then. The men, knowing their business, deployed mostly on their own hook, and went forward against the enemy. When they reached a growth of timber they found Hoke's skirmishers, and an active fusillade ensued. Hoke's men had witnessed the approach of our men across an open area of about a third of a mile, and had ample time to meet them.

One of the incidents worth noting, which was plainly visible to officers and men in the works, was the encounter between Crofts of Company C, Seventeenth Massachusetts, and a rebel skirmisher. Each, as he saw the other, jumped behind a stump. Both dodged and ducked for a while, but finding that such strategy didn't count, both levelled their rifles across the stumps and fired. The rebel was the better marksman, and poor Crofts rolled over a corpse, with a bullet in his brain. They fired simultaneously. Keefe, of Company H, Seventeenth, was also killed, and a few others slightly wounded. Graham did not await the "recall" on the bugle, but ordered the men to fall back, and on reaching the works, assured General Harland that Hoke's army was outside in full force, and evidently intent on mischief. The bodies of Crofts and Keefe were recovered and buried in the yard of a house in the town which can be located even at this late day by Captains Splaine, Smith, Fellows, or Sillars.

For several days after the skirmish, the orders were to watch and wait, with equipments on and arms at hand, ready for any emergency. A feeling of gloom pervaded the ranks of the defenders, for it became more and more evident from day to day, that the town was doomed. The only means of retreat was by water, and the question with the commanding officers was, had Hoke the force at command to prevent the escape of the besieged Union force on transports? The crisis came nearer and nearer, for Hoke's lines were being drawn closer, and it seemed a question of only a few hours when the assault would be made.

Finally, on April 22, General Harland called the commanders of regiments, batteries, etc., together, and told them to quietly make preparations to evacuate the town, but not to advertise it among the troops or inhabitants. On that evening, Captain Splaine commanding at Fort McIver, received orders to fire, at 10 P. M., that night, three guns—a single gun first, and then, after a lapse of two minutes, two guns in quick succession. Then he was to disable the guns. When the captain read his orders, he knew what they meant. It was a signal to General Foster, at Newbern, seventy miles distant, that General Harland had decided to evacuate Little Washington. The three shots fired by Captain Splaine were not blank cartridges, but shell from two big 64-pounders. They were fired into General Hoke's camp, where they exploded, causing considerable trouble and excitement, the rebel general, supposing that the Yanks were about to assume the offensive. The noise waked up the garrison and caused them to spring to arms, thinking that some unexpected move on the part of the enemy had been discovered.

After the firing, Splaine, pursuant to orders, spiked the guns, and threw them with their carriages, down from the parapet into the ditch, a distance of thirty feet. They were so spiked and thoroughly put out of commission that "no sound could awake them to glory again."

Colonel Splaine says that the destruction of those fine guns, after their discharge, was among the most painful duties he ever had to perform.

The evacuation began next morning, and as the Union troops were in motion towards the transports, the Confederate cavalry and infantry were at the heads of the streets and inside our line of works. There was no firing, the Union troops being willing to get out of the town and the Confederates desirous that they should. All the members held to arms on the transports, and a few small gunboats were in readiness to protect and cover embarkation. Finally, the transports steamed down the river, with the gunboats in the rear. Very few army stores or supplies fell into the enemy's hands, and it may be added, Little Washington itself did not long remain in the possession of the captors. It was again

occupied soon after by the Union troops, Hoke finding it impracticable to hold the place.

MAY 5, 1864.

SECOND DIRECT ATTACK ON NEWBERN BY CONFEDERATES.

Colonel Amory Developing the Enemy's Position.

On May 5, 1864, General Hoke, commanding a considerable Confederate army, made an unexpected attack on our small force at Evans Mills, sweeping everything before him, and pushed on towards Newbern, with the evident intention of capturing the city and its defenders. At the same time, a detachment of his command moved against Brice's Ferry, for the purpose of preventing any attempt by the Union forces to interfere with his lines of communication and supply, and also to keep open his only road of retreat in case he failed in capturing the city.

Still another detachment of Hoke's army made a demonstration against Batchelder's Creek, which was about ten miles out on the Neuse Road, for the purpose of confusing the Union general as to his real intentions. It did not take long to divine the meaning of these movements, and accordingly prompt and intelligent disposition of the various commands in and around Newbern was made, to meet the attack of General Hoke.

On the south side of the Trent River, in addition to the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, a detachment of which held Brice's Ferry, there was Fort Gaston, commanding the county bridge and the open plain eastward from the Trent River; and there was Fort Spinola on the banks of the Neuse River commanding the river, the long bridge and also a portion of the plain already referred to.

These two forts were well manned and well supplied with artillery and ammunition, and no doubt would have made them-

selves felt in case Hoke's command had come to close quarters. Between these forts the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry held a line of earthworks, which, although not the strongest, yet would have sheltered the men fairly well if the enemy had seen fit to advance across the plain.

At this juncture, at about 10 A. M., Colonel Amory, then commanding our brigade, came rushing over the county bridge, having with him a section of field artillery and a small cavalry escort. He, with his small command, dashed across the plain, which was about 1,200 yards from the bridge, and there opened on Hoke's command for the sole purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, by which he could readily understand the whereabouts of Hoke and the make-up of the Confederate forces.

The position of Colonel Amory, near the edge of the woods, blazing away at the enemy, looked so isolated and dangerous, that the writer of this sketch, then a captain in the Seventeenth Massachusetts, said to the major commanding the regiment: "Why wouldn't you order my company over there to protect our colonel. The enemy may burst from those woods any moment and either kill or capture the little party." The answer of the major was that he had no order to do so, and therefore would not take the responsibilty. The captain then said, "If I take the responsiblity, will you let me go?" To which the major answered, "No, sir."

General Hoke was too skillful a commander to respond to Amory's invitation to expose his whereabouts just then, and after shelling the woods for about an hour, Colonel Amory and party withdrew, but not until after a monitor car had been sent down the railroad track, supported by Captain Mullally and his company, who skirmished continuously on and into the woods. No enemy appearing, the company was recalled. On the following day, General Hoke sent, under a flag of truce, a demand for the surrender of the city, and giving a short respite for the removal of the women and children.

The Confederate major who commanded the flag party, and after Hoke's letter had been forwarded to General Palmer, talked pleasantly to the officers and men composing our outpost, and

remarked, as he could see the Gaston House from where he sat on his horse: "We will have supper in the Gaston House tonight." To this remark, Warren Haines of Company F, ever ready with his cutting wit, asked the major: "Have it hot or cold, Major?" The surrender was refused, and some time before the next morning, Hoke's army had been suddenly recalled by his government, and sent where he was of more importance than capturing Newbern.

BIRTH OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Colonel Splaine thinks that it is worth relating here that, during the very time that the gallant Colonel Amory was endeavoring to draw the fire from Hoke's position, and almost unnecessarily exposing himself in the service of his country, something of great and interesting importance was taking place at his residence across the Trent River, in the Governor Stanley House, where his wife and children resided. The something referred to was the birth to the wife of the colonel of a beautiful baby girl. Mrs. Amory, in her suffering moments, heard the booming of artillery, and asking the attending physicians and others what the noise meant, was told that it was practice day for the artillery, but the trained ear of the noble wife, who had campaigned so much with her gallant husband, could not be deceived, whereupon she exclaimed, "Those are shotted guns, and I fear the enemy is attacking our position."

The first intimation that Colonel Amory had of the happy situation was when he with his section of artillery and cavalry escort were near the county bridge. Returning from his artillery challenge to Hoke, he met one of his staff officers coming at full gallop to appraise him of the event at home. It is needless to say that Colonel Amory hurried his horse, to congratulate his wife and others there, and also to hail his new daughter, Laura Carolina Amory, the future daughter of his own regiment.

The presence of Colonel Amory at his home, and his assurance that there was no danger to the city or her family, helped Mrs. Amory to recover rapidly and they were visited and congratulated

by all the officers of rank, and by many prominent ladies from the North who were making short visits to their husbands or friends.

A few weeks afterwards, several officers of the Seventeenth visited the home of Colonel Amory to pay their respects to Mrs. Amory and to welcome the daughter of the regiment to membership in the command. There are a few officers of the regiment still alive at the writing of this sketch, who saw the baby girl before she was able to see them.

It was a season of joy and triumph for the Amory family, Laura receiving more attention than any one else, while her heroic father was being complimented by every one for his spirited attack on Hoke's army at the critical moment when Laura was born. But among all who congratulated and complimented the family, there was no one prophetically wise enough to see in the very near future how much sickness, death and sorrow awaited the Amory family.

Soon after the incidents above related, Colonel Amory was ordered to Beaufort to take command of that sub-district of North Carolina, his family going there to reside with him.

On July 17, 1864, Colonel Amory's regiment, the Seventeenth Massachusetts was mustered out after a service of three years, the veterans of the command being organized as a veteran battalion and Colonel Amory still retaining the colonelcy. The reorganized regiment a few weeks afterwards was sent to Newport Barracks, or Shepardsville, a section of the colonel's sub-district of Beaufort.

During the latter part of September, the veterans were permitted to go home on forty days' furlough, and while in the North the members learned with profound sorrow of the death of their beloved commander, his wife and her mother, all having died at Beaufort on the seventh day of October, 1864.

That terrible scourge, the yellow fever, broke out in Newbern, and soon spread to outlying districts. The scourge reached Beaufort and carried off the adult members of the Amory family, leaving the four helpless children in the hands of strangers. Fortunately there were two brothers of Colonel Amory in the Second Heavy Artillery stationed at Newbern, Major William A. and Lieutenant Robert G., who, with the prompt and active assistanc

of Colonel Jones Frankle, commanding their regiment, the Amory children were soon properly cared for, the three elder being sent to their grandparents in Jamaica Plain, Mass., while Laura, the baby, then only five months old, was sent to her aunt then residing in New York.

In a short time, Laura, in charge of a faithful and intelligent colored nurse, both accompanied by a commissioned officer, the latter armed wth letters of introduction, reached the home of the baby's aunt in New York. The door bell was rung, but a servant looking out of a window and observing the colored woman bearing in her arms a baby, called the aunt, saying "Here is a colored woman with another baby." It appears that on the day before Laura's arrival, a foundling had been found on the door-steps, and the aunt fearing that a repetition of what happened the day before was about to be enacted, promptly ordered the party away; but as the party turned to go, it was noticed that the nurse and baby had a companion, in the person of the commissioned officer, who was holding in his hand some letters.

Upon seeing this the aunt called the party back, read the letters, cordially welcomed the visitors, and at once proceeded to make her baby niece comfortable and happy. Within a year the little girl was claimed and taken home by her paternal grandparents to Jamaica Plain, Mass., where she was re-united with her older brothers and sister.

At the age of six she was adopted by her uncle, Major Charles B. Amory, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and with his family was taken to New Orleans, where the major resided during twenty years, engaged as a cotton merchant. Laura grew to be a handsome girl, and became highly educated and accomplished. She became a reigning belle among the four hundred of that southern city. In the course of time she married Thomas C. Dugan, a rich sugar merchant of that city. He died some ten years afterwards, when Mrs. Dugan became a resident, alternately, of New York, New Jersey, Jamaica Plain, Hyde Park and Wellesley. She has travelled extensively through the European countries, but of late has spent much of her time in looking after the education of her brother's children.

In 1899, she was induced to attend a reunion of the veteran soldiers of her father's regiment at Haverhill, Mass., where she was adopted as the Daughter of the Regiment. She has attended a few gatherings since, and is always a welcome guest. When she writes or speaks about the veterans of the Seventeenth, she calls them her soldiers. She never spoke a truer word, for they are to a man ready to die for her protection. She is not only the Daughter of the Regiment, but also among those warriors she reigns as their queen, and the queen of her father's own regiment, the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers.

The writer has just learned that during the spring of 1911, the Daughter of the Regiment had become the beloved wife of Hon. Amory Appleton Lawrence of Boston.

A MOONLIGHT DRILL.

In the latter part of June, 1864, the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment was tenting on the south side of the Trent River, near Newbern, N. C. The officer in command was Major Luther Day, Colonel Fellows then being a prisoner of war, and Colonel Amory in command of a brigade. At the time the event to be narrated took place, Captain Splaine was officer of the day, and having completed his rounds among his guards was sauntering towards his tent, noting as he went, what a beautiful night it was. The hour was midnight. The moon shone resplendently, and the stars seemed to sparkle with unusual brilliancy. As the captain wonderingly gazed upon the brilliant spectacle, and thought what it implied—a universe of grand and glowing orbs, no doubt the abodes of life and enjoyment—he said to himself, "Astronomy must be a fascinating and improving study. If I live through this war, I will obtain some standard works on that science, and try to understand something of its revelations."

At this moment he was rudely awakened to things terrestrial by a voice, which said, "Look here, Splaine, I want to talk with you. You have the name of being a good drill-master, and now

that we are alone, no one else to see or hear us, I want you to give me a good drilling in the manual of arms. It is something I am woefully deficient in and I am ashamed of myself for it.''

It was, indeed, a great come-down for Splaine, to be dragged from the contemplation of the heavenly bodies to a moonlight drill in the manual of arms. The voice that shattered his abstract musings came from a fellow-officer of the Seventeenth, whom we shall call Captain Squad. At a glance Captain Splaine saw that his brother officer had been making the rounds of the officers' quarters, and having finished up a pleaseant evening among hospitable friends, was in a mood to enter into any diversion, even a drill in the manual of arms.

It was well known that Splaine was not devoid of humor, and was fond of mischief, but not to injure anyone. He was always ready to help a friend, and willing to take the worst end of a joke rather than offend a brother officer, even when the latter was at his mercy.

In reply to Squad's request, he said: "Well, captain, if you get a musket, I'll do the best I can for you.''

Captain Squad went to the tent and soon returned with the desired weapon. Assuring himself that it was not loaded, Splaine chose a position with his back to the moon, making his pupil face the moonlight. The position assigned to Squad was in front of a stunted pine tree about twelve feet high, but quite bulky. Splaine addressed his pupil as he would a squad of men on drill. He began:

"Squad, take the position of a soldier under arms. Squad, shoulder arms! Present arms! Now, extend the fingers of your right hand downward a little! There, all right! Steady now! Squad, shoulder arms! Squad, order arms! Shoulder arms! Squad, support arms! Squad, shoulder arms! To fire by platoon, squad, ready, aim, fire! Recover arms! Shoulder arms!

Here the squad interrupted by asking some fool questions, but the drill master soon suppressed him by saying:

"No back talk sir; no impertinence, sir! Even if you are my superior officer, you must obey my orders while I am instructing you. Steady, squad, about face!''

This movement was not well executed, the squad making complaint that the sand where he was standing was soft and loose. Splaine said, "Never mind the sand on the ground. I want sand in the man. Steady, about face! Order arms! That's no way to do it! Do it with a snap. Shoulder arms! Squad, charge bayonets! Squad, shoulder arms! Squad, order arms!"

At this stage of the drill a voice from behind the pine tree said, in a loud and authoritative tone: "That is the durndest looking squad I ever saw!" It was the voice of Major Day, and was unwelcome, as it spoiled the fun. It ended the drill, and besides depriving Splaine of a good deal of enjoyment, it ended Captain Squad's ambition. He felt humiliated and became angry, not with himself or Major Day, but with Splaine, who neglected rest and comfort to gratify his desire. Squad was so beside himself with rage that he threw the musket at Splaine and called him, among other things the evil genius of the regiment. Splaine dodged the musket, and Squad retired to his tent, muttering curses as he went.

Major Day then wanted to know why Splaine called his friend "Squad." Splaine said he couldn't call him battalion, company or platoon because he was none of these things, and he couldn't call him recruit, for he wasn't a recruit, so he had called him "squad" in the absence of any other title, and added that he wouldn't have made much of a mistake if he had called him "awkward squad."

It wasn't more than two days before every officer in the regiment knew the story of the famous moonlight drill and the circumstances attending it, and it was not a rare thing to hear some of them singing—

"I'm a raw recruit from a country town," etc.

Captain Squad heard it, but never noticed it. He was game and took his medicine like a little man.

CAPTURE AND FATE OF A REBEL SPY.

By Wm. H. Eaton, Company B.

During the early summer of 1864, Company B, Captain Tompkins, was on outpost duty at Evans Mills, an important strategical position some six miles south of Newbern, and west of the railway running from the latter city to Morhead City. At that time the rebels were active in that section, threatening to cut off the Union forces in Newbern from communication by rail with the sea, the design evidently being to "bottle them up" in the Newbern district.

To guard against this, our forces in this section of the district were required to be particularly vigilant, especially in that section where the Evans Mills were located, and where a blockhouse had been established, and other works of a defensive character constructed. At this post also was stationed a company of the Second Carolina Mounted Infantry in command of Captain Graham.

One day the outer vidette brought in word to the picket at the inner bridge that a suspicious person had been seen lurking around for two hours or more; that the vidette had given chase to him, and that he had escaped in a swamp. This intelligence being quickly conveyed to headquarters (in the old Evans House) the company was at once ordered out and proceeded to the place where the fugitive had disappeared. This was a pond rather than a swamp, with water from knee high to waist deep. In about the center of this pond was a large hillock covered with coarse cane grass, about twelve feet high above the water surface. The company was deployed from the road on both sides of the hillock, and the men were ordered by Captain Tompkins to cross over to deep water and search the hillock thoroughly. This was done, but no one was found there.

Two members of the company, William H. Eaton (who was acting headquarter's clerk) and George Pitman, Jr., continued the search, the latter saying, "Billy, you go to the right, and I will go to the left, and make all the noise you can in the water." This suggestion was made at the rear of the hillock, and both started

again to go around it on opposite sides. As the two men came around and turned to meet each other, a strange thing happened. A man lifted his head above the water and stood up. As quick as a flash the soldiers grabbed him, Eaton by the right shoulder and Pitman by the left, and took him and his belongings onto the road. They marched him to headquarters where he was searched. In his pocket was found a waterproof tin can, in which, on oiled silk, were complete drawings of the camp and fortifications of Evans Mills, finely executed. He had with him a six-shooter carbine.

The prisoner, who did not reveal his name, was carried to Newbern, tried by courtmartial, convicted as a spy and shot.

MUSTER OUT OF THE OLD SEVENTEENTH.

About the first day of July, 1864, Major Day, then commanding the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, was notified that orders were soon to be promulgated for the muster-out of the regiment, and that it would be well to begin preparations for that event. There was also at the same time a confidential letter from General Palmer, commanding the district of North Carolina, to every commissioned officer of the regiment, asking each to state whether he would like to remain in the service instead of going home with his regiment. What the answers were, no one except the officers themselves, General Palmer and his assistant adjutant-general, ever knew.

The object of these inquries was to enable the general to select from among those signifying their desire to remain in the service, a sufficient number of suitable and efficient officers to take charge of the veteran volunteers who had re-enlisted in the field, and some recruits whose term of enlistment would run on for from about four months to two years.

The officers did not hear from General Palmer in answer to their confidential replies until the 15th of the month, and it may be assumed that while some of them may have been disappointed,

others had received even more consideration than they had expected from the general.

The preparations for the muster-out went on from day to day, until about every detail was finished, except to receive and read the official orders and muster-out rolls—requiring arduous and patient work to prepare. Government property no longer needed was invoiced to the quartermaster; officers final account, including arms, camp and garrison equipage, clothing, ammunition and other stores, had to be figured up, acted upon, and final returns made to the authorities in Washington, without whose receipt and a statement that the accounts were correct, and that the officer was not indebted to the government, the said officer could not receive his final pay.

Things went along in this way for two weeks, some of the officers and men elated at the prospect of getting home, while some of the officers were somewhat gloomy, not knowing what the outcome of their letters to General Palmer would be.

At last, on July 14th, the first order was received, and the second and final order was received on July 15th. Here they are:

HEADQUARTERS.
SPECIAL ORDERS, DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
No. 80. NEW BERNE, N. C., July 14, 1864.

EXTRACT.

I. All enlisted men of the 17th Regt. Mass. Vol. Inf'y, now on detach service, will report *in person* to Major L. DAY, commanding, regiment, *at the camp*, before twelve o'clock, M., tomorrow, the 15th inst. *This is Imperative*, and the officers now in charge of these men will be held strictly accountable for the prompt and complete execution of this order. Major DAY will report to these Head-Quarters any and every instance of failure in these men to so report. When they do arrive *they will remain in camp with their companies.*

By command of Brig. Gen'l I. N. Palmer:

J. A. JUDSON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Special Orders,
No. 81.

Headquarters.
District of North Carolina,
New-Berne, N. C., July 15, 1864.

EXTRACT.

III. The term of service of a portion of the 17th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry having expired, the following orders in execution of the provisions of Circular No. 35, current series from War Department, Adjutant General's Office, are published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

The re-enlisted men (veterans) and all recruits (drafted and volunteer), who have joined the regiment since the date of its original muster-in, except those men enlisted under the authority of the Honorable Secretary of War given to the Governor of the State of Massachusetts by telegram dated Washington, D. C., July 21st, 1862, and published in General Orders, No. 28, series of 1862, Commonwealth of Massachusetts; all those men who enlisted prior to the date of the orders referred to, and WHO RECEIVED NO BOUNTY; and to those men who enlisted in the regiment in the State of Massachusetts after its muster-in and prior to its leaving for the seat of war, will be formed into three companies of the legal maximum standard. The remainder of this same class not sufficient to form a full company will at the same time be organized as a company. The men who compose this last will be selected from those who have the least time of the whole to serve. These companies (new organization), will be designated "A," "B," "C," and "D," and will be officered by the following named officers:

Col. Thos. I. C. Amory,
Capt. Henry Splaine,
Capt. Wm. W. Smith,
Capt. John E. Mullally,
1st Lieut. Thos. F. Newton,
1st Lieut. James Splaine,
2d Lieut. Joseph A. Moore,
2d Lieut. Lewis Cann,
Assistant Surgeon G. W. Clarke.

The small company ("D") will be officered by one of the above mentioned 1st Lieutenants only.

The companies will be organized in the following manner to facilitate future musters-out:

Company "A" will be composed entirely of veterans. Company "B" will be composed of the remaining veterans, and a sufficient number of men (to complete the maximum organization —not veterans) who have the longest time to serve. Company "C" will be composed of the next class of men whose terms of service next expires. Company "D" will be composed of the remainder.

The officers will be assigned according to present rank—the senior officers to the company longest to serve.

In the expectation that the regiment will be filled up, it will retain its own designation, the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers, and the regimental colors will be retained by Colonel Amory.

All Quartermaster's property, Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipages now in the hands of the Company Commanders and not necessary for the new company will be immediately turned over to the present Regimental Quartermaster, who is hereby directed to receive the same as of such condition as he may see fit to determine. He will then turn in this, and all other Quartermaster's property for which he is responsible to the proper officer of the Quartermaster's Department at New Berne, N. C., retaining, however sufficient to provide for the comfort of the regiment on the voyage to the place of enrollment.

The necessary Ordnance and Ordnance stores, to provide for the new organization, will be transferred to the new Commandants of Companies by the officers now responsible for them to be received as of such condition as the receiving officers may see fit.

The remainder of the public property in the hands of the regiment will be taken to the place of enrollment, and there transferred to the proper officers.

These arrangements concluded, the remainder of the regiment, under the direction of the Senior Officer to be mustered out, will then proceed to the place of enrollment (via Fort Monroe,

Va.,) there to be mustered out and paid off in accordance with the Mustering Regulations of the Army.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation. "Fort Spinola" Wharf will be the place of embarkation.

IV. The Commanding General takes this occasion to express his regret at the loss of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers. The officers and men have served faithfully, and they have fairly earned the glad welcome they will surely receive in the Old Bay State.

To the veterans of the regiment he also wishes to express his regret that he is not able, at this time, to permit them to go home with their comrades; but he hopes soon to be able to grant them the furlough so long deferred.

By command of Brig. Gen'l I. N. Palmer:

J. A. Judson,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Upon receipt of the final order (dated July 15, 1864, above given) and the officers having about completed their returns and other accounts with the government, and also knowing as to whether they were going home or were to remain in the service, there was much consultation among them as to present conditions and future prospects. It was the breaking up of comrade association, which, as the time approached, caused much mutual friendly regret. Some were pleased to go home, others would have been willing to remain if chosen, while those who had been chosen to remain were proud of the honor conferred on them; but whether going home, remaining, or willing to remain, a gloom pervaded the whole camp.

Officers and men who had been together during three years of honorable service were now about to separate—some for a short time, some for a longer period, and some perhaps forever. They had shared in the pleasures and social life of the camp when relaxation was possible and permissable; they had shared in the hardships of the march, the bivouac and the battle; they had suffered hunger, thirst and other privations; they were loyal and brave together,and had been at all times ready to peril their lives,separately

or together for the preservation of the Union and the honor and glory of their country's flag.

On Saturday, July 16, 1864, it being the day after receiving the final order for muster-out, the old regiment broke camp and marched from the south side of the Trent River to Fort Spinola on the Neuse, where they boarded the steamers "New Jersey" and "Parthenion" for Fortress Monroe, on their way home to the place of enrollment for final muster-out and pay.

As the old regiment was breaking camp on that July day, it was a moving spectacle to see the officers and men who were going home and those who were to remain in the service, mingle, speak a few words, shake hands and say good bye.

Colonel Amory was not present to bid farewell to the officers and men of his regiment. If he were he would have been proud to thank his command for the honorable and efficient services which they had rendered their country, and he would wish them godspeed to their and his own state of Massachusetts. He was then on duty as commander of the sub-district of Beaufort, and could not be present.

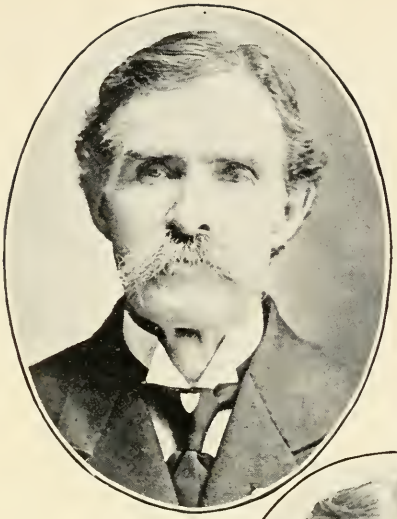
Colonel Fellows was not there to take home the regiment of his pride, or to wish the members a fond farewell. Colonel Fellows, at this time, with seven of his officers and sixty-two of his men, were languishing in Confederate prisons, as a result of having been neglected, and even deserted, by other commands in the battle of Batchelder's Creek on February 1, 1864. Some of the officers returned physical wrecks, while of the sixty-two enlisted men, fifty-eight were starved to death in Andersonville prison.

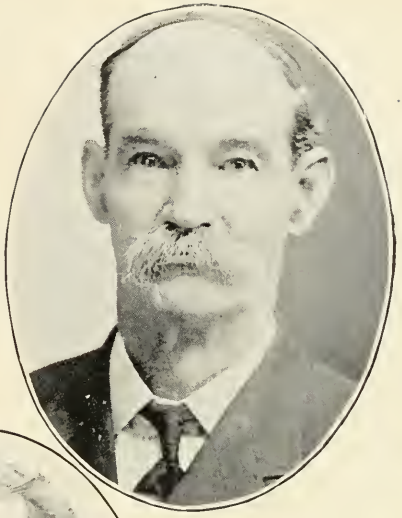
Had Colonels Amory and Fellows been present they no doubt would have told the officers and men of the regiment that they had left their state in honor, had served their term of enlistment in the field with honor and that now they would have taken them home in honor, without a single blot or stain on the character of officers or men, that no act of theirs had sullied the reputation of their splendid regiment or dimmed the lustre of a single star on the imperishable Flag they carried.

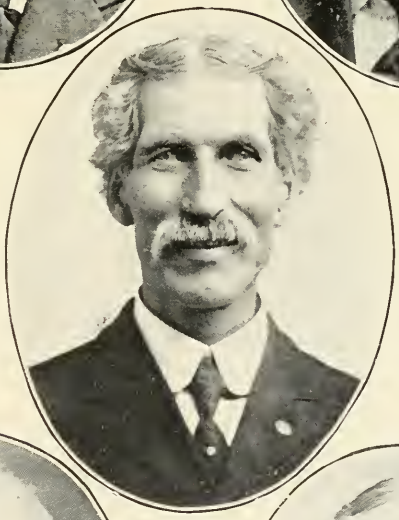
The regiment was under command of Major Luther Day, who marched it to Fort Spinola for embarkation for Fortress Monroe

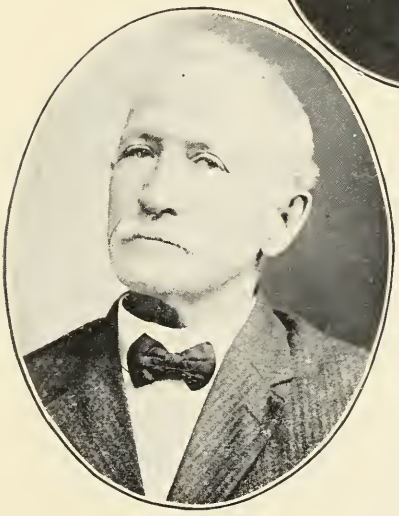
and Massachusetts. As the regiment took up their march, Captain Splaine, who was to remain in command of the veteran battalion, shouted to the officers and men who were about to become his subordinates: "Every mother's son of you—officers, men, guards, cooks and all—go to Fort Spinola, see your old comrades off, and cheer them as they go. Lieutenant Moore and I will keep camp until you return. I shall expect you all back at a reasonable hour!"

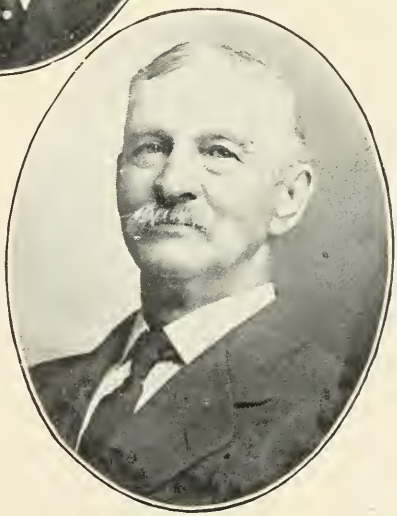
Thus ended the service in the field of the gallant old Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.











Richard Purtill.
Albert J. Cook.

Andrew P. Lewis.

Benjamin P. Rogers.
Samuel J. Ford.

CHAPTER VIII.

Birth of The New Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers —Captain Henry Splaine Assumes Command—Command Transferred to Newport Barracks—Captain Splaine in Command of Post—Altercation with Captain Graham —General Palmer Fears Attack along the Whole Line —Some Recruits Arrive—Chase of Nickerson, the Rebel Scout—Capture of Sergeant Perkins—More of Captain Graham—Capture of Captain George Bell of Confederate Army—Ordered Home on Veteran Furlough —Yellow Fever Breaks out—Death of Colonel Amory —View of Newbern after Furlough—Trading Day at Outposts—Regiment to be Filled up—Unlawful Keeping of Recruits in Second Heavy Artillery—Arrival of Lieut.-Col. Fellows, Commissioned as Colonel— Captain Graham again—General Grant and the Sentry—Many Recruits from Second Heavy Artillery— Failure of Colonel Fellows to Muster—Eight Full Companies Organized—Leaving Newport Barracks for the Field.

(An officer of the Old and New Seventeenth Regiment contributes the following in regard to the formation of the new regiment):

On July 17, 1864, the Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, having taken its departure from the seat of war, after a service of three years, for the purpose of final pay and muster-out of the United States, Captain Henry Splaine (officially) assumed command of the veterans who had re-enlisted in the field, and some recruits who had enlisted for two or three years.

The companies were organized in accordance with the provisions, of Special Order No. 81 from Headquarters, District of North Carolina, dated Newbern, North Carolina, July 15, 1864, Brigadier-General I. N. Palmer commanding.

HEADQUARTERS.
DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
SPECIAL ORDERS. NEW BERNE, N. C., JULY 15th, 1864.
EXTRACT.

III. The term of service of a portion of the 17th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry having expired, the following orders in execution of the provisions of Circular No. 36, current series from War Department, Adjutant General's Office are published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

The re-enlisted men (veterans) and all recruits (drafted and volunteer) who have joined the regiment since the date of its original muster-in, except those men enlisted under the authority of the Honorable Secretary of War given to the Governor of the State of Massachusetts by telegram, dated Washington, D. C., July 21st, 1862, and published in General Orders No. 28, series of 1862, Commonwealth of Massachusetts; all those men who enlisted prior to the date of the orders referred to, AND WHO RECEIVED NO BOUNTY; and to those men who enlisted in the regiment of the State of Massachusetts after its muster-in and prior to its leaving for the seat of war, will be formed into three companies of the legal maximum standard. The remainder of this same class not sufficient to form a full company will at the same time be organized as a company. The men who compose this last will be selected from those who have the least time of the whole to serve. These companies (new organization) will be designated "A," "B," "C," and "D", and will be officered by the following-named officers:

Col. THOMAS I. C. AMORY,
Capt. HENRY SPLAINE,
Capt. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
Capt. JOHN E. MULLALLY,
1st Lieut. THOMAS F. NEWTON,
1st Lieut. JAMES SPLAINE,
2d Lieut. JOSEPH A. MOORE,
2d Lieut. LEWIS CANN,
Asst. Surgeon, G. W. CLARKE.

The small company ("D") will be officered by one of the above mentioned 1st Lieutenants only.

The companies will be organized in the following manner to facilitate future musters-out:

Company "A" will be composed entirely of veterans. Company "B" will be composed of the remaining veterans, and a sufficient number of men (to complete the maximum organization—not veterans) who have the longest time to serve. Company "C" will be composed of the next class of men whose terms of service next expire. Company "D" will be composed of the remainder.

The officers will be assigned according to present rank—the senior officers to the companies longest to serve. In the expectation that the regiment will be filled up, it will retain its own designation,—the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers,—and the regimental colors will be retained by Colonel Amory.

All Quartermaster's property, Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage now in the hands of the Company Commanders and not necessary for the new companies will be immediately turned over to the present Regimental Quartermaster, who is hereby directed to receive the same as of such condition as he shall see fit to determine. He will then turn in this, and all other Quartermaster's property for which he is responsible to the proper officer of the Quartermaster's Department at New Berne, N. C., retaining, however, sufficient to provide for the comfort of the regiment on the voyage to the place of enrollment.

The necessary Ordnance and Ordnance stores, to provide for the new organization, will be transferred to the new commandants of Companies by the officers now responsible for them to be received as of such condition as the receiving officers may see fit.

The remainder of the public property in the hands of the regiment will be taken to the place of enrollment, and there transferred to the proper officers.

These arrangements concluded, the remainder of the regiment, under the direction of the senior officer to be mustered out, will then proceed to the place of enrollment (via, Fort Monroe, Va.), there to be mustered out and paid off, in accordance with the Mustering Regulations of the Army.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation. "Fort Spinola" Wharf will be the place of embarkation.

IV. The Commanding General takes this occasion to express his regret at the loss of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers. The officers and men have served faithfully, and they have fairly earned the glad welcome they will surely receive in the Old Bay State.

To the veterans of the regiment he also wishes to express his regret that he is not able, at this time, to permit them to go home with their comrades; but he hopes soon to be able to grant them the furlough so long deferred.

By command of Brig. Gen'l I. N. Palmer:

J. A. JUDSON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

In obedience to the provisions of the foregoing order, Captain Henry Splaine, the senior officer present, assumed command of the veterans and other enlisted men remaining in service after the muster-out of the three-years' regiment, organized them into companies and assigned the officer in the following order:

COMPANY "A."

Captain HENRY SPLAINE,
1st Lieut. JAMES SPLAINE,
2d Lieut. JOSEPH A. MOORE.

COMPANY "B."

Captain WILLIAM W. SMITH,
1st Lieut. THOMAS F. NEWTON,
2d Lieut. LEWIS CANN.

COMPANY "C."

Captain JOHN E. MULLALY,
2d Lieut. MALCOLM SILLARS.

COMPANY "D."

2d Lieut. LEWIS CANN.

2d Lieut. Joseph A. Moore was detailed as acting adjutant and acting quartermaster of the battalion.

In assigning the men to the different companies, the first official act of Captain Splaine was to assign Charles S. Bolton (of Company H, old regiment) to Company A of the new command, in justice to Bolton, who had been deprived of the right to serve in Company A, notwithstanding that the law and regulations under which he had re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer gave him that right. At the time of his re-enlistment, he and many others (too many, in fact) in other companies had chosen to serve in that company, but there was not room for them, and as a result they were remanded to their own companies. Bolton alone persisted, as his right, to serve in the company of his choice, and although he never refused duty in his own company, he made it hot for some of his superior officers because they had not done him justice. The matter became so warm that it was referred to the general commanding the district, and by him to General B. F. Butler, then in command of the department. The result of this agitation was that Bolton was held to duty in his own company, and deprived of his veteran furlough of forty days in his state.

The new command now settled down to business. The camp was remodeled and greatly reduced in size. Guard duty and company drills became the order of the day. The closest attention was paid to the comfort of the men; their uniforms and equipments were thoroughly cared for, and it is safe to say that in a few days they were fit for any service required of them.

The command, however, was destined to stay in this camp only a few days, for on July 26, 1864, in compliance with orders from District Headquarters, the battalion broke camp and proceeded to Newport Barracks, in the town of Shepardsville, some twenty-six miles below Newbern, on the line of the railroad to Beaufort, where it relieved the Ninth Vermont Regiment, Colonel Ripley,—the Ninth proceeding the same day by rail to Newbern. The battalion of the Seventeenth Massachusetts reached Newport Barracks so late that evening that the officers and men had very little opportunity to look around and see where they were at until the next day.

Upon assuming command at Newport Barracks, on July 27th, Captain Splaine found himself at the head of his own battalion, two companies of New York Cavalry—Captains Cummings and Span—one company of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery —Captain N. P. Fuller; and last, but not least, a company of the Second North Carolina Union Volunteers, commanded by the notorious Capt. G. W. Graham—making in all a command of about 700 men for Captain Splaine to look after. Graham's company was composed of loyal North Carolinans, commonly called "Buffaloes." The regiment to which this company belonged was infantry, but they were mounted and performed the duty of cavalry. They were a brave and daring set of men.

The order from General Palmer, under which Captain Splaine and his command went to Newport, instructed the captain to occupy the quarters vacated by the Ninth Vermont, the latter in turn to occupy the quarters vacated by the Seventeenth near Newbern. The Ninth Vermont had been stationed at Newport Barracks for some time, and had constructed some comfortable little huts, which afforded them good shelter during the winter months.

During Captain Splaine's first day's duty at his new post, his attention was called to some excitement among the soldiers near the quarters of the men of his battalion. On reaching the scene of the disturbance, he found that Captain Graham's men had removed many of the huts of the Ninth Vermont from the company streets, leaving them in a very irregular and dilapidated condition. They had stolen the houses while the Ninth Vermont were vacating their camp, and before Captain Splaine's men had reached it. When the captain reached the scene of disturbance, he found his men demanding the restoration of the stolen property, and Graham's men, backed by their captain, determined not to give it up. Captain Splaine asked Graham what the trouble was. The latter said his men had taken the houses from the quarters of the Ninth Vermont, and were going to keep them as they had as good a right to them as any body else. Captain Splaine cooly said:

"Now, Captain Graham, we will read General Palmer's order sending me down here to relieve the Ninth Vermont Regiment. It says: 'and to occupy their camp, and also to utilize any barracks,

houses or huts used by the said Ninth Vermont, for the purpose of comfortably sheltering your command during the winter months.' Now, you see, captain, that the order which I have quoted to you makes my command the owners of the property in dispute, and I want it restored at once. At the same time, if you feel that it would humiliate you or your men to move these huts and the lumber back, I will, if you will send your men to their quarters, have my men do the work. You know, captain, that your men and mine are fighting in the same cause, and that there is enough to do to take care of the common enemy without fighting among ourselves.''

Graham and his men were ugly. Splaine's men were not a bit angelic, and there was grave danger of a clash. If a single hostile move had been made by either side, the Lord only knows where it might have ended. Graham insisted that his men would keep what they had taken. Splaine was provoked, but maintained his temper and dignity. Finding Graham would not yield, he now asserted his authority as commanding officer, and ordered him to return the property. Graham's right hand reached for his pistol. Splaine reached for his own in a flash, and obtained a position on the right of his opponent, which is a decided advantage when two men are handling pistols. Splaine ordered Graham to send his men to their quarters, adding that he (Splaine) would send his to theirs, and that then the two officers would have a better opportunity to settle their differences. At this, Graham did order his men to their quarters, but they did not go. "Pretty discipline, captain, isn't it?'' said Splaine. "I will show you what discipline is.—Seventeenth, go to your quarters!'' and every man of them obeyed the order.

About this time, one of Graham's men approached Captain Splaine in a threatening manner, using offensive language, when to his utter astonishment he was quickly disposed of, and fell backward over a log. Much surprised at his reception, the fellow picked himself up and sought his quarters. At this stage of the affair, Capt. Splaine again asked Graham if he would send his men to their quarters. Graham said he would not restore the property, but the men could go to their quarters if they wanted to. At this Captain

Splaine shouted to Graham: "These huts are going back, even if they have to be carried over my dead body! Shall I order my men to arm and take the property by force? Or will you submit to lawful authority and act like a gentleman and an officer?"

Both officers were gripping their pistols and their eyes were flashing. The men of Captain Splaine's command, hearing his loud words, and fearing for his safety, moved like a wave towards the spot where the argument was being held. At last Graham seemed to realize that he had met a man who was not a bit afraid of him. He dropped his hand from his pistol, faced to the right, saluted Captain Splaine, and said: "Well, captain, your men are welcome to take the property. We won't have any trouble over it." Splaine's men at once began to remove the property in dispute, and before they had fully finished the work, some of Graham's men were helping them to move the little houses up the hill.

In regard to Graham, it may be said that for nearly two years he had bullied nearly every officer who had in any way antagonized him, and on more than one occasion had blackened the eyes of some of those who had opposed him, in argument or controversy over cards. He was known to have pummeled one officer of high rank so thoroughly that that gentleman was off duty many days. But when he undertook to ride roughshod over the commander of the New Seventeenth, he found a man who feared neither his fists nor his bullets. After the altercation here described, Graham behaved quite well, and things went along quite smoothly at Newport Barracks afterwards.

AT NEWPORT BARRACKS.

The new Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers settled down to business at Newport Barracks. Our organization was a battalion of four companies—A, B, and C being full to the maximum, while Company D, was, for the present, a mere squad. Recruits soon began to arrive, making Company D begin to look like a real company. Companies A and B were made up of veteran volun-

teers, while Company C was partly veteran and partly men who had enlisted for two years.

The battalion commander was busy for a few days visiting the many outposts to be guarded, and making proper distribution of his men, to secure the safety of the post. These posts had to be visited each day and night by the officer of the day, and two or three times a week by the post commander. The front to be guarded was about fourteen miles, requiring quite a number of men on duty at all times, and the active vigilance of the officers of the command. The companies were drilled regularly, and kept toned up to a high pitch of excellence. The company quarters were neatly kept, and the welfare of the men, with regard to comfortable quarters, healthful surroundings and proper supplies was at all times properly looked after by their officers.

It would have been hard at that time to find a small command like ours in such a high state of efficiency and contentment. All of the officers and a great majority of the men were veterans; all knew their duties and performed them.

GENERAL PALMER FEARED ATTACK.

The new Seventeenth Massachusetts had hardly settled down at Newport Barracks and made the acquaintance of the various commands there before it looked like active campaigning once more. On July 31, 1864, Captain Splaine, commanding the post, received a telegraphic dispatch from General Palmer, in command of the District of North Carolina, that General Ransom of the Confederate Army, was going to attack Newport Barracks as part of a general movement against Newbern and other stations held by Union troops in the State and ordered the captain to hold his command of 700 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery ready to evacuate his position. The captain at once asked for an interview with the general, which was granted. At this interview he tried to convince the general that with proper preparations he could hold his position against three times his numbers, and urged that, with Fort Ripley

as a pivot of operations, new lines of defence could be promptly established in such a manner as to protect his supply of fresh water for his command. The general, however, would not listen to any suggestions, and peremptorily ordered Splaine to carry out his original instructions.

Hardly had the captain returned from his interview when he received a confidential letter from Colonel Amory, commanding the sub-district of Beaufort, advising him that there was danger of an attack on Newport, and that he should be on the alert every minute. Then it was watch and wait, day after day and night after night—waiting for information and watching for the enemy. The officers were all tired out from such duty as patrolling the roads, visiting the pickets and detachments, some of whom were stationed miles away. At last the air cleared, and it was found that although the general movement reported as being in progress, on the part of the enemy, had actually been prepared and was about to be launched upon the various posts, something had happened to stop the whole proceeding. It was surmised at the time that the enemy's troops had probably been sent where they were more imperatively needed.

After the Ransom scare, the command at Newport Barracks settled down to their ordinary military work—company drills, guard mounting and outpost duty taking up the time of all. About this time a number of recruits for the Seventeenth arrived from Massachusetts, and the fourth company, which had heretofore, been little more than a squad, now seemed to acquire the proportions of a good, smart-looking company.

About this time, the officers of the regiment, feeling that the re-enlisted men had not been fairly treated, again made application to the general commanding for the furlough for forty days, which the law had provided for all men who had re-enlisted in the field. While awaiting the general's reply, the command was busy chasing some Confederates who had torn up the railroad tracks between Newport Barracks and Newbern.

CHASE OF NICKERSON, THE REBEL SCOUT.

Personal daring and adventure were of frequent happening among the men of the Union Army during the Civil War, and perhaps in no section of the South occupied by them were these qualities more conspicuous than in the Department of North Carolina, where the duties of a soldier were often of a desultory nature, affording opportunity for adventure in the interims of active work.

During the month of August, 1864, the reorganized Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment was then stationed at Newport Barracks (Shepardsville), N. C., and every thing being rather quiet Captain Henry Splaine, at that time in command of the battalion of veterans and other bodies of troops at that station, went on an expedition with a force of fifty cavalry, under Capt. George W. Graham, and accompanied by Captain Atwill, to Young's Cross Roads, forty-six miles distant, for the purpose of attacking, and perhaps capturing a force of Confederate cavalry known to be stationed not far from the Cross Roads.

The command started late in the afternoon, and proceeded about thirty miles before camping for the night. They stabled their horses in an abandoned church, with a few men to look after them, and with the rest of the men chose a good defensive position, and, after posting a few pickets, laid down to rest. The night passed quietly, and early in the morning the party pushed on to the Cross Roads.

They had no sooner turned into the square than Nickerson, the noted rebel scout, was encountered. No shots were then fired, but the command, without waiting for orders, rushed towards Nickerson. The daring scout refused to surrender, and turning his horse's head, made a bold attempt to escape. Captain Splaine mounted on a splendid horse, and in the lead, shouted the command: "Leave him to me!" at which order Captain Graham brought his men down to a slow gallop, and witnessed the running duel between Splaine and the fleeing scout.

The pursuer gained on the rebel, and Nickerson, finding that he was being overhauled, turned in his saddle and fired, but missed his man. Now, Splaine, aiming between his horse's ears, let go

at the scout. His fire was quickly returned, the bullet, like the first one, whizzing by Splaine's left ear. The latter fired a second shot, and the scout a third, with no better result, and finding his pursuer gaining on him, he threw his left leg over his horse's neck and made good his escape.

Nickerson's horse, finding himself riderless, slackened his speed, as did Splaine's also, and the latter now secured the horse and led him back to the command that had been slowly following him during the chase. When the captain rejoined his men, the entire party of forty-six rose in their stirrups and gave him three cheers.

Splaine had a joke on himself at the time, but kept it concealed just then. It appears that the horse ridden by him was a very powerful and fast one, and in the chase had actually run away with him, despite all his endeavors to control him. Of course, the captain was willing to try conclusions with Nickerson, but he was not a bit willing to be galloped into ambush or mayhap the enemy's camp. The slackening of Nickerson's horse saved him. The horse of the scout was slightly wounded, proving that the captain's shot was a good line one.

The command now faced about and soon afterwards crossed the White Oak River, at a point where the bridge had been burned down some time before. They had just reached the high land across the river, when they saw a man mounted on a white horse going rapidly towards the rebel camp, probably to notify them that the Yanks were coming. Splaine always believed that the man on the white horse was Nickerson, who, after escaping through the swamp, had secured a fresh mount, and was making his way to his comrades, who were in camp some two miles beyond the Cross Roads.

After Splaine's command had gone about three-quarters of a mile, they espied three mounted men coming towards them, who had evidently been sent out to ascertain the cause of the firing which had occurred in the chase. Graham drew his men into the woods, saying: "We will fire on them when they come up." Splaine shouted: "No, that would be murder!" and added: "Let us three

officers dismount, and take the three fellows when they come up, and give them a fair fight.''

The three officers dismounted, crossed the road, and took up a position nearly opposite that of the company, where they waited the coming of the three Confederates. As they approached, Sergeant Perkins in command, said to his comrades: "Say, fellows, what if the Yanks are in the woods?'' At that moment the three officers rose up and demanded surrender. Sergeant Perkins aimed and fired at Captain Splaine, but missed him. His carbine was now empty, and Splaine covered him with his six-shooter, ordering: "Throw up your hands, or I'll bore a hole through you.'' Seeing that he was slow in coming to time, the captain shot the tall, sugar-loaf hat off the sergeant, to remind him of what was coming if he didn't surrender. The sergeant then quickly dismounted and surrendered.

In the meantime, Captain Graham and Atwill were having conclusions with their men, who absolutely refused to surrender and dashed away to freedom. Graham jumped into the saddle of Perkins and gave chase. Splaine, taking charge of the cavalry, ordered three men to look after the prisoner and the horses of Graham and Nickerson, and started after Graham and the "rebs,'' who were riding for their lives in advance of them. Shortly after this, Graham saw something which frightened him, and wheeling about shouted: "Get out of here! They have fixed a trap for us!'' "What is it?'' demanded Splaine, "for if they don't greatly outnumber us, we will give them a hot battle.'' Graham explained that the enemy was strong, and had arranged a pitfall into which the Union horses would fall if the pursuit was continued.

Graham now insisted upon retiring by a ford across the river close to where the command then was, but the captured sergeant assured the officers that the ford was then impassable, owing to recent rains, which had swelled the river. Graham tried it, however, and found that the sergeant had told the truth. Graham, then, anxious to learn the strength of the Confederates asked the sergeant how many men he had up there, to which the latter replied: "I reckon there are about twenty-five.'' Graham told the man he was lying, and if he wouldn't tell him the truth he would

blow his head off. Graham meant it. The prisoner did something and said something, which aroused the pity of Splaine, who spurred his horse between the two men, saying: "Graham, I command here, and as an honorable man I must protect my prisoner." Graham scowled and said: "Would you take the part of a d——d rebel?" To which Splaine made answer that while he would not yield the palm to any man on earth in the matter of loyalty to the Union cause, he would not allow any man to murder a defenceless prisoner. He added: "If you are thirsting for honorable battle, follow me, and I will lead the command against the Johnnies up yonder."

After a while Graham cooled down, and then the whole command recrossed the White Oak River and took up the march for camp, calling, however, at the opposite side of the ford, where Graham had stationed a sergeant and five men earlier in the day to guard against any attempt of the enemy to cross the ford in the rear of the command. Upon reaching the ford it was found that the guard had disappeared, and the officers were puzzled as to whether they had not fallen into the enemy's hands or had made their way to the home camp.

The facts were, that the guard, hearing the firing and seeing nothing of their friends, became alarmed, and believing that the whole command had been captured, made their way as fast as they could and gave the alarm in camp.

When the three officers, with the cavalry, arrived in camp that night, they found the place in an uproar. Capt. W. W. Smith, in command during Captain Splaine's absence, had 150 veterans in line, and was about to march to the rescue of the missing troop and officers. When the command reached camp the "vets" were returned to their quarters and thanked for their willingness to help their comrades. The prisoner, Sergeant Perkins, was a member of the Sixth Georgia Cavalry, or First Confederate Regulars. He was a good, respectable fellow, and was treated well by Captain Splaine and went away to prison the next day.

Captain Splaine though tired after his ride of ninety-four miles, fearing that the enemy might follow and make trouble for his pickets, secured a fresh horse and visited the outposts of his command, which required a ride of twelve miles. He told the

guards what had happened during the day, and cautioned them not to be caught napping. He had ridden 106 miles in thirty hours, and taking out eight hours for sleep and time to eat, was in the saddle by actual count twenty-two hours. During the day he had had two single-handed encounters, capturing Sergeant Perkins and horse, and the horse of Nickerson.

Captain Atwill was a brave and gentlemanly fellow, and afterwards became colonel of an infantry regiment. Graham was a brave, but a bad man. He wouldn't halt at murder. He never halted at robbery. He was a scourge to the poor people inhabiting the netural zone. Wherever he went with his command, if not accompanied by a superior officer or some other command, he robbed and pillaged and sometimes committed arson, or perhaps even a worse crime. It is true that he was brave and did some good fighting, and his success enabled him to deceive the commanding general, who gave him *carte-blanche* to go about wherever he wanted to, not knowing, however, that he was a ravening wolf in sheep's clothing, and that wherever he went as a lone and independent command, he left a trail of misery and desolation behind him. He finally received his deserts, however, for he met a most miserable and dishonorable death.

It appears that, after the close of the Civil War, Graham was commissioned a captain of cavalry in the regular army, and later on was promoted to major. Up to his old tricks, he sold government horses and sold them as his own property. After a time, he was detected, courtmartialed and sent to prison. He was to marry an estimable lady the evening of the day on which he was arrested. The marriage never took place.

Some time afterwards he made his escape, and raised a small band of robbers who stopped at nothing. Among their daring crimes was the robbery of an army paymaster on his way to pay off some troops. The Graham gang wounded some of the guards and drove the others away, then robbed the paymaster, after wounding him, of all the money he had. This was in the western country. Soon after this, Graham organized a large body of desperadoes, attacked a mining camp, drove the miners out, and then worked the mine for himself and companions. The owners

made their case known to the authorities in that region, who, in a short time, raised a large posse and went for Graham and his gang. The commander placed a large body of men in ambush on the only road over which Graham could retreat, and with the main body of his forces attacked the desperadoes. Both sides lost men in the fight, but the Graham party was routed. Graham and his surviving men took to the only road open to them and rushed along it, hoping to escape; but the men in ambush opened fire on them, Graham among others being killed, several bullets having entered his body. Others of his gang were killed or wounded and only a few of the party effected their escape.

Graham was given many credit marks for acts of bravery during the Civil War, but there was one given him which he did not deserve. At the battle of Goldsboro, General Foster desired that the railroad bridge across the Neuse River should be burned, and detailed Captain Graham for the task. Graham made the attempt, and, although wearing the uniform of a Confederate officer, failed to burn the bridge. He ran down the track towards the bridge, with the portfire in his hands, to set it on fire, but the rebel fire was so hot that he soon returned pell-mell, and jumped behind a log lying beside the track, saying the place was too hot, and it was no use to try it, as it could not be done.

Following this failure, Colonel Fellows of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, received an order to destroy the bridge. He detailed Barnabas N. Mann to take volunteers from the regiment to do the work. When a call for volunteers for this work was made, there was no lack of response. Selecting his men, the lieutenant went to the bridge, set fire to it, and while returning to the regiment, was shot in the abdomen.

The truth of this statement was often vouched for by Colonel Fellows and other officers of the regiment, and is now confirmed by Colonel Henry Splaine, who commanded Company A at the battle of Goldsboro, and who witnessed the whole affair from first to last. Lieutenant Mann recovered from his wound, if it could be called a recovery, for he never was a well man after, and in a few years died from the effects of that injury received while per-

forming the heroic feat for which the credit was claimed by another —Graham.

Even at this late day, Colonel Splaine names the two men from his company who, with other volunteers, accompanied Lieutenant Mann and fired the bridge. These men of Company A, were Willard Edmands of Saugus and Lewis F. Besse of Chelsea.

CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

Still tiring of inactivity at Newport Barracks, Captain Splaine determined to make a trip to the enemy's territory across Pamlico Sound. For this purpose he took with him Captain Graham and ten picked men of the latter's command (loyal North Carolinas). All were well mounted and armed to the teeth. They left the camp just before sundown, August 24, 1864. After a ride of ten miles they met the first excitement of the expedition. They entered a gorge or gully, the descent into which was deep on both sides. As they were about to make the ascent from it, they were startled by a wierd sight; it looked as though a command of giants had suddenly sprung from the soil, and with huge and dangerous looking implements of war, perhaps to wipe out of existence any Yankee force that might be encountered. If Captain Splaine's command had been superstitious, they could not be blamed if they ran away. Instead, the order was: "Halt, Ready!" and then the commander dashed forward, and cried, "Halt! Who goes there?" An answer came back: "It is us, Massa. Who is yous?" "Stand! Advance one, and be recognized!" The leader came forward and explained that he and his companions were a party of colored men riding home from a farm, which they were working on shares. They were mounted on mules, and what, in the atmospheric mirage, which made giants of the riders and mules, look like terrible weapons of destruction, were really only longhandled hoes, spades, forks, etc. To the little force in the gully, the peaceable darkeys presented a truly formidable appearance. It was a dark place, and almost entirely covered by tall trees. The soldiers now stood aside and let the cavalcade march by.

After this experience, the command proceeded about ten miles and went into camp for the night, one man being placed on guard,with orders to awake a certain man in one hour and put him on guard, and to so change guards until morning. The party moved forward quite early, reaching South River in good time, where they found a scow on which they crossed over. Here they found some colored people whom they could trust, and placing their horses in charge of their new friends, they proceeded further on. They soon found a serviceable sloop of about thirty tons, commanded by its owner, assisted by a negro sailing master, who was a competent mariner.

In this sloop the party crossed Pamlico Sound, landing at Smith's Creek the following forenoon. They found the negro sailing master to be loyal, but would not trust the owner. During the sail across the Sound, they found an opportunity to talk to the sailing master, who promised loyalty and obedience. When about to leave the sloop at Smith's Creek to go a short distance inland, Captain Splaine gave the negro a spare pistol, with orders, "If the owner of this sloop attempts to sail away, leaving us at the mercy of the enemy, it will be your duty to overpower him and hold the boat for us."

On landing, the party found themselves at the door of a fine mansion. As they were about to ask for a drink of water, a stately woman came forward and asked if there was a commissioned officer in the party. Upon being answered that there were two, she demanded their protection. Captain Splaine assured her that no harm would come to her, her family or her property, and remarked as a bit of strategy, that his command was only the advance guard of a large body of men whom he expected along soon.

The party now moved rapidly forward, and halted at a farm house to rest, and where they ate some watermelons. The only occupant at the time was Miss Betsey, who was very communicative and of an inquiring mind. She didn't get much information from any of the party, however.

The men had purchased some nice watermelons of Miss Betsey and had seated themselves in the yard to eat them, Graham and his men seating themselves in the shade of a high

board fence. Captain Splaine, however, always on the lookout against trouble, seated himself on the steps of the front door, in the glowing sun, but from which position he had a full view of all approaches to the house.

They had not been long seated when Splaine discovered someone approaching. The newcomer proved to be a handsome Confederate officer, well mounted. He rode slowly to the gate at the highway end of a private road leading up to the house, stooped from his saddle, unlatched the gate, rode in and latched it again. He then rode slowly up to the gate in the high board fence, and as his horse poked its nose over the fence, he shouted, "O Betsey! Open the gate!" From the first, Captain Splaine had watched the movements of the newcomer. He saw that he had locked himself in, as all the fences were too high for his horse to jump.

Just before the Confederate officer and reached the gate to the yard, Splaine signaled to his companions to keep still, and drawing his pistol, reached the interior gate at the same moment that the call to Betsey was made. Splaine and the newcomer reached the gate at the same time, the former saying to the Confederate: "My prisoner. Pass me that pistol, butt foremost; and be very careful how you do it; for if you attempt any funny business, I will blow your head off."

The Confederate officer was a handsome and dignified gentleman, but did not like to surrender his pistol. Evidently believing his would-be captor was alone, and thinking that surrender under such circumstances would be disgraceful, he hesitated and fumbled with his weapon, hoping to finally get the drop on his adversary, and make him the prisoner or kill him.

All this time Splaine didn't blink an eye, but kept a steady gaze on the Confederate. Finally becoming impatient at the dilatory tactics of the latter, he commanded an immediate surrender of the pistol or he would fire. Becoming satisfied that further delay was useless, the Confederate surrendered his pistol, butt foremost. Upon receiving the surrender of the officer, Captain Splaine ordered Graham's men to open the gate, and take possession of rider and horse.

When the prisoner dismounted and surveyed his captor, he said, "Are you not Captain Splaine?" The latter gave an affirmative answer, and in turn inquired: "How do you know me, sir?" The prisoner answered "I saw you at my father's house when I was last home on leave of absence." "Where does you father live, and what is his name?" "He resides near your camp at Newport Barracks, and his name is Jabez Bell," the prisoner answered. "Then you are Captain George Bell?" said Captain Splaine. The prisoner said he was, and added that when at home the last time he had spared his captor's life. Being asked how it happened, Bell explained the matter. He said, "You rode out to my father's house one day, dismounted, and after securing your horse, seated yourself near my father on the piazza. As I saw you coming, I ran into the barn, where I found a loaded musket, which I aimed at you." "Why didn't you fire, George?" said Splaine. "I thought it would be murder, and desisted."

At this, Splaine said: "Well, Captain Bell, one good turn deserves another, and on our way back to Newport Barracks, we will stop at your father's house, have dinner there, give you an opportunity to meet your father, mother, and your sisters Alice and Susie. We will make a long stop there, to give you an opportunity to talk all you want to with your folks; but remember that I won't let you go into that barn." Captain Bell and Graham and his men laughed heartily at this sally.

When Captain Bell arrived at that interior gate and called on Betsey to open it, he received no response. Instead of answering his summons, she was running as fast as her dainty feet could carry her, across the country to notify Captain Bell's men of his capture. Captain Splaine, noting her movement, said to Graham: "Let us get out of this cage, and take up a position nearer our boat."

Splaine walked with Bell and treated him kindly, but at the same time was drawing from him all the information he could. He gathered from him that his command was collecting supplies for General Lee's army and shipping the stores northward as rapidly as possible. Splaine finally said: "On your honor, captain, how many men have you over yonder?" Bell said he had twenty-five

men, well mounted and armed with carbines. "Have they any pistols, captain?" asked Splaine.— "No pistols," was the reply.

Having reached the cross-roads, Splaine now said to Graham: "There are twenty-five of them armed with carbines. There are twelve of us armed with revolvers. We will give them battle if they follow us." A proper disposition was now made the little band; but after waiting a whole hour and finding no enemy in sight, the party marched to the landing, where they found their negro sailor and his master awaiting their return. The party tried to hoist Captain Bell's horse into the sloop, but, failing in this, made a present of the animal to Mrs. Smith, for whose family the creek had been named.

The party set sail, recrossed Pamlico Sound, reaching South River next morning. Captain Splaine noticed that Captain Bell had his pockets well filled with some substance, and ordered him to show what he had in them. He had many letters from officers and men in Lee's army to their folks in the country where Bell and his men were collecting supplies. Of course, Splaine took possession of them, and when opportunity offered read them all. While the letters contained no information as to army movements, many of them were interesting reading, as showing the straits to which even Lee's army was driven in the matter of supplies, to say nothing about comforts and luxuries.

The party landed near a poor-looking farmhouse, and inquired of the woman if she would kindly prepare breakfast for them, and they would pay her well for her trouble. She made answer that she had nothing more than she and her children needed. Captain Splaine's party produced bacon and coffee, and asked the woman to cook the bacon and fry some eggs, which she did.

While breakfast was cooking, Splaine was reading the letters he had taken from Bell. Among them, curiously enough, he found one from the husband of their hostess, addressed to her. The letter was full of love, loyalty and sympathy for his family. He was sorry to know how poor they were, but he hoped for better times. He told how poorly Lee's army was provided for—with little coffee or sugar; but that the little he was getting, he was saving for his wife, and would bring it home soon, as he expected to get a

furlough. He referred most tenderly to his wife's physical condition, and hoped to be home to help her through her trouble.

After breakfast, Captain Splaine told his hostess that he had a letter for her from her husband. She was startled and alarmed, fearing that her guest intended harm because her husband was a Confederate soldier. But the captain spoke kindly to her, when she felt reassured and became calm. She read the letter, and then calling her little ones around her, read their father's letter to them. They all wept, and thanked Captain Splaine for the letter.

The captain paid her more than well for the meal, and then turned over to her all the supplies his party had with them. The party now re-crossed South River on the same old scow, resumed their march, and when night came, took shelter in a block-house occupied by a negro family, consisting of father and mother and six children. They all bunked together on the floor, under the only window in the building. Splaine and Graham secreted their pistols, laid down on the middle of the floor, had the prisoner lie between them, and cautioned him that if he attempted to escape from the building the guards outside would shoot him down.

There were, as a matter of fact, no guards outside or inside. The party had gone for two days and two nights without sleep, and in that warm August weather it was hard to resist the temptation to sleep. Some time during the night, Bell, finding the two officers sound asleep, got up from between them, reached the window, threatening the negroes with death if they uttered a cry, placed his hands on the window-sill, and plunged head first through the window. He escaped.

The sleeping captains were awakened by the breaking of the window and the cries of the colored people. It was too late, however. The bird had flown. The officers went out, found their men sound asleep and made up their minds that pursuit was useless. They returned to the block-house, taking their men with them, and finished their much-needed sleep.

After a breakfast of hog and hominy,—which was paid for,—an early start was made the next morning. At noontime, after a lively ride, they reached the home of Captain Bell's people, where they were served with dinner. During the meal, Captain Splaine

told the family of his adventure with Captain Bell, but before he could finish the relation, Miss Alice cried out: "Where is my brother? Have you murdered him?" Splaine replied: "Oh, no! Americans don't murder. They fight, as true soldiers should. We captured your brother and brought him across Pamlico Sound, and we intended to bring him here to see you all, but while we were sound asleep he made his escape."

At this, Alice clapped her hands gleefully, and said: "I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" At this Splaine said, jokingly: "You little rebel," Alice replied: "Call me a rebel or anything you want to, but I can't help saying that I am glad my brother has escaped."

After dinner, the scouting party rode into their own camp, where they had a much-needed rest.

During the sail across Pamlico Sound, Captain Bell, in a spirit of friendship, said: "Captain Splaine, you are too fond of riding alone through the country around Newport Barracks. Stop it, or you will come to grief. Don't tempt the goddess too far." Splaine did not forget that warning.

On the heels of this excitement came the unwelcome rumor that yellow fever had broken out in Newbern. On September 24, 1864, Captain Splaine received orders to take his veteran volunteers home to their State for forty days. The captain visited General Palmer and Surgeon-in-chief Hand at Newbern, to find out the truth of the rumors about yellow fever, and so convinced was he of the danger that he wouldn't allow any one to land from a train at Newport Barracks. Even Captain Graham was peremptorily refused permission to visit the city. Every precaution consistent with military duty was taken to guard the command against the awful peril, which had now begun to assume dangerous proportions. Pine branches were kept burning in the company streets day and night, and at reveille each morning the men were served with hot coffee with a "stick" in it.

Final orders came to start North with the veteran volunteers, but Captain Splaine prevailed upon General Palmer to permit him to take transport at Fort Spinola wharf, so as to avoid going into

Newbern. By these means the battalion went North and returned without the loss of a single man. Lieutenant Malcolm Sillars was left in command of the recruits, Lieut-Colonel Curlis of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, commanded the Post.

The battalion sailed from Fort Spinola Wharf September 23, 1864, making Fortress Monroe on the 25th. Several hours' delay occurred here, until Captain Splaine communicated by telegraph with General Butler, who was at Bermuda Hundreds. General Butler authorized the battalion to proceed, and said the leaves of absence for the officers would follow by mail to Boston. The battalion reached Boston, September 28th, and was entertained in Faneuil Hall by Mayor Lincoln. Colonel Fellows was present, having been exchanged, to welcome his old comrades-in-arms.

While the officers and men were at home enjoying themselves they received the sad news that Colonel Thomas I. C. Amory had died at Beaufort, N. C., of yellow fever, on the seventh day of October, 1864.

A short time after this, Captain Splaine was commissioned major, upon the recommendation of Colonel Fellows, then an exchanged prisoner of war, and employed on special work, at the State House, Boston, Mass., by Governor Andrew.

The furlough of the command expired just before presidential election, and the battalion was retained in Massachusetts, so that the men might vote for the candidate of their choice, the candidates being Abraham Lincoln on the Republican ticket, and General McClellan on the Democratic ticket.

The command started from Boston, November 10th, reaching New York the following day, and waited there for transportation until the 16th, when passage was secured on the "El Cid" transport, and arrived at Newbern on Sunday, November 20th, at 10 A. M., and at Newport Barracks the same night.

RETURN TO NEWBERN AFTER FURLOUGH.

When they arrived at Newbern, after a furlough of forty days, in their home state, the officers and many of the men of the re-

organized Seventeenth Regiment had an opportunity to see the city as it appeared after the scourge of yellow fever, which had lasted nearly two months. In that time, many officers and men of the army, civilians in the employ of the government, and a number of the unfortunate inhabitants of the place, went down to untimely graves. Among the soldiers who died there, the Seventeenth lost a number who had been on detached service when the regiment went home on veteran furlough, and who preferred to remain at their posts rather than go home with their comrades.

When the command was going on furlough, Captain Splaine urged every man so detailed to join the command, and told them it was a good opportunity to avoid some contagious disease which was then prevalent in the city; but they didn't heed the warning advice. Nearly every man of them died. When the dread disease of yellow fever became established in Newbern, some of the superior officers of the garrison found it convenient to go to other sections of the department, and by this move were, perhaps, fortunate enough to save their lives.

To the returning officers and men of the Seventeenth the city presented a desolate and forbidding appearance. Many houses had been burned in efforts to stop the spread of the disease, leaving the bare chimneys to mark their former existence, while the remaining houses were black from the smoke of fumigation. Even the trees showed the effects of fumigation, being blackened and leafless, and everyone seemed in despair. The troops and surviving civilians seemed sorrow-stricken and disheartened, and looked as if they had been deserted and neglected.

To form an adequate idea of Newbern, as seen by the officers and men of the command on that Sunday, November 20, 1864, one would only have to recall the awful picture in Byron's "Darkness."

The officers and men of the Seventeenth now learned for the first time the full extent of the misfortunes which had come to Colonel Amory and his family. The colonel had died. His wife and mother also died, leaving three beautiful children. Fortunately their uncles, R. Gordon Amory, and his brother Major William A. Amory (both commissioned officers in the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery), were in Newbern, and, with Colonel Frankle,

looked after the children. If the officers of the Seventeenth had been present at the time of the deaths in the Amory family, they would have rendered every assistance in their power to the bereaved ones. The youngest of the children, Laura Carolina, the "Daughter of the Regiment," was at the time only five months old.

Back at Newport Barracks, the Seventeenth again settled down to military life, and soon became more efficient than ever in all things pertaining to their duties.

NEWBERN DURING THE RAVAGES OF YELLOW FEVER.

By Roland F. Lewis.

After re-enlisting, I was detailed to General Harland's headquarters, and assigned to the sanitary department, as yellow fever and small-pox were then raging in and about Newbern. I was placed in charge of a force of four hundred and fifty colored men, with orders to clean up the city and restore it to a sanitary condition. With this force I di stributedsome two hundreddcarloads of lime about the yards of houses in and about the city, cut down the trees, and at night burned over two hundred barrels of turpentine and about five hundred cords of wood.

My instructions were to keep the city enveloped in smoke in order to destroy the germs of the fever. I saw my comrades dying every day. One of them I recall, was Sol Parks of the 23d Massachusetts Regiment, who died of the black vomit at my headquarters. He was a Newburyport boy. I visited the Foster and Stanley General Hospitals.

At the time when the Seventeenth went home on veteran furlough General Harland requested me to remain with him, which I did, and after the city was cleared of fever, I came home on furlough. The men in the government harness shop, who had yellow fever, recovered and returned to work. These men made a full set of horse equipments and presented them to me for the many little acts of kindness I had rendered them while they were sick with the fever. The great fire on Middle Street, in Newbern, broke

out while I had charge of the pump department and cisterns of the city. It destroyed a great amount of property, including a large hotel and many business establishments.

On my return from furlough, in company with Henry Dixey, whom we always called "Duchey," we took the United States steamer "Undine," commanded by Captain Simmons, to go through the Dismal Swamp Canal. We were frozen in the canal, and in company with the whaler, "General Shepley," remained there some two weeks before we could proceed.

TRADING DAY AT THE POST.

Among the "institutions" at the post was one known as "Trading Day," which meant that on Wednesdays the people residing in the neutral zone were permitted to come to a certain place just inside the picket line for the purpose of swapping products of their farms and industries for certain necessaries and comforts of life furnished by northern traders from within. All of this was done under the supervision of Captain Splaine, who was careful to see that no goods contraband of war went out, which could be used by the armed enemy. Many of the outsiders would come near the trading post on Tuesday evening, and remain on the roadside over night, so as to commence trading in the morning.

On one of those Tuesdays, Captain Splaine rode far outside the trading post to see for himself what sort of people he was dealing with, and as he was about to turn back, he noticed a man about half a mile away coming towards him. The captain drew his horse into the woods, and as the man came in front of him, rode out briskly. He halted the man, asked who he was and where he was going.

The stranger seemed greatly surprised, but answered that he was going down to the trading post. He was reminded that Tuesday was not trading day, and was asked what he had to sell. He replied that he had nothing to sell, but expected to see some friends there. He was asked if he was not a Confederate soldier, and replied that he was not. Captain Splaine noticing that he had something bulky in his inside pocket, demanded to be shown

what was there. The fellow objected, saying that what he had was his private property. The captain then said that he would march him in as a prisoner of war.

This intimation brought the fellow to his senses, and he consented to show quite a number of letters for persons inside the lines, but in passing over the letters, he slipped one from the bunch, and by a quick movement, secreted it in his clothing. "That letter, sir!" shouted the captain. The fellow declared it was only a letter from his mother. "That letter, sir, or I march you in a prisoner!"

The letter was reluctantly surrendered. It was addressed to "Capt. George W. Graham, Newport Barracks." That was enough for Captain Splaine, who demanded to know who had sent it. The answer was that a farmer some miles outside had asked him to deliver it to Graham at the trading post. The captain ordered the fellow to face about and not come near the trading post until the next day.

Upon his return to camp that afternoon, the captain read the letters he had taken from the fellow, and when he came to the one addressed to Captain Graham, he found that it was from Captain McDuffie of the Confederate Army, suggesting plans to further a former scheme, by which Graham was to ship through the Union lines certain important army supplies, and that the payment was to be in gold.

Captain Splaine kept his own counsel, but rode out to the trading post the next morning, and to his surprise found Captain Graham ahead of him, and in very earnest conversation with the man from whom he had taken the letters the day previous. The two captains saluted and spoke very pleasantly, although Graham must have known that Splaine held a secret which meant hanging if divulged.

The Captain McDuffie referred to had married a Miss Jones, who was the sister of Captain Graham' s adopted wife.

After the incident just related Captain Splaine studiously avoided riding into the country alone with Graham, and the latter was more than kind and attentive to his commander thereafter.

Why was not Graham hanged? To this question Splaine answered: "Don't ask such questions. 'Pity, forgive and forget.'"

December 12. Rumors are rife that the regiment is to be filled up, and that many of the officers of the old regiment are coming back. Early in December Captain Splaine tried to muster on his commission as major, but was refused muster on the ground that, according to army regulations, a battalion of only four companies could not have a major. It could, however, have a lieutenant-colonel. Whereupon the captain wrote to General Grant, stating the facts, and asking for an order to muster as major, and on the same day wrote to Governor Andrew, asking for a commission as lieutenant-colonel. General Grant, who was never overfond of red tape, sent the order for Captain Splaine to muster as major, and the same mail brought a commission as lieutenant-colonel. The captain, never liking the position of major, chose to be mustered as lieutenant-colonel, and was so mustered December 19, 1864.

December 23. The fleet intended for attack on Wilmington has put in at Beaufort, and our trains are busy carrying them fresh water.

December 25. Our fleet is bombarding Fort Fisher. We hear their guns plainly.

December 28. Received copy of orders from the War Department for the transfer of several hundred men from the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, there being several hundred too many men in that regiment. (This transfer was brought about by Colonel Fellows, formerly lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and recently an exchanged prisoner of war.)

January 2, 1865. First Lieut. Joseph A. Moore made adjutant, and on the 7th, Lieut.-Colonel Splaine relieves Lieut.-Colonel Curlis, Splaine being made provost marshal of the whole command and Charles E. Flanders, Company "D," clerk and assistant.

January 9. General Palmer orders the retention of 150 of the surplus men to be transferred to the Seventeenth from the Second

Heavies, to fill vacancies which "might occur." (This is in direct violation of the order from the War Department.)

January 15. Plainly heard the bombardment of Fort Fisher.

January 16. Received 37 men, being the first of the surplus ordered from the Second Massachusetts Heavy, and on January 17th there came 73 more. Company E is now organized, making five companies to date.

January 18. General Palmer issued a special order for the retention of 50 additional surplus men in the Second Heavy, to fill vacancies made by prisoners of war. (Upon receipt of this order, Colonel Splaine wrote to Governor Andrew, telling him about the measures adopted in Newbern, to prevent the carrying out of the governor's wishes and the order of the War Department. It will be seen that General Palmer's first order retained 150 men in the Second Heavy to fill vacancies which might occur, and that his second order retained 50 men to fill vacancies made by prisoners of war. Now, these 200 men would have made the Seventeenth 1,000 strong, and Colonel Fellows could have mustered as colonel, for the new regulations provided that no more commissioned officers could be mustered unless the commands to which they were assigned were up to the maximum number of men. Each new company organized had, by orders from the War Department, to be of the full strength of 100 men, so that when all who were transferred from the Second Heavy were assigned, there were only eight full companies, which precluded Colonel Fellows from being mustered as colonel.)

January 20. Colonel John F. Fellows, commissioned colonel of the regiment by Governor Andrew, arrived in camp, and was warmly greeted by the officers and men.

(Now rumor had it that a number of the officers who had gone home with the old regiment, were being recommissioned for the new one, which was regarded as an injustice to the ones who remained in the service, and feeling ran so high that Captain Smith and Lieutenants Moore and Cann threatened to resign. Colonel Splaine fully informed Colonel Fellows of all that was going on in Newbern, called his attention to the special orders of General Palmer to keep 200 men on the waiting list of the

Second Heavy Artillery, and suggested that he inform Governor Andrews of what had been and was being done. This Colonel Fellows did, but no one knew what the answer was, or what action the governor had taken.)

CAPTAIN GRAHAM ONCE MORE.

About this time (the latter part of January, 1865), a Confederate blockade runner for Wilmington, having lost her bearings, owing to bad weather, ran on the beach in Bogue Sound, about fourteen miles south of Fort Macon and about eight miles distant from Newport Barracks. The crew of the vessel made their escape into rebeldom, taking with them as much money as they could conveniently carry. She had taken a cargo of cotton to England and was returning with a load of war material and plenty of gold coin. She was now taken possession of by Union troops from Fort Macon, and a few days afterwards, a force of men from the gunboats at Newbern, was sent to look after the ship.

Unloading had continued several days, until it had become common knowledge that a large amount of gold coin was being taken from the ship, and was being carefully guarded. One night, there being no moon, and things appeared gloomy along the shore, the guards were surprised by a party of Confederates on the bluff shore, who opened a fusilade upon them. The guards, fearing they would be overpowered and captured, fled, leaving the enemy in possession. They remained long enough in possession to get away with a few thousand dollars in gold, and nothing else.

About two weeks after this, quite a display of gold coin was made by Graham's men and they seemed anxious to get rid of it, dollar for dollar, for paper money. A five dollar gold piece could be bought for five dollars in bills, when, as a fact, it was worth more than double the amount at the time.

This news reached Colonel Splaine's ears, and he immediately investigated the affair. The inference he drew was that Graham and some of his men made their way out of camp that night and personating the Confederates, frightened the guards away, and then

plundered as they pleased, but took nothing but coin. Splaine promptly conveyed to his superior officers his impressions of the robbery but met with nothing but unsatisfactory encouragement, and leaving the case in their hands, it seemed to fade from the minds of everybody.

January 23. Hospital Steward Cotting, who remained by Adjutant Cheever, when the latter was supposed to be mortally wounded at the battle of Batchelder's Creek, February 1, 1864, and who was released from rebel prison only a few days ago, reported for duty. He was promptly recommended by Colonel Splaine for a commission (which he received a few days afterwards).

January 26. Nine deserters from Company B, Seventeenth North Carolina Confederate Regiment, arrived in camp and were properly disposed of.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE SENTRY.

At daybreak, on Sunday, January 28, 1865, while Private Herbert Splaine was on guard at the wharf at Moorehead City, he noticed two boats approaching the landing, that seemed to have Union soldiers on board. As the boats drew nearer, he could see that the occupants were commissioned officers, though they wore overcoats such as the enlisted men generally wore. The sentry hailed the party and ordered them to halt, one to land and give the countersign. The answer was: "Commissioned officers without the countersign." The sentry then ordered: "Heave to, and send one officer ashore to be recognized." Whereupon a captain came ashore and the sentry being satisfied that everything was all right, said "Advance, officers." At this command, about twelve officers landed. After looking around a moment, one, who appeared to be in authority, inquired of the sentry if there was a telegraph office near by, and being told there was not, he asked how near was the nearest commissioned officer of the command. The sentry replied that he was about three miles away. Then the officer in authority said "Sentry, give your musket to Captain ————, who will do guard duty while you are gone, and bring a commissioned officer to me at once." The sentry

said: "Oh, no, sir; I wouldn't dare do that." And when asked why not, he said, "That brother of mine would kill me for doing it." When asked who his brother was, his answer was: "Colonel Splaine, in command of my regiment." The officer said "I guess your brother must be a strict disciplinarian." The sentry answered: "Yes, sir." The officer then inquired the sentry's name, and the answer was: "Herbert, sir." The officer then said "Herbert, give your musket to the captain, and take his pistol. Go rapidly, capturing the first conveyance you can find, and keep going until you find a commissioned officer, and bring him to me." Herbert remonstrated, saying he could not do it. Whereupon the officer threw back his coat and said, "Herbert, I must order you to do it." Herbert looked at the officer a moment and then exclaimed, excitedly "Great Scott! General Grant."

He almost threw his musket at the captain, grabbed the pistol and ran up the road with all his speed. At the cross road, about a fourth of a mile away, he encountered a colored man, mounted on a good horse, and without any ceremony ordered him, by order of General Grant, to dismount. The man quickly obeyed him upon seeing the pistol pointed at his head. Herbert jumped into the saddle, rode fast, and found Capt. William W. Smith of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, to whom he gave the order of General Grant. Captain Smith at once mounted his own horse, and he and Herbert returned to where the general and his party were awaiting them. The general wished to be put into communication with General Palmer at Newbern, and Captain Smith facilitated matters, finding shelter and food for him and his party in a nearby farmhouse.

About an hour afterwards, a train came thundering down the track, and the two generals had ample opportunity to transact their business, after which General Grant and his party returned to their boats. The general was pleased with his visit, and laughingly extended his hand to Herbert Splaine, saying: "Herbert, give my compliments to your brother, the colonel, and tell him that I say you are a good soldier. Good-day."

The party consisted of General Grant, General Rawlins and other members of his staff, and one or two members of the cabinet.

Captain Smith and his sentry never tired of telling the story of how they met General Grant, and it may be said that the Splaine family regard the episode as one well worth speaking of once in a while.

February 9. Ninety-seven men arrived from the Second Heavy. Capts. James Splaine, Charles O. Fellows and Thomas R. V. Keenan were mustered as captains this day.

February 10. One hundred and fifty-five men arrived from the Second Heavy.

February 14. Capt. William W. Smith became major, and First Lieutenants Moore, Webber and Cann became captains. Second Lieutenants Sillars and Hyde became first lieutenants, and James Stewart became first lieutenant and adjutant. Sergeants Symonds, Roberts and Cotting became second lieutenants.

February 15. The regiment has been organized up to and including Company H. Much time is now spent in looking after the interests of the newly-made and newly-arrived commissioned officers; but all the time of the commanding officer is not given them, for he spends much time watching company drills, instructing where he can. He is ably assisted by his officers, who are working all the time, and the men are not idle, for, scenting the coming struggle, they are up and doing.

The visit of General Grant told its own story, and the Seventeenth guessed that it meant business, and were preparing accordingly. They were right in their conclusions about the visit of the commander-in-chief, for just now (12 o'clock at midnight, March 1st) Colonel Splaine has received orders to take the field with his regiment.

Poor Colonel Fellows, failing to muster, is preparing to go home to Massachusetts.

LEAVING NEWPORT BARRACKS FOR THE FIELD.

In obedience to the order received at 12 o'clock the night before, the Seventeenth Massachusetts broke camp on the morning of March 2, 1865, and reported to General Palmer, by telegraph,

as ready to move. Orders were received to wait until the following morning, as all the trains were busy; but when the regiment did move, it was to report to General S. P. Carter. Here was a whole day's rest under arms, which enabled those so disposed to review the happenings of the two months just passed.

Two months before the command was only a battalion of four companies. Now it was a regiment of eight full companies, and in fine condition for the coming campaign, in which it was now ordered to take part.

It would perhaps be well to review here, briefly, some facts and incidents connected with the history of the old and new regiments. Colonel John F. Fellows, as is well known, was commissioned by Governor Andrew to command the regiment, and an arrangement was made between the governor and the War Department to have transferred from the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery (Colonel Frankle's regiment), at Newbern, N. C., about 600 surplus men, to the Seventeenth Massachusetts, which number would have made the latter 1000 strong. The order from the War Department was issued, and transfers had begun.

At this time a special order was issued by General Palmer that 150 of the surplus men should be retained in the Second Heavy to fill vacancies which *might occur* in the future; and later on issued an order retaining 50 more of the same regiment to fill the places of *prisoners of war*. These special orders were in direct violation of the arrangement between Governor Andrew and the War Department.

Colonel Fellows was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the old regiment in August, 1861, and was the actual commander of it three-fourths of the time while he was with it. His service with his regiment, during two and a half years, were of such a high order as to command the admiration of all who knew him. He was taken prisoner at Batchelder's Creek on February 1, 1864, and was held by the enemy until August 2d of the same year. Governor Andrew knew Colonel Fellows personally and knew his worth. He trusted him in 1861, when he made him commander of the regiment. He trusted him again in 1865, when he commissioned him a full colonel of the regiment; and to further help Colonel Fellows, he

prevailed upon the War Department to make the transfers of men referred to, in order to fill the regiment.

Colonel Fellows was neither coward nor laggard. Had he been, he would not have been over-anxious to serve again after his sad experience in the rebel prison. Colonel Fellows was instrumental in having the surplus men transferred from the Second Heavy, and the transfers made it possible for many of the officers of the Seventeenth to go up a grade in rank, and in some instances, two grades. Colonel Splaine and Captain Mullally were the only exceptions, their positions not being affected by the coming of the surplus men.

Colonel Fellows was cheated out of the colonelcy of the Seventeenth Massachusetts directly by the special orders of General Palmer to retain 200 of the surplus men in the Second Heavy to fill imaginary vacancies. What prompted General Palmer to take the stand he did against Colonel Fellows, no one knows today. It was evidently a conspiracy to keep Colonel Fellows out of the colonelcy of the regiment, and whether it was General Palmer and Col. Jones Frankle of the Second Heavy or others, it was a mean, cruel and vindictive piece of trickery—unbecoming brave and patriotic officers.

They cheated the man who was always at the front of his command, who was neglected and deserted in the Battle of Batchelder's Creek, where he was taken prisoner. They cheated the man who was in a rebel dungeon for six months, and who was one of the prominent Union officers chosen by the Confederates to be placed under fire of the Union batteries in Charleston, with the belief that the batteries would not fire because of their presence there. But the batteries did fire, and the firing only helped to fire the patriotism of the brave officers so exposed.

They cheated the man who had been thus imprisoned, covered with filth and slowly starving to death. They cheated the man who, seeing his companions in prison without a cent of money among them, and no succor in sight, gave his note for $500 in gold, payable at any bank in Boston, in order to help his associates to get soap, towels, combs, brushes, food and clothing, in a word to save their lives. (That note was honored in Boston, at the instance

of George O. Carpenter, and subsequently paid by Colonel Fellows.)

The same General Palmer was now placed in command of all the Union troops in North Carolina, and, under General Schofield, was to open up communication with and supply General Sherman's army, after its memorable march through the South; but Palmer was so dilatory that he was superseded by General Cox of Ohio. But General Palmer and others were not a bit dilatory in cheating Colonel Fellows out of his well-earned colonelcy.

The command Palmer was to have, was equal to that of any army corps, but now he was relegated to the command of a division. Yankee colonels were never favorites in North Carolina. If they had been, Colonel Thomas I. C. Amory would have come home a major-general and Colonel Fellows a brigadier. The officers who were favored there were Middle States men, men with no such high qualifications as were possessed by Amory and Fellows. Many of the Middle States men were advanced rapidly.

Intrigue against Colonel Fellows was not a thing of recent origin. It had its birth in his own regiment, during the latter part of 1862 and the early part of 1863. A certain clique of officers of the Seventeenth, who were more ambitious for promotion than for a chance to meet the enemy, believing that Colonel Amory would soon become a brigadier, were on the lookout for coming honors; but when it became evident that Amory was being slighted, they found themselves in a quandary as to how their cherished hopes of promotion could be made to bear fruit.

Their next plot was to drive Colonel Fellows out of the regiment. They tried to poison Colonel Amory's mind against him, but that high-minded gentlemen would not entertain a single thought or feeling of ill-will against his worthy and tried lieutenant-colonel. They tried to poison Fellows' mind against Amory; but that true and loyal soldier, loyal always to his chief and his flag, could not be coaxed to do or say anything which could be construed into any act or speech resembling insubordination or disrespect.

They tried to poison the minds of officers of the regiment outside of their own clique against Fellows, but the majority of the

officers knew their places too well, and could not be seduced from their loyalty to both Amory and Fellows, who were the lawful commanders of the regiment. If Fellows could have been disposed of, a certain field officer would become lieutenant-colonel, and a certain captain would have become major.

Now to resume our narrative:

On March 3, 1865, no better off in the matter of transportation than the day before, the regiment still waited. Late in the afternoon, however, it was learned that a train was being sent down from Newbern for its transportation. The train came, and just after midnight the command rolled away from Newport Barracks, leaving poor Colonel Fellows standing on the platform, waving his hat in farewell to his old associates in arms. It was an affectionate, but a sad, parting. There he was left alone to make his way to Chelsea, Mass., as best he could.

The following letter from Major-General J. G. Foster, commanding the Department of the South, shows unmistakably the high esteem in which Colonel Fellows was held by the predecessor of General Palmer, in command of the Department of North Carolina.

HEADQUARTERS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., December 23, 1864.

J. F. FELLOWS, Esq.,
Late Lt. Col. 17th Mass. Vols. Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your communication of the 2d inst., requesting a recommendation for a position in Maj.-Gen. Hancock's new veteran corps, is received.

I most cheerfully recommend you for an appointment in said corps. While serving with me in North Carolina, I always found you an able, efficient and brave officer. I consider you perfectly competent for the command of any regiment, and believe you could induce many of your old regiment to re-enlist under you if you should succeed in obtaining the appointment.

Respectfully yours,
J. G. FOSTER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

CHAPTER IX.

Roster of Field, Staff, Non-Commissioned Staff, Company Officers and Enlisted Men of the Reorganized Seventeenth Regiment, Massachusetts Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Art.—Artillery
Assig.—Assigned
Bat.—Battalion
Com.—Commissioned
Co.—Company
d.—Died
drum.—Drummed
disabil.—Disability
Disch.—Discharged
Expir.—Expiration
gr.—Grave
H. Art.—Heavy Artillery
hon.—Honorably
hospl.—Hospital
Inf.—Infantry
k.—Killed
Must.—Mustered
M. O.—Mustered out
no. fur. rec.—No further record
organ.—Organization
pris.—Prisoner
pro.—Promoted
rec.—Recommended
re-enlist.—Re-enlisted
regt.—Regiment
regtl.—Regimental
ser.—Service
sub.—Substitute
transf.—Transferred
vols.—Volunteers

Reorganized Field and Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas I. C. Amory, Colonel; 36; July 1, '64; Boston; d. October 7,'64, at Beaufort, N. C. of yellow fever; brevetted brigadier-general.

John F. Fellows, Colonel; October 9, '64; Chelsea; not mustered.

Henry Splaine, Colonel; 27; June 16, '65; Haverhill; not mustered as Colonel.

Henry Splaine, Lt.-Col; 27; Aug. 10, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

William W. Smith, Lt.-Col.; 27; June 16, '65; Danvers; M. O. as Major.

Henry Splaine, Major; 27; Aug 4, '64; Haverhill; pro. Lt.-Col. Aug. 10, '64.

William W. Smith, Major; 27; Aug. 4, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

John E. Mullally, Major; 26; June 16, '65; So. Danvers; M. O. as Captain.

Daniel S. Allen, Surgeon; 46; Feb. 20, '65; Gloucester; M. O. July 11, '65.

George W. Clark, Asst. Surgeon; 29; July 3, '63; Boston; dismissed Dec. 23, '64.

Joseph A. Moore, 1st Lt. and Adjt.; 21; Jan., '65; Gloucester; pro. Captain, assigned to Co. B.

James H. Stuart, 1st Lt. and Adjt.; 29; Mar. 4, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry B. Webber, Rgtl. Qm.; 29; Aug. 3, '64; Haverhill; pro. Captain Mar. 4, '65; assigned to Co. E.

Horace Dexter, Regtl. Qm.; 38; Feb. 1, '65; Cambridge; M. O. July 11, '65; commissioned Captain June 16, '65.

James H. Stuart, Sgt. Major; 28; July 1, '64; Boston; disch. for pro. to 1st Lt. March 3, '65.

Malcolm Sillars, Qm. Sgt.; 27; Jan. 5, '64; Danvers; disch. for pro. 2d Lt. July 4, '64.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

George W. Hewes, Qm. Segt.; 28; Sept. 1, '64; Haverhill; commissioned 2d Lt. July 16,'65; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry B. Webber, Com. Sgt.; 28; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; pro. 1st Lt. and Qm. Aug. 15, '64.

Edwin A. Moulton, Com. Sgt.; 25; Mar. 1, '65; Salisbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward P. Cotting, Hospl. Steward; 25; Aug. 3, '63; Worcester; pro. 2d Lt. March 3, '65; assigned to Co. C.

Algernon S. Nichols, Hospl. Steward; 18; Mar. 4, '65; West Cambridge; M. O. July 11, '65.

George E. Moore, Prin. Musician; 27; Apr. 1, '65; Shutesbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

Company "A", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry Splaine, Captain; 25; Jan. 31, '62;Haverhill; pro. Major Aug. 4, '64.

James Splaine, Captain; 24; Feb. 9, '65; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Splaine 1st Lt.; 22; Dec. 24, '62; Haverhill; pro. Captain Feb. 9, '65.

Malcolm Sillars, 1st Lt.; 26; March 4, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas F. Newton, 1st Lt.; 34; July 3, '62; Haverhill; transf. to New Co. B; transf. to N. C. Union Volunteers.

Joseph A. Moore, 2d Lt.; 20; July 22, '63; Gloucester; pro. 1st Lt. Aug. 30, '64; transf. to new Co. C.

Henry G. Hyde, 2d Lt.; 22; Sept. 1, '64; Danvers; pro. 1st Lt. Mar. 4, '65; transf. to Co. E.

Eben Symonds, 1st Sgt.; 22; Dec. 5, '63; Malden; commissioned 2d Lt. Mar. 3, '65.

Thomas A. Murray, 1st Sgt.; 20; Jan. 2, '64; Newburyport; commissioned 2d Lt. June 1, '65; M. O. as Sgt. July 11, '65.

Elisha Young, Sgt.; 34; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; disch for disiability June 29, '65.

Andrew J. Tilton, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Andrew Templeton, Sgt., 21; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Cowan, Sgt.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Salisbury; transf. to Co. D.

Areatus H. Dillingham, Sgt.; 31; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Dunn, Sgt.; 32; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; commissioned 2d Lt. June 1, '65; d. June 3, '65.

Patrick H. Donovan, Corp.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.

Taylor J. Valler, Corp.; 23; Feb. 13, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.

Daniel Lynch, Corp.; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Albert J. Cook, Corp.; 23; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

William W. Marshall, Corp.; 25; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Albert F. Austin, Corp.; 24; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; transf. to Co. D.

Joseph W. Haynes, Corp.; 26; Jan. 5, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.

Roland F. Lewis, Corp.; 21; Jan. 5, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.

Andrew P. Lewis, Corp.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; transf. to Co. F.

Randall P. Newman, Corp.; 21; Dec. 5, '63; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles E. Batchelder, Musician; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Wenham; M. O. July 11, '65.

Dennis Dwyer, Musician; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward G. Boyle, Musician; 21; Feb. 14, '64; Boston; transf. to Co. D, Mar. 6, '65.

George A. Johnson, Musician; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Malden; transf. to Co. D, Mar. 26, '65.

Thomas Ahern, Private; 29; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles Ames, Private; 38; Feb. 13, '64; Charlestown; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Bell, Private; 26; Jan. 5, '64; Brookline; M. O. July 11, '65.

Lewis F. Besse, Private; 38; Jan. 4, '64; No. Chelsea; transf. to Co. F.

Henry A. W. Blackburn, Private; 18; July 16, '64; Faxton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 27, '65.

Charles H. Blake, Private; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Salisbury; disch. July 25, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John B. Blodgett, Private; 24; Jan. 5, '64; Sturbridge; transf. to Co. B.
Charles S. Bolton Private; 25; Feb. 29, '64; Boston; wounded Mar. 8, '65; M. O. July 11, '65.
Patrick Bohan, Private; 26; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. B.
Charles H. Brackett, Private; 18; Feb. 9, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Addison Bricket, Private; 22; Sept. 20, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Francis Buckley, Private; 24; Sept, 5, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.
John Burke, Private; 37; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; disch. for disability Feb. 25, '65.
John Bushman, Private; 21; Feb. 13, '65; Worcester; M. O. July 11, '65.
Andrew Byer, Private; 19; July 19, '64; Milton; transf. from 2d H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Daniel Callahan, Private; 25; Aug. 5, '64; Grafton; disch. June 12, '65; transf. from 2d H. Art.
Timothy Calnan, Private; 19; Aug. 18, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
James F. Casey, Private; 21; Sept. 10,'64; Lawrence; transf. from 2d H. Art.; M. O.July1,'65.
Henry Chase, Private; 26; Dec. 3, '63; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Henry Clark, Private; 27; July 25, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
George I. Clapp, Private; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Chelsea; disch. July 25, '65.
Levi F. Colbath, Private; 29; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; disch. July 12, '65.
David Cole, Private; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Chelsea; transf. to Co. B.
John Conboy, Private; 21; Jan. 25, '64; Lynn; pris. of war Mar. 10, '65; disch. June 17, '65.
Edward Conley, Private; 40; Aug. 25, '64; Milford; disch. July 27, '65; transf. from 2d H. Art.
Timothy Connelly, Private; 23; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles A. Corey, Private; 21; Aug. 19, '64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Frank Croston, Private; 25; Sept. 5, '64; Bradford; transf. from 2d Rgt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Thomas Curtin, Private; 26; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; d. June 6, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
James L. Dale, Private; 23; Jan. 4, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
Jesse L. Dame, Private; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Beverly; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Dane, Private; 24; Feb. 13, '64; Medford; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Davidson, Private; 19; Dec. 28, '63; Wenham; transf. to Co. E.
Charles H. Davis, Private; 19; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
William L. Davis, Private; 41; Mar. 14, '64; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles Donahue, Private; 20; Sept. 1, '64; Townsend; transf. from 2d H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Michael Dooley, Private; 41; Jan. 1, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Dooniu, Private; 31; Jan. 5, '64; Georgetown; M. O. July 11, '65.
Daniel J. Dwyer, Private; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Frederick Eaton, Private; 30; Jan. 2, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Ellis, Private; 21; Jan. 25, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Fahey, Private; 45; Feb. 1, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. B.
Thomas, Farrell, Private; 42; Sept. 7, '64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
James Finn, Private; 31; Jan. 5, '64; Rockport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Henry A. Flanders, Private; 20; Feb. 16, '64; Lynn; pris. Mar. 10, '65; disch. June 5, '65.
Samuel J. Ford, Private; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Boston; transf. to Co. E.
Hiram S. Foss, Private; 20; Aug. 25, '64; Lowell; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Albert Gale, Private; 22; Feb. 29, '64; Haverhill; disch. July 22, '65.
William Gannon, Private; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
George A. Gardner, Private; 18; Sept. 2, '64; Dighton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Dennis Gleason, Private; 20; Sept. 6, '64; Tewksbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

John F. Glynn, Private; 31; Aug. 25, '64; Lowell; M. O. July 11, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

Charles H. Gove, Private; 21; Dec. 28, '63; Rockport; d. Sept. 29, '64, at Newbern, N. C.

John C. Grover, Private; 20; Dec. 28, '63; Melrose; M. O. July 11, '65.

Stephen S. Hall, Private; 29; June 3, '64; Upton; transf. to Co. C.

George W. Herrick, Private; 44; Sept. 5, '64; Milford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; killed in action Mar. 8, '65, Kinston, N. C.

George W. Hewes, Private; 27; Jan. 5,'64; Haverhill; transf. to N.C. S.Qm. Sgt.,Sept.1,'64.

Jeremiah B. Hill, Private; 42; Dec. 27, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

Richard Higston, Private; 45; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. B.

Benjamin Huddle, Private; 19; Jan. 1, '64; Salem; disch. Aug. 9, '65.

John H. Ingersoll, Private; 21; Dec. 30, '63; Gloucester; disch. July 24, '65.

Edwin Janes, Private; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Salem; disch. June 5, '65.

William Jones, Private; 24; Aug. 18, '64; West Cambridge; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. July 24, '65.

George M. Keen, Private; 21; Jan. 4, '64: Medford; transf. to Co. E.

Packard Kennedy, Private; 29; Jan. 4, '64; Georgetown; M. O. July 11, '65.

Samuel Kezar, Private; 37; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Joseph W. Lawton, Private; 34; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Simon L. Lee, Private; 27; Aug. 18, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d H. Art.; transf. to Co. H.

George H. Lewis, Private; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Medford; d. May 12, '65, at Raleigh, N. C.

John Lynch, Private; 41; Jan. 4, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

James I. Marshall, Private; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas Masterson, Private; 30; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Dennis McCarty, Private; 27; Jan. 5, '64; Boston; d. Sept. 29, '64, at Newbern, N. C.

Patrick McCarty, Private; 21; Dec. 12, '63; Boston; deserted Nov. 10, '64, while on furlough.

Jesse McLoud, Private; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Rockport; disch. July 27, '65.

Owen McGauley, Private; 27; Dec. 11, '63; Georgetown; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas McGrath, Private; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Timothy Meaney, Private; 31; Mar. 30, '64; Abington; M. O. July 11, '65.

Benjamin Nolan, Private; 19; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

Hiram C. Norcross, Private; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Manchester; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas Noyes, Private; 18; Feb. 24, '65; Newbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

James O'Connell, Private; 27; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d H. Art.; d. of wounds at Newbern, N. C., Apr. 8, '65.

Charles P. Ordway, Private; 23; Jan. 4, '64; East Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Francis Peabody, Private; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Boston; d. Oct. 3, '64, at Newbern, N. C.

Joseph Perkins, Private; 23; Jan. 4, '64; Newbury; pris. of war Mar. 8, '65; disch. July 19, '65.

Richard Putrill, Private; 20; Jan. 2, '64; Newburyport; transf. to Co. F.

Alfred Putnam, Private; 28; Sept. 6, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.

George B. Reed, Private; 18; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; Transf. to Co. B.

John Reeves, Private; 24; Dec. 30, '63; Rockport; disch. June 30, '65.

Albert Remington, Private; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Sturbridge; M. O. July 11, '65.

John P. Richardson, Private; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Rivers, Private; 27; Dec. 5, '63; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Benjamin P. Rogers, Private; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Newbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

Silas H. Rogers, Private; 35; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Ezra Rumney, Private; 30; Jan. 5,'64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d H. Art. M.O. July11,'65.

Benjamin A. Sargent, Private; 26; Feb. 29, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. F.

Llewelln Sawyer, Private; 25; Feb. 13, '64; Hubbardston; disch. July 24, '65.

Thomas B. Simonds, Private; 20; Sept. 20, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. F.

John S. Smith, Private; 46; Feb. 11, '64; Taunton; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Herbert Splaine, Private; 39; Sept. 13, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Moses N. Stanley, Private; 33; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Michael Sullivan, Private; 31; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; transf. to Co. F.
Henry Thomas Taylor, Private; 24; Dec. 4, '64; Rockport; disch. June 23, '65.
Alphonso W. Thoms, Private; 19; Oct. 8, '61; Boston; disch. expiration of term Oct. 7, '64.
Martin Watson, Private; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Francis Whittier, Private; 18; Dec. 17, '63; Haverhill; disch. July 22, '65.
Byron A. Woodbury, Private; 25; Jan. 1, '64; Gloucester; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Feb. 1, '64; No. of grave, 6483.
Miles Woodman, Private; 42; Nov. 14, '61; Boston; transf. to Co. D.
Caleb S. Woodwell, Private; 25; Dec. 14, '63; Newburyport; M. O. Aug. 11, '65.
Francis B. Wyman, Private; 23; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Andrew Andrews, Private; 22; Dec. 10, '64; Newport, N. C.; M. O. July '65, Colored Under Cook.
George Andrews, Private; 39; Dec. 16, '64; Newport, N. C.; M. O. July 11, '65, Colored Under Cook.

Company "B", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

William W. Smith, Captain; 24; July 5, '63; Danvers; promoted maj.; transf. to Field and Staff.
Joseph A. Moore, Captain; 21; Mar. 4, '65; Gloucester; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas F. Newton, 1st Lt.; 33; Aug. 14, '62; Haverhill; M. O. for promotion Nov. 18, '64, N. C. Vols.
Horace Dexter, 1st. Lt.; 38; Jan. 19, '65; Cambridge; transf. to Field and Staff as Regtl. Quartermaster.
James M. Stuart, 1st Lt.; 29; Mar. 4, '65; Boston; transf. to Field and Staff as Adjutant.
Henry G. Hyde, 1st Lt.; 22; Mar. 4, '65; Danvers; transf. to Co. E.
Lewis Cann, 2d Lt.; 23; Apr. 26, '63; Danvers; pro. 1st Lt.; transf. to Co. D.
Orrin B. Cooley, 2d Lt.; 39; Feb. 7, '65; Longmeadow; M. O. July 11, '65 as 2d Lt.; commissioned 1st Lt. June 30, '65.
James Smith, 1st Sgt.; Mar. 25, '64; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Sept. 19, '64; transf. to Co. H.
Robert Smith, 1st Sgt.; 20; Jan. 6, '64; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt.; transf. to Co. G.
Thomas Cochran, Sgt.; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
Richard W. Fuller, Sgt.; 21; Dec. 8, '63; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Timothy W. Hawkes, Sgt.; 26; Jan. 6, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. D, Dec. 28, '64.
Joseph G. Martin, Sgt.; 37; Feb. 29, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. G, Mar. 4, '65.
John R. Nelson, Sgt.; 21; Dec. 24, '63; Foxboro; M. O. July 11, '65.
John F. Wells, Sgt.; 26; Jan. 2, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas S. Clymonts, Corp.; 21; Dec. 5, '63; New Bedford; transf. to Co. H., Mar. 4, '65.
Joseph Cooper, Corp.; 42; Feb. 17, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Solomon Martin, Corp.; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Newburyport; transf. to Co. D, Dec. 28, '64.
Charles F. Meader, Corp.; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. H, Mar. 4, '65.
Joseph E. Mills, Corp.; 20; Dec. 4, '63; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Jonas S. Monroe, Corp.; 32; Feb. 22, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
John B. Moores, Corp.; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. G, Mar. 4, '65.
Fred A. Nourse, Corp.; 22; Jan. 14, '62; Marblehead; pro. Capt. 1st N. C. Colored U. Vols. Sept. 19, '64.
William H. Ogden, Corp.; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. G.
William Pollett, Corp.; 21; Dec. 29, '63; Fall River; transf. to Co. H.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas Ray, Corp.; 28; Feb. 9, '64; Fall River; killed in action Mar. 8, '65, Kinston, N. C.
Patrick Sexton, Corp.; 22; Jan. 2, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. C.
Jacob Schanks, Corp.; 22; Dec. 5, '63; Ipswich; M. O. July 11, '65.
Simon Steele, Corp.; 21; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; disch. July 29, '65.
Aaron Warhurst, Corp.; 30; Dec. 23, '63; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles F. Wells, Corp.; 20; Feb. 18, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Abel R. Wilson, Corp.; 21; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
John C. Kinsman, Corp.; 29; Dec. 4, '63; Boston; deserted Nov. 9, '64.
Henry Foster, Musician; 18; Feb. 19, '64; Cambridge; transf. to Co. H.
Hiram T. Foster, Musician; 20; Dec. 10, '63; Cambridge; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles Hartman, Musician; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. H.
George C. Wilson, Musician; 20; Jan. 4,'64; Danvers; M. O. July 11,'65.
George Austin, Private; 42; Sept. 3, '64; Taunton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Bailey, Private; 21; Aug. 8, '64; Orange; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 21, '65.
Horace Baldwin, Private; 44; Jan. 5, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Abraham Barrett, Private; 26; Jan. 4, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
John B. Blodgett, Private; 24; Jan. 5, '64; Sturbridge; d. Feb. 25, '65, at Newbern, N. C.
Patrick Bohan, Private; 24; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Frank Brady, Private; 20; Dec. 9, '63; Lawrence; deserted July, '64.
Patrick Buckley, Private; 24; Mar. 6, '65; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.
Edward R. Bugbee, Private; 29; Sept. 10, '64; Holliston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Patrick Burke, Private; 30; Feb. 29, '64; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Burke, Private; 24; Dec. 13, '63; Haverhill; deserted Mar. 30, '65.
William Byrne, Private; 24; Feb. 13, '64; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
William Chambers, Private; 26; Dec. 4, '63; Chelsea; M. O. July 11, '65.
James N. Chase, Private; 27; Sept. 17, '64; Shrewsbury; transf. 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Charles A. Cheever, Private; 38; Jan. 18, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. H.
Philo Clark, Private; 39; Feb. 4, '65; Huntington; M. O. July 11, '65.
David Cole, Private; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Chelsea; disch. June 26, '65.
Joseph H. Coley, Private; 20; Dec. 5, '63; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
William R. Crawford, Private; 21; Dec. 10, '63; Danvers; deserted Nov. 16, '64.
William Crockett, Private; 25; Jan. 4, '65; Springfield; deserted June 30, '65.
William H. Cruse, Private; 27; Dec. 7, '63; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
John L. Cunningham, Private; 38; Jan. 4, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Joseph F. Dakin, Private; 29; Jan. 1, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Richard Davis, Private; 22; Aug. 22, '64; Easthampton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
George H. Dole, Private; 30; Dec. 1, '63; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Fahey, Private; 45; Feb. 1, '64; Lynn; d. June 28, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
George Fish, Private; 45; Jan. 5, '64; Holliston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Patrick Gaynor, Private; 32; Dec. 30, '63; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
William E. Gilman, Private; 33; 1,'64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
David Gleason, Private; 43; Feb. 16, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
James Gleason, Private; 21; Dec. 28, '63; Fall River; deserted Nov. 9, '64.
Joseph Godfrey, Private; 22; Dec. 23, '63; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Aaron Guilford, Private; 25; Dec. 15, '63; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Horace Hamblet, Private; 21; Aug. 1, '64; Newburyport; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Haskins, Private; 45; Dec. 26, '63; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas Henry, Private; 20; Aug. 16, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Hessan, Private; 35; Dec. 28, '63; Salisbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Hickey, Private; 21; Feb. 15, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Patrick Hill, Private; 22; Feb. 13, '64; Lawrence; d. May 5, '65, at Beaufort, N. C.
Richard Higston, Private; 45; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; d. June 6, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Sewall B. Holbrook, Private; 20; July 5, '64; Milford; M. O. July 11, '65.
James W. Hurd, Private; 27; Sept. 7, '64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
George C. Irish, Private; 26; Dec. 2, '63; Gloucester; M. O. July 11, '65.
James H. Kiely, Private; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Marblehead; M. O. July 11, '65.
William H. Lane, Private; 21; Sept. 6, '64; Southampton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to Co. D.
James Lee, Private; 28; Sept. 9, '64; Danvers; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art; disch. June 30, '65.
John Lee, Private; 22; Mar. 12, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Leonard, Private; 35; Feb. 2, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Long, Private; 23; Dec. 27, '63; Blackstone; M. O. July 11, '65.
Michael Lynch, Private; 18; Nov. 26, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas McDermott, Private; 30; Jan. 2, '64; Chelmsford; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles H. McIntire, Private; 21; Feb. 27, '65; Salem; deserted June 19, '65.
Philip McMahon, Private; 31; Jan. 26, '64; Melrose; M. O. July 11, '65.
Luther Moritz, Private; 25; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Andrew Millan, Private; 26; Jan. 1, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65. (also known as Mullen.)
James B. Murphy, Private; 20; Sept. 2, '64; Milton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Thomas Murphy, Private; 25; July 6, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
William Norris, Private; 35; Dec. 26, '63; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
Maurice O'Riley, Private; 24; Dec. 26, '63; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
Oliver Parker, Private; 22; Dec. 15, '63; So. Danvers; d. Oct. 3, '64, at Newbern, N. C.
Henry Parks, Private; 23; Jan. 18, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 16, '65.
James M. Patterson, Private; 41; Dec. 11, '63; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
David Pettingill, Private; 35; Sept. 24, '64; Hingham; disch. June 30, '65.
George Pitman, Private; 36; Feb. 15, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Nathaniel A. Pope, Private; 23; Oct. 19, '64; Roxbury; transf. to Co. D.
Sylvester Powell, Private; 27; Jan. 19, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Frank Powers, Private; 22; Feb. 11, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Purtill, Private; 42; Dec. 10, '63; Newburyport; M. O. July 17, '65.
Joseph Quinn, Private; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.
George B. Reed, Private; 18; Jan. 15, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Albert Remington, Private; 22; Jan. 5, '64; Sturbridge; M. O. July 11, '65.
James Riley, Private; 27; Dec. 27, '63; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas A. Rogers, Private; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Marblehead; M. O. July 11, '65.
Joseph Roland, Private; 37; Jan. 6, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65
William B. Sargent, Private; 39; Jan. 1, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Joseph E. Smith, Private; 39; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Allen Soper, Private; 31; Feb. 25, '65; Marblehead; M. O. July 11, '65.
Simon S. Steele, Private; 19; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; disch. July 29, '65.
James P. Stevens, Private; 30; Jan. 5, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Bartholomew Sullivan, Private; 25; Jan. 1, '64; Lynnfield; M. O. July 11, '65.
Philip Sullivan, Private; 22; Sept. 23, '64; Danvers; disch. June 30, '65.
Ezra Tennant, Private; 22; Oct. 27, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65
John Thedford, Private; 37; Mar. 9, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles A. Thresher, Private; 20; Dec. 22, '63; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.
Wilbur Whiton, Private; 27; Jan. 24, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
George H. Whittemore, Private; 21; Nov. 12, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
William Wilson, Private; 25; Mar. 12, '64; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
John S. Winslow, Private; 28; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Willard Winslow, Private; 24; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; disch. June 15, '65.
Hugh Young, Private; 23; Feb. 22, '64; Hopkinton; M. O. July 11, '65.

Company "C", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John E. Mullally, Captain; 24; Dec. 29, '63; So. Danvers; commissioned Major, June 16, '65; M. O. as Captain July 11, '65.
Joseph A. Moore, 1st Lt.; 21; Aug. 30, '64; Gloucester; appointed Adjt. Jan. 3, '65; transf. to Field and Staff.
Malcolm Sillars, 2d Lt.; 26; July 22, '64; So. Danvers; pro. 1st Lt. March 4, '65; transf. to Co. H.
Edward P. Cotting, 2d. Lt.; 27; March. 4, '65; Worcester; commissioned 1st Lt. June 16, '65; M. O. as 2d Lt. July 11, '65.
Uriah Robertson, 1st Sgt.; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Mar. 4, '64; transf. to Co. H.
Henry G. Hyde, 1st Sgt.; 21; Feb. 29, '64; Danvers; pro. 2d Lt. Sept. 1, '64; transf. to Co. H.
Brotherton Martin, 1st Sgt.; 23; Dec. 5, '64; Newburyport; com. 2d Lt. June 1, '65; M. O. as 1st Sgt. July 11, '65.
Levi Cox, Sgt.; 39; Dec. 19, '63; Malden; d. Nov. 7, '64 while on furlough in Mass.
George Elwell, Sgt.; 33; Jan. 1, '64; Rockport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Dominick Kenny, Sgt.; 31; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Patrick Moloney, Sgt.; 26; Jan. 1, '64; Stoneham; M. O. July 11, '65.
Edwin A. Moulton, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 4, '64; Amesbury; transf. to N. C. S. as Commissary Sgt.
Ariel S. Noyes, Sgt.; 34; Feb. 16, '64; Haverhill; wounded Mar. 8, '65; disch. June 21, '65.
Charles E. Barry, Corp.; 20; Dec. 15, '63; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Henry A. Cook, Corp.; 21; Dec. 30, '63; Gloucester; M. O. July 11, '65.
William H. Davis, Corp.; 26; Dec. 27, '63; Rockport; transf. to Co. F.
Patrick Fallon, Corp.; 24; Mar. 14, '64; Quincy; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Graham, Corp.; 31; Feb. 10, '62; Chelsea; transf. to Co. D.
Frank McLaughlin, Corp.; 21; Sept. 16,'64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
John McGlinchy, Corp.; 30; Dec. 7, '63; Boston; disch. Aug. 10, '65.
John F. Mills, Corp.; 25; Jan. 1, '64; Bradford; transf. to Co. D.
Patrick Nalty, Corp.; 21; Jan. 5, '64; West Newbury; transf. to Co. D.
George Pitman, Jr., Corp.; 20; Feb. 26, '64; Danvers; disch. June 28, '65.
Henry B. Skinner, Corp.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Peter J. Soley, Corp.; 25; Jan. 2, '64; Haverhill; deserted Nov. 10, '64.
Joseph A. Welch, Corp.; 24; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. D.
Charles M. Woodbury, Corp.; 22; Dec. 12, '63; So. Danvers; d. June 8, '65 in McDougal Hosp'l, New York City.
Thomas Hancock, Musician; 21; Feb. 15, '64; Chelsea; M. O. July 11, '65.
Samuel E. Tucker, Musician; 18; Jan. 5, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Acton, Private; 30; Dec. 25, '63; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles F. Blaisdell, Private; 24; Feb. 28, '64; Woburn; d. of wounds Mar. 14, '65, at Newbern, N. C.
Michael Brannigan, Private; 20; Dec. 12, '63; Woburn; d. at Andersonville, Ga., July 19, '64; No. of gr. 3587.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Brown, Private; 40; Sept. 2, '64; Hawley; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Nicholas Brown, Private; 24; Nov. 15, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. D.
Warren A. Burpee, Private; 30; Dec. 29, '63; Gloucester; disch. June 30, '65.
James A. Byrne, Private; 37; Dec. 11, '63; Danvers; lost at sea, June 7, '65.
Thomas Caine, Private; 33; Feb. 25, '64; Amesbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
Lawrence Call, Private; 21; Oct. 8, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
Dennis Cashman, Private; 18; Jan. 18, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Paul Chagnette, Private; 28; Sept. 9, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
John Coffey, Private; 21; Sept. 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
George W. Coleman, Private; 25; Nov. 10, '63; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Conboy, Private; 21; Aug. 22, '64; Roxbury; disch. June 30, '65.
Cyrus W. Crocker Private; 35; Sept. 20, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
James Cunningham, Private; 35; Jan. 12, '65; Taunton; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Curran, Private; 23; Oct. 10, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Michael Curtin, Private; 23; July 29, '64; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
Theodore Curtis, Private; 30; Dec. 3, '63; Saugus; M. O. July 11, '65.
William D. Curtis, Private; 18; Dec. 3, '63; Saugus; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Dailey, Private; 21; July 23, '64; Chelsea; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Caleb Davis, 3d, Private; 21; Sept. 19, '64; Lowell; disch. June 30, '65.
Charles H. Davis, Private; 21; Feb. 2, '64; Andover; disch. June 30, '65.
Henry M. Derx, Private; 19; Dec. 26, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Peter Devine, Private; 18; Nov. 17, '63; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
William Doody, Private; 25; Aug. 17, '64; Lawrence; disch. June 30, '65.
William H. Eaton, Private; 18; Jan. 13, ' 64; Lynn; disch. July 29, '65.
William Ellison, Private; 22; Jan. 4, '62; Saugus; disch. Jan. 4, '65; expir. of term.
Martin Fallon, Private; 39; Sept. 3, '64; Newburyport; disch. June 30, '65.
George W. Flint, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; disch. June 7, '65.
Warren A. Flint, Private; 44; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; disch. June 17, '65.
Enos Floyd, Private; 43; Sept. 3, '64; Newburyport; disch. June 30, '65.
Daniel Flye, Private; 23; Feb. 13, '64; Saugus; d. July 6, '65, at Raleigh, N. C.
Lawrence Fox, Private; 43; Oct. 15, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Fraher, Private; 25; Dec. 29, '63; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Townsend P. George, Private; 21; July 26, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Peter Godfrey, Private; 27; April 12, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Joshua Grant, Private; 34; Sept. 26, '64; Amesbury; disch. June 30, '65.
William Green, Private; 19; Feb. 14, '65; Mendon; M. O. July 11, '65.
Stephen S. Hall, Private; 29; June 30, '64; Uptom; disch. July 24, '65.
John Harkins, Jr., Private; 18; Oct. 26, '64; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
John Hart, Private; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.
Alfred Hopkirk, Private; 23; Dec. 1, '63; Wenham; d. Oct. 1, '64, while on veteran furlough.
William Howard, Private; 21; Sept. 24, '64; East Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Hawks, Private; 21; Aug. 13, '64; Newburyport; disch. June 30, '65.
Nelson Hughes, Private; 21; Aug. 9, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Albert Jeffers, Private; 42; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; disch. July 25, '65.
George W. Jeffers, Private; 18; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
William H. Jeffers, Private; 20; Jan. 13, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas Kelly, Private; 25; Feb. 10, '62; Roxbury; disch. Feb. 10, '65; expir. of term.
Thomas J. Kelley, Private; 32; Nov. 20, '63; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
William W. Kenney, Private; 35; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; M. O. Jully 11, '65.
John Kirby, Private; 19; Sept. 3, '64; Taunton; transf. from 2d Regt H. Art. disch. July 27, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

David B. Lowe, Private; 22; Feb. 10, '62; Gloucester; absent, sick at M. O.; no fur. rec.
Michael Lynch, Private; 18; Nov. 26, 64; Boston; transf. to Co. B.
George H. Mabee, Private; 24; Dec. 3, '63; Roxbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
Dennis Mahoney, Private; 27; Nov. 22, '61; Boston; disch. Nov. 17, '64; expir. of term.
William H. Martin, Private; 18;; Oct. 21, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
James J. McCormick, Private; 22; Jan. 28, '62; Lynn; disch. Jan. 27, '65; expir. of term.
Henry McGaffey, Private; 28; Sept. 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Benjamin Miller, Jr., Private; 30; Sept. 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Charles A. Miner, Private; 18; Sept. 13, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Estwick Morrill, Private; 30; July 11, '64; Salisbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
Lewis J. Morrill, Private; 26; Dec. 21, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
George Morley, Private; 40; Mar. 6, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.
Daniel Murphy, Private; 24; Aug. 5, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Owen Murphy, Private; 28; Spt. 20, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. H.
Timothy Murphy, Private; 34; Sept 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Algernon S. Nicholas, Private; 18; Dec. 26,'63; Haverhill; transf. to N. C. S. as Hosp'l Steward.
James Nulty, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; Amesbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
John O'Brien, Private; 34; Jan. 1, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
William H. Paisley, Private; 32; Jan. 5, '64; Salisbury; pris. Feb. 1, '64; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 17, '64; No. of gr. 598.
Charles E. Pangborn, Private; 19; Aug. 19, '64; Fitchburg; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles H. Pendexter, Private; 26; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; disch. July 15, '65.
George W. Pevere, Private; 23; Sept. 19, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Walter S. Philbrick, Private; 30; Sept. 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30,'65.
Warren C. Philbrick, Private; 36; Feb. 25, '64; Lynn; disch. July 12, '65.
Nathaniel A. Pope, Private; 26; Oct. 19, '64; Boston; transf. to Co. D.
John W. Quimby, Private; 25; Sept. 19, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Milton Raddin, Private; 18; Dec. 31, '63; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Jay Rascot, Private; 24; Sept. 6, '64; Haverhill; disch June 30, '65.
Francis H. Rathburn, Private; 27; Sept. 5, '64; Marlblehead; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Apr. 12, '65 on Steamer "Escort."
Ezra Remington, Private; 18; May 29, '64; Sturbridge; M. O. July 11, '65.
Edward Ring, Private; 34; Dec. 24, '63; Brighton; M. O. July 11, '65.
Henry S. Robinson, Private; 18; Oct. 21, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
James Robinson, Private; 27; Feb. 24, '65; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.
Albert M. Sargent, Private; 24; Sept. 13, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30,'65.
George W. Stanwood, Private; 21; Sept. 7, '64; Newburyport; disch. June 30, '65.
Calvin B. Stockbridge, Private; 36; Sept. 17, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Phillip Sullivan, Private; 22; Sept. 23, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. B.
Patrick Toomey, Private; 25; Dec. 26, '63, Woburn; M. O. July 11, '65.
William Tracy, Private; 29; Aug. 5, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.
John H. Tucker, Private; 42; Nov. 19, '63; Salem; disch. July 20, '65.
William F. White, Private; 44; Aug. 30, '64; Framingham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Wellington S. White, Private; 20; Aug. 30, '64; Framingham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John F. Wilbur, Private; 21; Aug. 5, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.
John S. Winslow, Private; 28; Feb. 22, '64; Lynn; transf. to Co. B.
Willard Winslow, Private; 24; July 14, '63; Lawrence; transf. to Co. B.
Edmund E. Woodward, Private; 24; July 14, '63; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.
Hugh Young, Private; 23; Feb. 22, '64; Hopkinton; transf. to Co. B.

Company "D", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Lewis Cann, Captain; 24; Mar. 4, '65; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

Lewis Cann, 1st Lt.; 24; Nov. 20, '64; Danvers; pro. Captain March 4, '65.

Timothy Hawks, 2d Lt.; 28; Apr 20, '65; Danvers; commissioned 1st Lt. June 1, '65; M. O. July 11, '65 as 2d Lt.

Joseph A. Welch, 1st Sgt.; 24; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; commissioned 2d Lt., June 1, '65; M. O. July 11, '65 as 1st Sgt.

Leonard W. Phillips, 1st Sgt.;23; Jan. 25,'62; Bradford; transf. to Co. H. Feb. 25, '65.

Albert F. Austin, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 4 '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Holland, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 10, '62; Waltham; disch. Jan. 9, '65, expir. of term.

Solomon Martin, Sgt.; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.

Patrick Nalty, Sgt.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; West Newbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

William T. Parks, Sgt.; 26; Nov. 17,'64; Newburyport; disch. July 22, '65.

Melville Maley, Sgt.; 21; Sept. 20, '64; Danvers; transf. to Co. H.

Charles G. Allen, Corp.; 22; Sept. 7, '64; Sandisfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. of wounds Apr. 1, '65.

John Condon, Corp.; 26; Sept. 2, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Jacob Galucia, Corp.;18; Nov. 4, '61; So. Danvers; disch. Nov. 5, '64, expir. of term.

John Graham, Corp.; 31; Feb. 10, 62; Chelsea; disch. Feb 11, '65 expir. of term.

Albert F. Johnson, Corp.; 22; Sept. 1, '64; Enfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Jones, Corp.; 19; Sept. 10 '64; Chicopee; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John McCormack, Corp.; 22; Nov. 20, '61; So. Danvers; disch. Nov. 21, '64, as "James"; expir. of term.

Thomas S. McKenna, Corp.; 25; Sept. 16,'64; Boston; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d H. Art.

Edward D. Metcalf, Corp. 25; Sept. 3, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 5, '65.

George A. Metcalf, Corp.; 28; Sept. 3, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art; disch. June 30, '65.

John F. Mills, Corp.; 25; Jan. 1, '64; Bradford; disch. July 27, '65.

Frank B. Polson, Corp.; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Lowell; d. Aug. 28, '64 in Andersonville, Ga.; No. of gr. 7080.

James A. White, Corp.; 19; Sept. 6, '64; Acushnet; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

Edward G. Boyle, Musician; 18; Feb. 14,'64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Groom, Musician; 18; Jan. 4, '62; Lowell; disch. Jan. 4, '65, expir. of term.

George A. Johnson, Musician; 19; Jan.1, '64; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.

John W. Twitchell, Musician; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Chelsea; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 12, '64; gr. No. 5428.

Samuel Whittaker, Musician; 27; Jan. 1, '64; Boston; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 20, '64; No. of Gr. 635.

William Allen, Private; 21; Sept 7, '64; Sandisfield; transf. from 2d Regt H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Anderson, Private; 26; Jan. 23, '62; Medford; disch. Jan. 22, '65; expir. of term.

George Atwill, Private; 23; Sept. 5, '64; Taunton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James W. Barry, Private; 44; Sept. 7, '64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Bean, Private; 24; Sept. 3, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles Bishop, Private; 19; Aug. 6, '64; Chelsea; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 27, '65.

Lucius L. Bonney, Private; 25; Sept. 19, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. at Raleigh, N. C., May 15, '65.

James Boyle, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '64; Lynn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30 '65.

Matthew Boyle, Private; 26; Sept. 2, '64; Blackstone; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas C. Boyle, Private; 33; July, 4, '62; Haverhill; disch. April 10, '65.

William H. Briggs, Private; 24; Sept. 13, 64; Quincy; transf from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Benjamin H. Britton, Private; 31; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

William Broderick, Private; 18; Sept. 7, '64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Curtis H. Brown, Private; 35; Sept. 1, '64; Granby; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. at Newbern, N. C. Mar. 31, '65.

Nichols Brown, Private; 24; Nov. 15, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles E. Burwell, Private; 38; Aug. 31, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Joseph Campbell, Private; 28; Dec. 5, '61; So. Danvers; disch. Jan. 7, '65, expir. of term.

William H. Campbell, Private; 31; Jan. 31, '62; Chelsea; disch. Jan. 31, '65, expir. of term.

William H. Carleton, Private; 22; Sept. 10, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Carter, Private; 32; March 6, '65; So. Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

William H. Chamberlin, Private; 21; Sept. 17, '64; Natick; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William R. Champlin, Private; 21; Sept. 16, '64; Granville; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles A. Chesley, Private; 21; July 29, '64; Newburyport; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. May 28, '65.

Thomas Clark, Private; 22; July 27, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; deserted July 1, '65.

John Cobley, Private; 32; Aug. 26, '64; Sturbridge; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

Reuben H. Coffin, Private; 29; Jan. 27, '62; Danvers; disch. Jan. 27, '65; expir. of term.

Pardon H. Corey, Private; 27; Sept. 2, '64; Mendon; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30,'65.

William L. Crosby, Private; 31; Sept. 3, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Ira Currie, Private; 18; Sept. 1, '64; Enfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 25,'65.

Michael Curtin, Private; 23; July 29, '64; Lawrence; transf. to Co. C.; transf. from 2d H. Art.

William H. Daily, Private; 21; Sept. 19, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Gardner M. Dean, Private; 19; Sept. 2, '64; Dracut; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 25, '65.

Frederick A. Delano, Private; 34; Sept. 2, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 3, '65.

Samuel A. Dolliber, Private; 20; Jan. 1, '64; Marblehead; d. Jan 1, '65 in Andersonville, Ga.; No. of gr., 3579.

Daniel G. Donovan, Private; 41; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

George Drury, Private; 18; Aug. 25, '64; Grafton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Duffy, Private; 19; Sept. 13, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Dwelley, Private; 39; Sept. 7, '64; Fall River; transf. from 2d Regt H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Joel W. P. Evans, Private; 22; Jan. 31, '62; Chelsea; disch. June 30, '65, expir. of term.

William Fay, Private; 25; Sept. 17, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art; disch. June 30, '65.

Robert M. Field, Private; 35; Dec. 8, '64; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Finnerty, Private; 23; Feb. 15, '62; Danvers; disch. Feb. 14, '65; expir. of term.

John G. Fish, Private; 39; Sept. 17, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Nahum Fisher, Private; 29; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry F. Ford, Private; 22; Sept. 3, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John L. Graham, Private; 18; Aug. 29 '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Loring Graves, Private; 35; March 26, '62; Chicopee; disch. Mar. 25, '65, expir. of term.

Michael Guynan, Private; 35; Feb. 10, '62; Fall River; disch. Feb. 10, '65, expir. of term.

William D. Hayden, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Chicopee; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William E. Henrie, Private; 30; Dec. 5, '63; Boston; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Jan. 1, '65; grave No. 3168.

Edwin J. Horr, Private; 21; Aug. 27, '64; Dana; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James H. Jones, 2d, Private· 28; Sept. 2, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James O. Judkins, Private: 29; Sept. 7, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John W. Keith, Private; 24; Sept. 1, '64; Enfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 25, '65.

Richard Kennedy, Private: 23; Sept. 16, '64; Carlisle; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 31, '65.

John Kilkelly, Private: 20; Sept. 17, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Kirby, Private; 19; Sept. 3, '64; Taunton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to Co. C.

Charles G. Knox, Private; 21; Sept. 12, '64; Chester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Kohane, Private; 28; Sept. 7, '64; Salem; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Lane, Private; 21; Sept. 6, '61; Southampton; M. O. July 11, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art

Jeremiah J. Lee, Private; 21; Mar. 10, '62; Boston; disch. Mar. 9, '65, expir. of term.

William Llewellyn, Private; 28; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Jeremiah Looby, Private; 24; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art. disch. June 30, '68.

Dennis Mahoney, Private; 23; Sept. 8, '64; Bradford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel Mason, Private; 26; Jan. 10, '62; Haverhill disch. Jan. 9, '65. expir. of term.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

George H. McClellan, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '64; Salem; transf. from 2d. Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Dominick McDavitt, Private; 31; Feb. 15, '62; Danvers; disch. Feb. 14, '65. expir. of term.

Thomas McEntee, Private; 23; Sept. 16, '64; Roxbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel McKenny, Private; 21; Dec. 12, '64; So. Danvers; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M.O. July 11, '65.

John W. McKnight, Private; 21; Feb. 17,'62; Newburyport; disch. Feb. 12,'65, expir. of term.

John McMann, Private; 24; Feb 3,'62; Boston; absent on detached service at M.O. of Regt., July 11, '65.

Charles E. Mills, Private; 19; Feb. 28, '62; Haverhill; disch. Feb. 19, '65, expir. of term.

George E. Moore, Private; 27; Feb. 9, '65; Danvers; transf. to N. C. S. as principal Musician.

William B. Moulton, Private; 18; Oct. 19, '61; Lynn; disch. Oct. 18, '64, expir. of term.

Humphrey O'Leary, Private; 20; Nov. 26, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

John F. O'Riley, Private; 19; Sept. 5, '64; Groton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 30, '65.

Edgar A. Parker, Private; 25; Nov. 2, '62; Haverhill; disch. Nov. 1, '64, expir. of term.

Edward Pettes, Private; 19; Sept. 15, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James C. Phillips, Jr., Private; 26; Sept. 3, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; pris. Mar. 8, '65; disch. June 30, '65.

William S. Pike, Private; 42; Aug. 23, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. R. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Nathaniel A. Pope, Private; 26; Oct. 19, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

James M. Powers, Private; 32; Dec. 22,'63; Medford; transf. to Co. C, Mar. 26, '65, absent pris. of war; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 17, '65; No. of gr. 4714.

Charles Quinn, Private; 40; Sept. 22, '64; Fall River; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

John E. Quinn, Private; 21; Dec. 31, '63; Boston; captured pris. of war Feb. 1, '64; no fur. rec. A. G. O., Mass.

Charles Richards, Private; 19; Sept. 17, '64; Deerfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry H. Robbins, Private; 35; Jan. 31, '62; Lynn; disch. Jan. 28, '65., expir. of term.

Patrick Ryan, Private; 43; Sept. 9, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Benjamin F. Savory, Private; 18; Sept. 5, '64; Marblehead; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Jeremiah Shea, Private; 35; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Sullivan, Private; 21; Sept. 10,'64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles E. Smith, Private; 28; Sept. 2, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 22, '65.

James B. Studley, Private; 20; Sept. 2, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 16, '65.

Eben S. Thomas, Private; 44; Sept. 5, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30,'65.

Nathaniel J. Thoms, Private; 43; Feb. 15, '62; Saugus; disch. Feb. 12,'65, expir. of term.

William H. Tolman, Private; 22; Sept. 2, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick Troy, Private; 34; Dec. 17, '63; Boston; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Jan. 1, '65; No. of gr. 3848.

Aaron E. Underwood, Private; 42; Sept. 15, '64; Milford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Daniel Wait, Private; 44; Sept. 1, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Ward, Private; 32; Jan. 10, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Leroy Warfield, Private; 20; Sept. 3, '64; Blandford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George Wentworth, Private; 43; Dec. 13, '64; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

William N. Wheeler, Private; 28; Sept. 12, '64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Georgena White, Private; 22; Sept. 3, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Reg. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Whitney, Private; 18; Sept. 5, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 24, '65.

Charles D. Williams, Private; 37; May 13, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Calvin W. Willis, Private; 49; Nov. 28,'63; Medford; d. in Andersonville, Ga., July 17, '64; no. of gr. 3469.

Artemus Wilson, Private; 34; Feb. 14, '62; Danvers; disch. Feb. 13, '65, expir. of term.

Miles Woodman, Private; 42; Nov. 14, '61; Boston; transf. from Co. A.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Milio Woodman, Private; 42; Dec. 8, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Company "E", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry B. Webber, Capt.; 29; Mar. 4, '65; Groveland; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry C. Hyde, 1st Lt.; 22; Mar. 4, '65; Danvers; transf. to Co. B, June 30, '65.

John G. Cowan, 1st Sgt.; 20; Jan. 4, '64; Salisbury; Com. 2d Lt. June 1, '65; M. O. July 11, '65; as 1st Sgt.

Thomas Davidson, Sgt.; 19; Dec. 28, '63; Wenham; M. O. July 11, '65.

Adoniram J. Gilman, Sgt.; 24; Jan. 4, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Harry K. Herman, Sgt.; 21; 21; Jan. 26, '64; Boston; transf. from 1st Battery Light Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Hugh Strain, Sgt.; 22; Jan. 2, '64; Rockport; disch. July 22, '65.

Thomas D. Bassett, Corp.; 20; Sept. 19, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. Hy. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael J. Donahue, Corp.; 25; Sept. 6,'64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Robert Ellis, Corp.; 25; Sept. 15,'64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Samuel J. Ford, Corp.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

George M. Keen, Corp.; 21; Jan. 4, '64; Medford; M. O. July 11, '65.

William J. Kelliher, Corp.; 21; Dec. 24, '63; Milford; M. O. July 11, '65.

William D. Mitchell, Corp.; 23; Feb. 29, '64; Groveland; M. O. July 11, '65.

Michael Tracy, Corp.; 19; Sept. 8, '64; Middleboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Andrews, Private; 24; Sept. 1, '64; Medway; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Reynold Arnold, Private; 36; Sept. 9, '64; Attleboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Bailey, Private; 32; Sept. 7, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

Allen L. Barrington, Private; 34; Sept. 3, '64; Colrain; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Anthony Becume, Private; 37; Sept. 5, '64; West Boylston, transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John W. Bixby, Private; 21; Aug. 30. '64; Webster; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John E. Boyle, Private; 25; Sept. 5, '64; Braintree; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Brand, Private; 21; Sept. 9, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Joseph J. Brooks, Private; 37; Sept. 3, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Clement P. Brown, Private; 18; Sept. 8, '64; Seekonk; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Brown, Private; 21; Sept. 8, '64; Middleboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel Buckley, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Roxbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry C. Burgess, Private; 30; Sept. 10, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles Cadieux, Private; 18; Sept. 6, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Callahan, Private; 28; Sept. 20, '64; Charlestown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Peter Campbell, Private; 31; Sept. 12, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Casmer, Private; 21; Sept. 18, '64; Chester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Jonathan E. Chaffee, Private; 24; Sept. 17, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward B. Chime, Private; 31; Sept. 5, '64; Marblehead; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Timothy Connelly, Private; 21; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; transf. to Co. A.

Timothy Corcoran, Private; 27; Sept. 10, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry A. Cowles, Private; 20; Aug. 31, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Carleton Creely, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles H. Crosby, Private; 18; Sept. 10, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Isaac T. Cushing, Private; 18; Apr. 6, '64; Acushnet; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George H. Cutter, Private; 24; Sept. 3, '64; Southbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Richard H. Davis, Private; 23; Sept. 10, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Day, Private; 27; Sept. 13. '64; Cambridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Michael Duffy, Private; 31; Sept. 6, '64: Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Volney H. Dunbar, Private; 19; Sept. 10, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Stephen Dunn, Private; 44; Aug. 26, '64; Sturbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Dwyer, Private; 20; Sept. 3, '64; Lawrence; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Patrick Dwyer, Private; 28; Sept. 20, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Fitzgerald, Private; 25; Sept. 14, '64; So. Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Murty E. Flemming, Private; 28; Jan. 1, '64; Boston; prisoner Feb. 1, '64; transf. to Co. H, as absent prisoner ; d. Apr. 1, '64 at Andersonville, Ga.; grave No. 286.

Patrick Gorman, Private; 29; Sept. 20, '64; Cambridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Frederick O. Grout, Private; 25; Aug. 31, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Haley, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Royal Hammond, Private; 21; Sept. 6, '64; Winchester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Arthur Hathaway, Private; 19; Sept. 3, '64; Dalton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Hills, Private; 24; Sept. 10, '64; Amherst; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 8, '65.

Aaron H. Holt, Private; 42; Sept. 2, '64; Phillipston; trans. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Webster Hofses, Private; 18; Sept. 7, '64; Lunenburg; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles Johnson, Private; 22; Feb. 3, '65; Milbury; disch. June 9, '65.

Orville D. Keis, Private; 18; Sept. 19, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Samuel Kenny, Private; 33; Sept. 12, '64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William O. Lynn, Private; 20; Sept. 3, '64; Holland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Cornelius Manley, Private; 23; Sept. 1, '64; Lexington; tranf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Timothy McCarthy, Private; 18; Sept. 5, '64 Lexington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Luke McGrath, Private; 20; Sept. 1, '64; Lexington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick McQuade, Private; 25; Sept. 12, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John H. Messenger, Private; 20; Sept. 5, '64; West Stockbridge; disch. June 30, '65.

James Monkhouse, Private; 27; Sept. 2, '64; Oakham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles M. Morse, Private; 19; Sept. 9, '64; Attleboro; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

James Murphy, Private; 42; Sept. 6, '64; Easton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Murray, Private; 18; Sept. 5, '64; So. Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Joel H. Nash, Private; 37; Sept. 2, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art. disch. May 19, '65.

Matthew Noland, Private; 20; Sept. 1, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry L. Norris, Private; 24; Sept. 6, '64; Reading; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Albert F. Parker, Private; 18; Sept. 1, '64; Townsend; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

George E. Peck, Private; 19; Sept. 10, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward B. Pike, Private; 23; Sept. 19, '64; Canton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Albert T. Poole, Private; 28; Sept. 5, '64; Braintree; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John F. Poole, Private; 42; Sept. 5, '64; Braintree; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward O. Randall, Private; 27; Sept. 1, '64; Enfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Peter Rice, Private; 38; Sept. 7, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William A. Rich, Private; 40; Sept. 5, '64; Northboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles E. Ricker, Private; 32; Sept. 5, '64; Newton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Alfred Riley, Private; 19; Sept. 2, '64; Northampton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Ritchie, Private; 19; Sept. 5, '64; Stoneham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Russell, Private; 23; Sept. 8,'64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Alphonso Sargent, Private; 18; Sept. 17, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Oscar L. Sawyer, Private; 20; Sept. 2, '64; Phillipston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Augustus Seleg, Private; 25; Aug. 30 '64; Webster; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Shoughrow, Private; 18; Aug. 29, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles J. Snow, Private; 22; Sept. 21, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James M. Snow, Private; 23; Sept. 3, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 30, '65.

William Stacy, 2d, Private; 35; Sept. 5, '64; Marblehead; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 29, '65.

John Stone, Private; 38; Sept. 18, '64; Roxbury; M. O. July 11, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

William Switzer, Private; 27; Sept. 6, '64; Woburn; disch. July 24, '65.

Martin C. Thayer, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Belchertown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Thomas, Private; 25; Sept. 12, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to New Co. F.

Peter Toolen, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Carlisle; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Andrew Toomey, Private; 27; Sept. 6, '64; Braintree; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Joshua Tucker, Private; 19; Sept. 2, '64; Dartmouth; transf. 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 26, '65.

Albert H. M. Tyler, Private; 18; Sept. 1, '64; Orange; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Frank E. Varnum, Private; 19; Sept. 20, '64; Falmouth; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George D. White, Private; 18; Aug. 30, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Company "F", New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles O. Fellows, Captain, 20; Feb. 11, '65; Chelsea; M. O. July 11, '65.
Eben Simonds, 2d Lt., 24; March 4, '65; Malden; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas James, 1st Sgt.; 25; Sept. 12, '64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 14, '65.
Joseph G. Kelly, 1st Sgt.; 35; Jan. 5, '64; Haverhill; commissioned 2d Lt., June 16, '65; M. O. July 11, '65 as 1st Sgt.
William H. Davis, Sgt.; 26; Dec. 26, '63; Rockport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Andrew P. Lewis, Sgt.; 22; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Benjamin A. Sargent, Sgt.; 26; Feb. 29, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.
Lewis F. Besse, Corp.; 38; Jan. 4, '64; No. Chelsea; M. O. July 11, '65.
Charles E. Flanders, Corp.; 20; Dec. 7, '63; Salisbury; M. O. July 11, '65.
Bernard McGaw, Corp.; 21; Aug. 23, '64; Mendon; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Richard Purtill, Corp.; 18; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
Thomas B. Simonds, Corp.; 23; Sept. 20, '64; Haverhill; disch. June 30, '65.
Michael Sullivan, Corp. 31; Jan. 4, '64; Newburyport; M. O. July 11, '65.
John H. Tyler, Musician; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Wenham; M. O. July 11, '65.
John C. Allen, Private; 22; Sept. 7, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
James P. Beal, Private; 20; Sept. 6, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Lewis W. Benson, Private; 18; Sept. 3, '64; Brimfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
George Bowers, Private; 30; Sept. 1, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Joseph G. Burns, Private; 21; Sept. 13, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Walter Chamberlain, Private; 33; Sept. 3, '64; Middleboro; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.
Patrick Connell, Private; 27; Sept. 3, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
William M. Comey, Private; 24; Sept. 2, '64; Franklin; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Garrett Condon, Private; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Malden; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Leon Coster, Private; 39; Sept. 1, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John H. Copp, Private; 38; Sept. 5, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
James Cox, Private; 27; Sept. 14, '64; Westboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Cunningham, Private; 32; Sept. 3, '64; Roxbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Daniel Dailey, Private; 21; Sept. 7, '64; Lawrence; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Hiram W. Doane, Private; 21; Aug. 31, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. in Dale U. S. Gen. Hosp'l, June 30, '65.
John Dyer, Private; 25; Sept' 15, '64; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Farrell, Private; 22; Aug. 29, '64; Holyoke; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Nympha P. Felton, Private; 39; Aug. 5, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch, June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Edward Fitzgerald, Private; 18; Aug. 29, '64; Holyoke; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward Fraher, Private; 30; Mar. 15, '65; Lynn; d. June 27, '65 at Greensboro, N. C.

George M. Fry, Private; 18; Sept. 5, '64; Athol; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Richard Garvey, Private; 44; Aug. 3, '64; Roxbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; absent at M. O. July 11, '65.

John Gavin, Private; 28; Sept. 2, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

DeWitt C. Graves, Private; 19; Sept. 10, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George G. Hall, Private; 25; Sept. 10, '64; Natick; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles Hamilton, Private; 35; Aug. 23, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel Harrington, Private; 22; Sept. 1, '64; Lee; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Appollas Hathaway, Private; 37; Sept. 7, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George H. Hathorn, Private; 23; Aug. 29, 64; Williamsburg; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Hannibal A. Hathorn, Private; 20; Aug. 29, '64; Williamsburg; transf. from 2d Regt.; H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Henry, Private; 30; Sept. 17, '64; Webster; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Jaques, Private; 36; Sept. 2, '64; Blackstone; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Lemuel F. Johnson, Private; 29; July 18, '64; Wrentham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 17, '65.

William Johnson, Private; 27; Sept. 19, '64; Concord; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to Co. H.

Roland R. Joslyn, Private; 23; Sept. 2, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles R. Kaplinger, Private; 19; Aug. 26, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Kelly, Private; 18; Aug. 19, '64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Lawrence Lane, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward R. Lay, Private; 30; Aug. 24, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles W. Locke, Private; 26; Aug. 15, '64; Swanzey; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. March 26, '65 at Newbern, N. C.

Frank Longdo, Private; 18; July 29, '64; Wendall; killed in action Mar. 8, '65.

James C. Magoun, Private; 19; Aug. 31, '64; Pembroke; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Mahan, Private; 24; Sept. 15, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Timothy Malony, Private; 21; Sept. 20, '64; Falmouth; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John McGrath, Private; 28; July 18, '64; Douglas; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 25, '65.

Warren E. McKee, Private; 21; Aug. 29, '64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Melvin, Private; 27; Aug. 23, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John W. Miller, Private; 30; Aug. 26, '64; Williamsburg; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 27, '65.

Jonathan H. Miles, Private; 24; July 18, '64; Lynn; disch. May 25, '65.

Andrew J. Moore, Private; 26; Aug. 29, '64; Westfield; disch. June 30, '65.

John C. Morse, Private; 28; Sept. 16, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65

Joseph H. Morse; Private; 18; Sept. 17,'64; Boston; transf from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick Navin, Private; 27; Sept. 21, '64; Chicopee; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Alexander Noble, Private; 24; Aug. 16, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick O'Brien, Private; 24; Sept. 14, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Phelps, Private; 23; Sept. 1, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Nathaniel Phillips, Private; 38; Sept. 2, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '63.

John Ragin, Private; 21; Sept. 14, '64; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George E. Rand, Private; 19; Sept. 9, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Reardon, Private; 29; Sept. 20, '64; Fall River; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

William Rice, Private; 35; Aug. 25, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Moses G. Robbins, Private; 39; Aug. 3, '64; Charlestown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to Co. H.

Benjamin Roberts, Private; 36; Sept. 19, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. June 25, '65. at Greensboro, N. C.

Thomas J. Russell, Private; 22; Sept. 6, '64; Nantucket; disch. June 30, '65.

Austin Sackett, Jr., Private; 26; Aug. 29, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Peleg Sampson, Private; 44; Sept. 2, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel D. Sanford, Private; 17; Sept. 10, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Shaughnessy, Private; 37; Sept. 7, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt., H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Francis A. Shaw, Private; 31; Sept. 5, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Slatterly, Private; 25; Sept. 3, '64; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward Smith, Private; 18; Sept. 19,'64; Great Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 15, '65.

Warren F. Smith, Private; 43; Aug. 12, '64; Methuen; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 26, '65.

Augustus Snell, Private; 37; Aug. 26, '64; Sturbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward W. Spencer, Private; 31; Sept. 10, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 1, '65.

William L. Stagg, Private; 25; Sept. 13, '64; Towsend; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; killed in action Mar. 8, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Taylor, Private; 33; July 26, '64; Pepperell; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 8, '65.

Charles E. Thompson, Private; 26; Aug. 29, '64; Greenwich; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William S. Thorp, Private; 28; Aug. 24, '64; Westfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 10, '65.

John Toomey, Private; 26; Sept. 2, '64; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Francis A. Tuck, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Colrain; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Wright Walker, Private; 22; Sept. 19, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt.; H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John M. Watts, Private; 23; Sept. 15, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 14, '65.

John Welch, Private; 21; Sept. 5, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Wheeler, Private; 24; Aug. 29, '64; Greenwich; transf. from 2d Regt.; H. Art.; disch. Aug. 12, '65.

Jonathan W. Whitney, Private; 42; Sept. 5, '64; Hubbardston; trausf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Charles M. Whittemore, Private; 21; Aug. 26, '64; Sturbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. rt.; d. Apr. 25, '65, at Raleigh, N. C.

William T. Wilcott, Private; 18; Sept. 3, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Simeon Young, Private; 37; Aug. 26, '64; Sturbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Zahn, Private; 20; Sept. 20, '64; Roxbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Company "G" New Organization

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Thomas R. Keenan, Capt; 27; Feb. 23, '65; Lynnfield; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Smith, 2d Lt.; 30; Dec. 20, '64; Danvers; Com. 1st Lt., June 1, '65; M. O. July 11, '65, as 2d Lt.

Joseph G. Martin, 1st Sgt.; 37; Mar. 1, '64; Danvers; Com. 2d Lt., June 16, '65; M. O. July 1, '65, as 1st Sgt.

Charles F. Meader, Sgt.; 21; Jan. 1, '64; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

John B. Moores, Sgt.; 28; Jan. 5, '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

William H. Ogden, Sgt.; 23; Jan. 1 '64; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry B. Nichols, Sgt.; 28; Sept. 7, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 20, '65.

Samue H. Jones, Corp.; 25; Aug 30, '64; Lawrence; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Kerran, Corp.; 37; Sept. 13, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Morol, Corp.; 26; Sept. 20, '64; Boston; transf. 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Nason, Corp.; 21; Sept. 19, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. une 30, '65.

Charles R. Vincent, Corp.; 25; Sept. 1, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Benjamin F. White, Corp.; 26; Sept. 1, '64; Pembroke; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Augustine Whitney, Corp.; 22; Aug. 30, '64; Leominster; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry Abbott, Jr., Private; 22; Aug. 19, '64; Gt. Barrington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 7, '65.

William Adams, Private; 19; Aug. 3, '64; Charlestown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry H. Albee, Private; 19; Aug. 31, '64; Charlton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael T. Ames, Private; 34; Aug. 30, '64; Shirley; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Jonas Bartlett, Private; 37; Aug. 29, '64; Lawrence; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art; disch. June 30, '65.

John Beaty, Private; 41; Aug. 30, '64; Milford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry Belden, Private; 20; July 25, '64; Leverett; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Mar. 30, '65; on U. S. Transport "Northern Light."

Michael Boyle, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Ware; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward M. Bryant, Private; 29; Aug. 31, '64; Scituate; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Burke, Private; 23; Aug. 30, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Casey, Private; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Lee; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 24, '65.

James Conlan, Private; 19; Sept. 3, '64; Townsend; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Matthew Conness, Private; 35; Aug. 31, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Morris Consil, Private; 34; Sept. 16, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Cozzens, Private; 24; Aug. 31, '64; Pittsfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John D. Cram, Private; 29; Aug. 8, '64; Charlestown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. June 21, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Atwel J. Cross, Private; 19; Aug. 17, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 27, '65.

William Danielson, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '64; Orange; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Patrick Diamond, Private; 44; Aug. 29, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Hugh Downey, Private; 27; Sept. 2, '64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt.; H. Art.; disch. July 28, '65.

Ransom Dunbar, Private; 24; Sept. 20, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

George Dunn, Private; 29; Sept. 19, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick O. Dwyer, Private; 35; Sept. 2, '64; Oxford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Eaton, Private; 19; Aug. 29, '64; Bradford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 24, '65.

George W. Farrell, Private; 42; Aug. 8, '64; Watertown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

John Fary, Private; 23; Sept. 2, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Fay, Private; 18; Aug. 25, '64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George M. Fay, Private; 18; enrolled at Rehoboth, Aug. 25, '64; transf. from 2d H. Art. Dec. 16, '64.; M. O. June 30, '65.

John Finnigan, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '64; Milford; disch. June 24, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

James L. Fisher, Private; 20; Sept. 2, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Fitzpatrick, Private; 21; Sept. 2, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Flahive, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '64; Westboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry T. Goetein, Private; 18; July 26, '64; Deerfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Andrew Guinan, Private: 21; Aug. 31, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Harliky, Private; 25; Sept. 2, '64; Woburn; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

Edward Harrighy, Private; 26; Aug. 8, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt.; H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas Harris, Private; 36; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Howard, Private; 18; Sept. 1, '64; Pembroke; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Nelson Hughes, Private; 21; Aug. 9, '64; Boston; transf. to Co. C.

Rufus Hunt, Private; 22; Sept. 1, '64; Otis; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick Kearey, Private; 34; Sept. 12, '64; Spencer; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Arthur Keefe, Private; 23; Sept. 1, '64; Malden; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael Keith, Private; 22; Sept. 5, '64; Lexington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65; as Keefe.

George W. Knight, Private; 23; Sept. 2, '64; Milford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Lawler, Private; 25; Aug. 31, '64; Pittsfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel Leary, Private; 25; July 29, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Apr. 9, '65, in Hospital in New York.

Joseph E. Lewis, Private; 26; Sept. 2, '64; Tyngsboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Lightbound, Private; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Otis; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Michael McColligan, Private; 40; Aug. 10, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

William McGrath, Private; 44; Aug. 30, '64; Chicopee; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John McVey, Private; 28; Aug. 20, '64; Greenfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward Millen, Private; 31; Sept. 1, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Richard Mitchell, Private; 26; July 11, '64; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas Morgan, Private; 23; Sept. 21, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

James Murphy, Private; 19; Sept. 2, '64; Northhampton; transf. from 2d R gt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

James B. Murphy, Private; 20; Sept. 2, '64; Milton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; transf. to Co. B.

Thomas Murphy, Private; 24; Aug. 31, '64; Pittsfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Navan, Private; 23; Aug. 29, '64; Milford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John O. Nay, Private; 21; July 29, '64; Newburyport; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Niles, Private; 31; July 28, '64; Georgetown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. May 2, '65; at Beaufort, N. C.

Hugh Nugent, Private; 23; Aug. 31, '64; Pittsfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John O'Brien, Private; 25; July 29, '64; Plymouth; disch. May 26, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

William P. O'Brien, Private; 20; July 26, '64; Adams; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 26, '65.

Patrick O'Connors, Private; 23; Aug. 16, '64; Ashland; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John O'Mara, Private; 22; Aug. 31, '64; Pittsfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick O'Neil, Private; 19; Aug. 13, '64; Chelsea; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles M. Peabody, Private; 31; Aug. 24, '64; Bradford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Pearsons, Private; 32; Sept. 3, '64; Colrain; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Cornelius H. Post, Private; 42; Aug. 5, '64; Chelmsford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Apr. 19, '65; at Beaufort, N. C.

Michael Powers, Private; 18; Aug. 19, '64; Deerfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 7, '65.

Henry H. Prouty, Private; 34; Aug. 29, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry C. Reed, Private; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 24, '65.

Renzo Sargent, Private; 18; Aug. 17, '64; Clinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward Schofield, Private; 31; Aug. 27, '64; Medford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 15, '65.

Charles W. Seiders, Private; 23; Aug. 26, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick Shea, Private; 22; July 27, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 19, '65.

Thomas Shea, Private; 21; Sept. 1, '64; Malden; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65, as "Timothy."

Alonzo Sinclair, Private; 21; Aug. 12, '64; Fitchburg; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Alexander G. Smith, Private; 25; Sept. 3, '64; Oakham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. May 26, '65.

Matthew Stephenson, Private; 42; Sept. 1, '64; Malden; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 28, '65.

Henry J. Stevens, Private; 33; July 25, '64; Lynn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disc h June 24, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Michael Sweeney, Private; 28; Aug. 27, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George W. Temple, Private; 42; July 23, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Orrin L. Torger, Private; 21; Aug. 17, '64; Provincetown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 16, '65.

Abram A. Tyler, Private; 28; May 13, '64; Adams; M. O. July 11, '65.

Thomas H. Welch, Private; 19; Sept. 1, '64; Townsend; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Emerson Wilcott, Private; 43; Aug. 31, '64; Brookfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Apr. 10, '65, David Island, New York Harbor.

Company "H" New Organization.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Enoch F. Tompkins, Captain; 33; Apr. 22, '65; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

Malcolm Sillars, 1st Lt.; 26; Mar. 4, '65; So. Danvers; commissioned Captain Aug. 4, '64; M. O. July 11, '65 as 1st Lt.

James Smith, 2d Lt.; 30; Dec. 20, '64; Danvers; commissioned 1st Lt. June 1, '65; transf. to Co. G.

Uriah Robertson, 2d Lt.; 30; Mar. 4, '65; Danvers; commissioned 1st Lt., June 1, '65; M. O. July 11, '65, as 2d Lt.

Leonard W. Phillips, 1st Sgt.; 23; Jan. 25, '62; Bradford; d. Oct. 5, '64 at Andersonville, Ga.; gr. No. 10383.

Thomas Clymonte, 1st Sgt.; 21; Dec. 4, '63; New Bedford; commissioned 2d Lt., June 16, '65; M. O. July 11, '65 as 1st Sgt.; re-enlist. Dec. 4, '63.

Owen Murphy, Sgt.; 28; Sept. 20, '64; Danvers; disch. June 30, '65.

William Pollett, Sgt.; 21; Dec. 28, '63; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65; re-enlist. Dec. 28, '63.

Melvin Maley, Sgt.; 21; Sept. 29, '64; Danvers; disch. June 30, '65.

William J. Bradley, Corp.; 21; Jan. 24, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

William B. Campbell, Corp.; 24; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; disch. June 30, '65; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.

William E. Flagg, Corp.; 21; Jan. 24, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Hadley, Corp.; 30; Sept. 8, '64; Grafton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William H. Henderson, Corp.; 18; Sept. 18, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Bernard McGaw, Corp.; 21; Aug. 23, '64; Mendon; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Edward North, Corp.; 21; Feb. 9, '65; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward W. Wheeler, Corp.; 21; Dec. 20, '64; Fall River; re-enlist. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Foster, Musician; 18; Feb. 19, '64; Cambridge; re-enlist. Feb. 19, '64; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles Hartman, Musician; 20; Jan. 5, '64; Danvers; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64; M. O. July 1, '65.

John W. Twichell, Musician; 23; Jan. 1, '64; Chelsea; re-enlist. Jan. 1, '64; d. Aug. 17, '64, in Andersonville, Ga.; gr. No. 5428.

Thomas W. Bagley, Private; 18; Jan. 13, '65; Amesbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles H. Baldwin, Private; 20; Dec. 24, '64; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.

James C. Bates, Private; 33; Sept. 9, '64; Abington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry Behan, Private; 21; Jan. 18, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

Joseph E. Brigham, Private; 21; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art. disch. June 30, '65.

John M. Brown, Private; 19; Jan. 25, '65; West Newbury, d. June 9,'65 in hospital, New York.

George Burnett, Private; 21; Jan. 26, '65; Charlestown; disch. July 28, '65.

Charles A. Cheever, Private; 38; Jan. 18, '64; Lynn; re-enlist. Jan. 18, '64; M. O. July 11, '65.

Winfield S. Church, Private; 18; Dec. 20, '64; Fall River; disch. June 29, '65.

Henry A. Collins, Private; 19; Jan. 13, '65; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.

David H. Cook, Private; 18; Jan. 31, '65; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.

Dennis Desmond, Private; 22; Jan. 11, '65; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Desmond, Private; 22; Jan. 16, '65; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.

Michael J. Donahue, Private; 18; Sept. 14,'64; Lowell; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11 '65.

Peter F. Dwyer, Private; 19; Sept. 15, '64; Waltham; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William Emerson, Private; 33; Sept. 3, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Fitzpatrick, Private; 30; July 15, '64; Amesbury; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward Gallagan, Private; 21; July 30, '64; Athol; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Gallagan, Private; 21; Sept. 6, '64; Woburn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George Gardner, Private; 18; Sept. 3, '64; Attleboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Asa Gentis, Private; 32; Jan. 25, '65; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Gilleland, Private; 35; Jan. 2, '64; Lawrence; d. Oct. 19, '64 at Andersonville, Ga., gr. No. 11157.

John Goggin, Private; 43; Jan. 11, '65; Haverhill; M. O. July 11, '65.

John Gravat, Private; 21; July 30, '64; Athol; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Joseph Greenhalge, Private; 23; Sept. 21, '64; Fall River; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Morris Haley, Private; 22; Sept. 20, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Henry S. Henderson, Private; 21; Sept. 17, '64; Northfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Robert Heron, Private; 34; Dec. 27, '64; Lynn; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Robert Hock, Private; 26; Sept. 12, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

John H. Huddell, Private; 18; Jan. 31, '65; So. Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

William Johnson, Private; 27; Sept. 19, '64; Concord; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Andrew Jones, Private; 19; Jan. 28, '65; Fall River; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Kaler, Private; 21; Sept. 12, '64; East Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Patrick Kelly Private; 25; Sept. 7, '64; Uxbridge; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Alonzo C. Kezar, Private; 19; Jan. 31, '65; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.

Timothy Kniffick, Private; 22; Jan. 4, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Krollman, Private; 20; Sept. 17, '64; Granville; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Moses Lancaster, Private; 39; Sept. 3, '64; Heath; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art; d. of wounds Mar. 15, '65.

John Landen, Private; 19; Sept. 12, '64; New Bedford; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Daniel Leary, Private; 33; Sept. 19, '64; Worcester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Ledwith, Private; 22; Jan. 11, '65; Fall River; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Simon L. Lee, Private; 27; Aug. 18, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

William S. Maloney, Private; 32; Sept. 17, '64; Granville; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

James Maxwell, Private; 28; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Hugh McCann, Private; 30; Dec. 29, '64; Salem; M. O. July 11, '65.

George E. McClosky, Private; 18; Sept. 15, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d. Regt. H. Art.; killed in action Mar. 10, '65, at Kinston, N. C.

William McGunnigle, Private; 18; Feb. 1, '65; Stoughton; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles H. McIntire, Private; 21; Feb. 27, '65; Salem; transf. to Co. B.

George E. Melendy, Private; 20; Aug. 29, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Lewis Morey, Private; 18; Jan. 4, '65; Boston; M. O. July 11, '65.

Michael Morrisey, Private; 23; Feb. 2, '65; Worcester; M. O. July 11, '65.

Michael Mulvaney, Private; 19; Sept. 17, '64; Palmer; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

Charles Murphy, Private; 29; Feb. 27, '62; Cambridge; d. in Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 5, '64; no. of gr. 7862.

Hugh E. Murphy, Private; 21; Mar. 3, '65; Danvers; M. O. July 11, '65.

Jeremiah Murphy, Private; 26; Jan. 18, '65; Lawrence; d. May 9, '65, at Raleigh, N. C.

Michael Neighland, Private; 21; Sept. 3, '64; Framington; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. July 30, '65.

Jerome M. Newton, Private; 36; Sept. 16, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

William O'Brian, Private; 42; Sept. 8, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.

William O'Hern, Private; 42; Sept. 15, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

George Orall, Private; 24; Jan. 27, '65; Haverhill; d. Apr. 23, '65 at Morehead City, N. C.

Francis A. Orcutt, Private; 19; Feb. 3, '65; Lynn; M. O. July 11, '65.

Henry Pepin, Private; 19; Jan. 23, '65; Worcester; M. O. July 11, '65.

James Peppard, Private; 26; Sept. 17, '64; Blackstone; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

John Reynolds, Private; 24; Jan. 13, '65; Taunton; M. O. July 11, '65.

Edward Richardson, Private; 21; Jan. 27, '65; Templeton; M. O. July 11, '65.

Moses G. Robbins, Private; 39; Aug. 3, '64; Charlestown; disch. June 9, '65.

Charles O. Robinson, Private; 21; Jan. 31, '65; Salisbury; M. O. July 11, '65.

William H. Russell, Private; 19; Sept. 1, '64; Sandisfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Thomas Scanlan, Private; 29; Feb. 23, '65; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.

Herman Seyfurth, Private; 24; Jan. 18, 65; Concord; M. O. July 11, '65.

Moses Sherman, Private; 28; Sept. 17, '64; Marshfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 20, '65.

Joseph W. Silver, Private; 23; Jan. 13, '65; Ipswich; deserted June 26, '65.

John W. Smith, Private; 22; Feb. 20, '65; Lawrence; M. O. July 11, '65.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Henry Snow, Private; 18; Feb. 14.'65; Greenfield; M. O. July 11, '65.
James P. Stevens, Private; 30; Jan. 5, '65; Boston; transf. to Co. B.
John Sullivan, Private; 25; Feb. 1, '65; Northampton; disch. July 25, '65.
Leonard L. Walker, Private; 34; Sept. 19, '64; Marlboro; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Wall, 1st, Private; 30; Sept. 2, '64; Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Wall, 2d, Private; 40; Sept. 5, '63; So. Boston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Alexander D. Washburn, Private; 22; Aug. 29, '64; No. Bridgewater; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
Emory Watkins, Private; 42; Feb. 17, '65; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Orrin H. Watkins, Private; 19; Feb. 10, '65; Hopkinton; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
Robert Welch, Private; 19; Aug. 1, '64; Townsend; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. for disabil. June 24, '65, hosp'l, Newark, N. J.
Thomas Weller, Private; 21; Aug. 15, '64; Boston, transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; M. O. July 11, '65.
George H. Wheldon, Private; 21; Sept. 10, '64; Springfield; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
John Wigley, Private; 31; Sept. 3, '64; Dorchester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.
James Winter, Private; 18; July 25, '64; Georgetown; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Unassigned Recruits.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Daniel C. Aiken, Recruit; 23; July 14, '63; Lawrence; disch. May 22, '65, under President's Proclamation.
Henry A. Brown, Recruit, 23; July 19, '63; Boston; disch. May 22, '65, under President's Proclamation.
George Burgess, Recruit; 19; Aug. 13, '64; Wendell; desert. at Camp Distribution, Alexandria, Va.; letter War Depart. July 3, '93, on file in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Casey, Recruit; 18; Aug. 5, '62; Bradford; unofficially reported discharged, Jan, '63.
George C. Keefe, Recruit; 21; June '64; Boston; disch. May 6, '65, under President's Proclamation.
James Larter, Recruit; 20; Apr. 12, '65; Boston; disch. May 6, '65.
William H. Littlefield, Recruit; 18; Oct. 20, '62; Boston; disch. for disability at Alexandria, Va., Dec. 12, '62; letter War Department Jan. 26, '64, Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William F. Lougee, Recruit; 19; Feb. 10, '65; Boston; d. at Galloupe's Island, Mar. 10, '65.
Edward Plummer, Recruit; 25; Sept. 3, '64; Dorchester; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Oct. 19, '64, at Newbern, N. C.
William Wallace, Recruit; 28; Feb. 25, '65; Boston; disch. May 6, '65.
William E. Wheeler, Recruit; 24; May 20, '64; Chicopee; disch. May 17, '65, under President's Proclamation.
George A. Willey, Recruit; 19; Sept. 2, '64; Bernardston; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; d. Jan. '65, at Newbern, N. C.
John H. Williams, Recruit; 21; Sept. 10, '64; Haverhill; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.; disch. June 30, '65.

Enlisted Men who are Recorded as Having Enlisted in or for the Seventeenth Regiment.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

James Allen, Recruit; 20; July 31, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Albert Baker, Recruit; 22; Sept. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry Barton, Recruit; 21; Aug. 5, '62; Malden; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Bates, Recruit; 33; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry Becket, Recruit; 22; Aug. 9, '64; Danvers; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George Bennett, Recruit; 24; Nov. 30, '62; West Newbury; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Joseph Bennett, Recruit; 22; Nov. 30, '62; West Newbury; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William H. Blake, Recruit; 27; Aug. 28, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Horatio N. C. Blanchard, Recruit; 35; Aug. 10, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Stilson Boynton, Recruit; 35; Aug. 19, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George W. Brooks, Recruit; 24; Oct. 22, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Boston.
James Burke, Recruit; 23; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Burpee, Recruit; 21; Aug. 9, '62; Gloucester; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James S. Chase, Recruit; 19; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Leonard Chase, Recruit; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Clark, Recruit; 32; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. in Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George Clinton, Recruit; 22; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
H. A. Cole, Recruit; 24; July '61; Beverly; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Edward Conner, Recruit; 20; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles Cook, Recruit; 21; Oct. 21, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Michael Cooley, Recruit; 21; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William J. Cross, Recruit; 27; Oct. 21, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James M. Crafts, Recruit; 41; Oct. 21, '62; Malden; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Neil Doherty, Recruit; 22; Aug. 12, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Dolan, Recruit; 41; Aug. 4, '61; Salisbury; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Dougherty, Recruit; 21; Aug. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Dowd, Recruit; 25; July 10, '61; Lynnfield; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John H. Ellsworth, Recruit; 23; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
D. W. Farmer, Recruit; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Fitzgerald, Recruit; 25; Aug. 9, '61; Fall River; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Gildare, Recruit; 22; Oct. 29, '62; Boston; bo fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Gray, Recruit; 27; Oct. 25, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Guilfoil, Recruit; 21; Oct. 21, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Jeremiah Mackett, Recruit; 39; Aug. 19, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Haggerty, Recruit; 23; July 22, '62; Lawrence; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Hanley, Recruit; 21; Oct. 27, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Harris, Recruit; 21; Sept. 30, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Edward Harrison, Recruit; 22; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Henry, Recruit; 23; Aug. 10, '61; Andover; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Enoch M. Henrich, Recruit; 41; Nov. 11, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Hewins, Recruit; 18; Oct. 14, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Richard Holden, Recruit; 23; Aug. 27, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles Hopkins, Recruit; 26; Aug. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Nathaniel T. Horn, Recruit; 23; July 27, '61; Roxbury; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John G. Ivers, Recruit; 22; Dec. 14, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Jackson, Recruit; 45; May 10, '61; Lynn; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Charles Johnson,Recruit; 21; Sept. 3, '64; New Salem; transf. from 2d Regt. H. Art.
William Johnson, Recruit; 21; Jan. 11, '65; Sturbridge; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George Jones, Recruit; 21; Oct. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Jones, Recruit; 21; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William H. Jones, Recruit; 36; July 22, '61; Boston; no fur. rec.Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Samuel Kegan, Recruit; Aug 23, '61; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Robert Kirmit, Recruit; 21; Oct. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Elden H. Lamson, Recruit; 31; Feb. 5, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Larkin, Recruit; 39; Oct. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Layton, Recruit; 38; July 22, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Lee, Recruit; 21; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
David H. Levenworth, Recruit; 21; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Lewis, Recruit; 20; July 29, '61; Fall River; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles Littlefield, Recruit; 36; Aug. 12, '61; Gloucester; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Benjamin F. Locke, Recruit; 28; Feb. 4, '62; Amesbury; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George Malden, Recruit; 21; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Timothy Maley, Recruit; 27; Sept. 2, '64; Greenfield; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry G. Marden, Recruit; 44; Sept. 1, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William F. Mason, Recruit; 25; Dec. 28, '62; Chelsea; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Michael McCarty, Recruit; 19; Oct. 12, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Daniel McCollagh, Recruit; 26; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Owen McNally, Recruit; 37; July 2, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Wiliam Morrill, Recruit; 26; Sept. 28, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William H. Motley, Recruit; 21; July 10, '61; Rockport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Murray, Recruit; 21; Oct. 21, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Robert Neville, Recruit; 21; Oct. 13, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Newton,Recruit; 34; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Michael O'Flaherty, Recruit; 30; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's. office, Mass.
Charles E. Oliver, Recruit; 22; Oct. 23, '62; Bostou; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James O'Neil, Recruit; 21; Oct. 27, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John O'Shea, Recruit; 25; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
J. O'Sullivan, Recruit; 22; July 31, '61; Great Falls, N. H.; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Sylvester Parshley, Recruit; 18; July 10, '61; Salem; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William B. Porter Recruit; 25; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Peter Quanton, Recruit; 19; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Andrew Quinn, Recruit; 25; Oct. 14, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Patrick Quinn, Recruit; 22; Sept. 5, '62; Lynn; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
E. R. Raney, Recruit; 39; July 2, '61; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Raymond, Recruit; 23; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Daniel Ready, Recruit; 28; Sept. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George H. Roberts, Recruit; Haverhill; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Samuel Roberts, Recruit; 31; May 10, '61; So. Danvers; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles W. Seymour, Recruit; 24; Jan. 1,62; Danvers; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Stokes, Recruit; 33; Oct. 2, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Sullivan, Recruit; 21; Oct. 29, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Sullivan, Recruit; 21; Sept. 3, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Edwin Thomas, Recruit; 21; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William Thomson, Recruit; 29; Oct. 22, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry Tighe, Recruit; 38; Aug. '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
David Welch, Recruit; 26; Oct.1, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.

NAME. RANK. AGE. DATE OF ENROLLMENT. RESIDENCE OR CREDIT.

Stephen H. Welch, Recruit; 26; May 10, '61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles West, Recruit; 21; Jan. 14, '64; Cohasset; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Tobias White, Recruit; 21; Oct. 24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
William White, Recruit; 23; Oct. 2, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
George H. Whittemore, Recruit; 18; Aug. 17,'61; Newburyport; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Thomas Wilkinson, Recruit; 21; Oct. 29,'62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
John Williams, Recruit; 23; Oct. 13, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
JohnWilliams, Recruit; 33; Sept. 1, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
David R. Willie, Recruit; 24; Feb. 3, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Joseph Wing, Recruit; 18; Oct. 21, '61; New Bedford; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Charles Wilson, Recruit; 30; Oct. 22, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry Wilson, Recruit; 25; Oct. 23, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
James Wilson, Recruit; 24; Oct.24, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Henry Withington, Recruit; 18; Oct. 14, '62; Boston; no fur. rec. Adjt.General's office, Mass.
Caleb L. Woodwell, Recruit; 35; Aug. 23, '61; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.
Benjamin F. Young, Recruit; 18; May 10, '61; Reading; no fur. rec. Adjt. Gen's office, Mass.

CHAPTER X.

BIOGRAPHIES.

With Portrait of Field, Staff, Line Officers and a few of the Enlisted Men of the Reorganized, or Veteran Seventeenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

COLONEL HENRY SPLAINE.

Henry Splaine, (colonel of the new Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry) was born in Aharlow House, Barony of Muskerry, County of Cork, Ireland, August 6, 1837. He received his early education in public and private schools in the city of Cork. When but fourteen years of age (namely, October 3, 1851) he came to the United States with his family and settled in Haverhill, Mass. Here he continued his studies under the direction of his parents, who were educated and accomplished.

In Haverhill he was taught the shoemaking trade, at which he worked until the breaking out of the Civil War, when the militant spirit of a war-like ancestry moved him to leave the work-bench and don the uniform of a soldier, in the cause of freedom and his adopted country. He was one of six brothers who fought in either the army or the navy of the United States in that war, all serving until the close of the war, the surrender of General Lee and the collapse of the Rebellion.

Colonel Splaine is one of nineteen children, thirteen boys and six girls. His father was Richard Splaine, Esq., formerly of Aharlow House, County of Cork, Ireland. He was of a long line of estated gentlemen, and of direct descent from one of two

brothers who accompanied William the Norman from France to England, participating in the battle of Hastings, which resulted in the conquest of England. A descendant of this brother went to Ireland years afterwards and founded the house from which Colonel Splaine derives his ancestry.

A militant and adventurous strain has always run through the Splaine family, there having been several of them in wars during and after the conquest of England, and notably during the last two centuries. For example, Colonel Abraham Splaine of the British Eighty-First Infantry, who was a cousin of the subject of this sketch; Captain Philip Splaine, killed at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, was a cousin; Lieutenant William Splaine, who died in Canada years ago, was also a cousin; Jerome Splaine, a brother, was killed at the battle of Khars during the progress of the Crimean War; another brother, Edward Splaine, was honored with the Queen's Medal for heroic conduct in the defence of a bastion of a fort during the battle of Inkerman, the piece of artillery in the fort becoming overheated, burst, killing twelve of the seventeen men under the command of said Edward Splaine. Edward was one of the six brothers who served in the Civil War.

Colonel Splaine's maternal grandfather, John O'Mahoney, Esq., was a sculptor of distinction in Ireland, and in the early part of the last century (from 1800 to 1818) had for a pupil, James Barry, Esq., founder of the house of sculptors of that name in the United States, some of whom have attained the highest rank among the leading American sculptors.

Colonel Splaine's mother was Honora, daughter of John O'Mahoney, the sculptor. She was a noted Irish beauty in her section of the country, was an accomplished and amiable woman, and was the first of the old Irish or Celtic race to marry into the Splaine family.

When the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment left Linnfield in August, 1861, Colonel Splaine was in Company E, a first lieutenant, but on January 31, 1862, was promoted to the rank of captain, and assigned to Company A of that regiment, until the expiration of the term of the old regiment, when he took command as captain of the newly organized veterans, July 17, 1864. Shortly

Lieut. Eben Simonds.

after, when the regiment began to be recruited up to its maximum of eight companies, he was commissioned major and lieutenant-colonel, August 10, 1864.

On March 4, 1865, he was appointed Acting Brigadier General in command of the third brigade, second division, District of Beaufort, North Carolina. He was commissioned colonel June 16, 1865. These promotions, it may be said, were the reward of meritorious and efficient conduct in the field during four years of continuous service, when he was at all times with his command.

Though usually fortunate in the many encounters in which he participated in North Carolina, he was wounded in the left arm at Winton (or Mt. Tabor Church), North Carolina, July 26, 1863.

Colonel Splaine personally is a warm-hearted, chivalrous, generous and charitable man, unassuming in manner, and modest in bearing, as men of ability always are. He is thoroughly democratic in temperament, notwithstanding that in his lineage he is aristocratic, and in that respect has something to be proud of, he being a cousin in the second degree of a baronet, as his father and Sir Richard Moore were full first cousins, Colonel Splaine being, therefore, cousin of the present baronet of that name. Colonel Splaine's grand aunt, Ellen Gilman of Old Park, County Cork, Ireland, married Sir Emannuel Moore, thereby becoming Lady Moore.

As to his own immediate family, it may be recorded that he married Margaret J. Weir on November 16, 1858. From this union were born eight children, six sons and two daughters, namely, Richard Edward, Anne Maria, Henry Thomas, Herbert James, William Francis, Norella, David Jerome and George Weir. Mrs. Splaine died November 15, 1881.

Colonel Splaine is a member of Theodore Winthrop Post, No. 35, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM W. SMITH.

William W. Smith was born in Tarifville, Conn., June 17, 1839. He was one of eight children born to John Smith and his

wife, Margaret Sinclair, who were both of Scottish birth, and who landed in New York from Scotland about 1829. In the city of New York the oldest boy was born, the younger members of the family being born in Tarifville, Conn., to which place the family removed in 1830. The boys were Archie, Daniel, Robert, James John and William W. The girls were Margaret and Jeanette. From Tarifville, the family removed to Danvers, Mass., in 1846. Margaret became Mrs. White and Jeanette became Mrs. Crowell.

When the excitement caused by the secession of the southern states reached Danvers, the young men of that town, like those of other towns, organized a splendid company, which at once went into camp and drilled every day. Soon they were equipped and ready for service. N. P. Fuller was elected captain, William W. Smith first lieutenant and Ruel B. Pray second lieutenant. The company joined the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers at Lynnfield, July 10, 1861. It was designated as Company C, and was placed on the left flank of the regiment, thereby gaining the second position of importance in that regiment.

Lieutenant Smith and his three brothers were all members of this company. They were William W., Daniel, Robert and James. Daniel died while a member of Company C.

William W. Smith was commissioned first lieutenant August 21, 1861; captain, July 31, 1862; major, August 4, 1864; and lieutenant-colonel, June 16, 1865.

Colonel Smith was a brave and patriotic officer, of commanding presence, a good disciplinarian, watchful over the welfare of his men, and was at all times ready for duty. He never missed a march or a fight that his company took part in. Shortly after the close of the war, he married Miss Carrie Goldwaithe of Danvers, and soon afterwards removed to Kansas. He is now a resident of Topeka in that state, where he has become a successful lawyer, and where he is well known in public life.

MAJOR JOHN E. MULLALLY.

John E. Mullally was born in Boston, August 22, 1838. His father was John Mullally of Templemore, Ireland, who, shortly

after going to Halifax, Nova Scotia, married Mary Stewart of that city, whose father was a sea captain. There were born of this union four boys and three girls. The four boys served with distinction in the Union army, three of them in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, and one in another regiment. After leaving the Seventeenth, one of the brothers, William Mullally, having served four years in the Volunteers, joined the regular cavalry, and went down in glory in the celebrated General Custer disaster.

A few years before the breaking out of the Civil War, the family moved from Boston to Danvers, where, after attending public schools, as they had done in Boston, the sons took up the shoe business for a livlihood. When excitement ran high about recruiting and drilling for the inevitable conflict between the North and the South, Major Mullally was among the chief organizers of the "Foster Guard," of South Danvers. The major, for his activity and patriotism, was elected second lieutenant May 10, 1861, which was confirmed later when the Guards were incorporated into the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry as Company B, at Lynnfield, Mass., July 10, 1861.

Lieutenant Mullally went to the front with his regiment, was promoted to first lieutenant December 13, 1861; captain, December 29, 1863; and major, June 16, 1865. He served out his term of three years and re-enlisted in 1864, to help finish up the war. He was never sick, never absent, always on duty, and took part in every march and fight that his company and regiment was engaged in. He was a brave man, an efficient officer and a good drill master. He was beloved by his own men, and was a most companionable and pleasant gentleman among commissioned officers.

During the war he married Miss Ellen Dawes of Boston, daughter of Robert J. Dawes of London, England, and Annie Dawes of Halifax, Nova Scotia. From this union were born Annie D., Bertie B. (Mrs. Lott) Nellie F. (Mrs. Peters), John Robert, and Katie E. (Mrs. Mossman), the latter having died in 1900.

The Dawes family take special pride in the fact that a relative of theirs, Robert F. Daws, was noted as a friend and associate of Paul Revere during the Revolutionary War.

CAPTAIN JAMES SPLAINE.

James Splaine was born in Aharlow House, County of Cork, Ireland, in March, 1839. He was educated in public and private schools near his home and in the City of Cork. With the other members of his family, he left his native place in 1851, reaching Boston, Mass., October 3d of that year, and Haverhill, Mass., the same day. He lived in the latter city until the breaking out of the Civil War, when catching the prevailing enthusiasm for adventure, his militant nature prompted him, as it did many young men of Massachusetts, to enlist for service in the cause of the Union. He was full brother of Colonel Henry Splaine, and is therefore entitled to every consideration accorded his brother on account of parentage and lineage.

He enlisted as a private in Company E, unattached, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Capt. M. C. McNamara of Haverhill, April 21, 1861; and was elected third lieutenant shortly afterwards. Soon after this the War Department ordered that third and fourth lieutenant should be dropped, which placed Lieutenant Splaine back in the ranks. Soon after this however, he was appointed first sergeant of the company, in which capacity he went to the front. After a service of seven months as first sergeant, he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant, January 31, 1862, and on December 24 of the same year, was furthur promoted to the rank of first lieutenant; and finally after the reorganization of the Veteran or new Seventeenth Regiment, he was promoted to a captaincy (in Company A,) August 10, 1864.

Captain James Splaine was about six feet in height, well proportioned, of graceful carriage and soldierly bearing. He was a good drill-master, liked by his men, companionable among the officers, generous, forbearing and forgiving. He made an enviable reputation as an intrepid and brave officer. He served all through the war, having been in every engagement in which his regiment participated.

One of the veteran comrades who served under Captain Splaine in Company A of the new Seventeenth, said to the compiler of this history: "Captain Jim Splaine was a fine man, a noble fellow.

1. Lt.-Col. Wm. W. Smith.
2. David Wallace, Co. "E".
3. Lt. William H. Turner.
4. Lieut. James Inman.
5. Lieut. Linus B. Comins.
6. Capt. John K. Lloyd.
7. Wm. D'Arcy Haley.
8. Rufus Hart, Co. "C."
9. Wm. J. Murphy, Co. "C."
10. Lieut. Edward P. Cotting.
11. Lieut. Henry F. Merrill.
12. Lieut. Jere A. Greeley.
13. Capt. David F. Brown.
14. Capt. Horace Dexter.
15. Capt. Thomas R. Keenan.
16. Lieut. Dl. L. Getchell.
17. Capt. Geo. H. Morrell.
18. Adjutant Barnabas A. Mann.

He was one of the bravest officers in the Seventeenth Regiment. He never sent his men where he did not go himself. He led them.''

Captain Splaine never married. He died in Lynn, Mass., at the age of thirty-five.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH AUGUSTUS MOORE.

Joseph A. Moore was born at Gloucester, Mass., February 11, 1844. After completing his studies in the Gloucester High School, and in Philadelphia, Pa., at the age of fifteen years he began his studies to become a civil engineer in the office of John B. Henck, who was afterwards Professor of Civil Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In July, 1861, at the age of seventeen years, he enlisted as a private in Company H, Seventeenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, and was promoted through the different grades (including that of regimental adjutant) to captain, being commissioned as captain of a veteran company before he was twenty-one years old. His promotion was, it may be said, the result of good conduct, zealous and meritorious action in the service, and coolness and bravery in times of peril. His promotion in the service was as rapid as it was almost singular, and he developed a fine capacity in every line of duty he was called upon to act in.

Among the other duties Captain Moore was called upon to discharge was that of acting assistant adjutant-general of the brigade commanded by Colonel Henry Splaine. He was assigned in this capacity to the Third Brigade, and afterwards to the third division, 23d Army Corps, and when discharged in July, 1865 was acting in this capacity. He was highly recommended by his regimental, brigade and division commanders for a captaincy in the regular army, but sickness, brought on in the line of duty, prevented him from obtaining the position.

It is an old saying that "Blood will tell,''—or rather it is a recognition of the now acknowledged fact that heredity from a dis-

tinguished ancestry has much to do with the makeup of an individual in matters physical, intellectual and moral, and Captain Moore is a fine illustration of the truth of this theory, as his ancestry on both sides, for several generations (which is here briefly noted) will testify.

William Moore, who was a cousin of Sir Hamilton Moore, settled at Fresh Water Cove, Gloucester, Mass., where he built a house in or before the year 1757.

In the summer of 1776, while in a boat off Old House Gove, and in view of his home, William Moore and his son Joseph,—who was born at Gloucester, November 28, 1763, were taken prisoners by Captain Lindsay, claiming William Moore as a British subject liable to service in the British navy. On the refusal of Moore to join the crew of his vessel and act as pilot along the Massachusetts shore and become a traitor to his adopted country, he was sent to New York as a prisoner of war, and died on board the prison ship "Jersey," remaining loyal to his adopted country to the last.

His son Joseph, then a mere lad, was set on shore between Kettle Cove (now Magnolia) and Manchester, and returned to his home. Joseph Moore was twice married,—first to Hannah Pulsifer, February 16, 1794; and second, to Betsey (Elizabeth) Fellows, September 26, 1814. The latter was a descendant of William Fellows, who settled in Ipswich, Mass., in 1642. By his first wife he had three children, and by the second wife, eight children,—one of whom,—Joseph, Jr., born January 27, 1817,—was the father of Captain Joseph A. Moore.

Joseph Moore, Jr., married Mary Olive Lane August 19, 1841, —Captain Joseph A. Moore being an only child. Mary Olive Lane was the daughter of Moses Lane and Olive (Fellows) Lane of Ipswich, Mass.,—the latter being a daughter of Nathan Fellows, who was a soldier of the Revolution. Mrs. Moore died at Roslindale, Mass., at the home of her son, March 12, 1908, aged eighty-seven years, seven months and eleven days, and was buried at Mount Adrish Cemetery, Annisquam, Mass.

Mrs. Moore had also a line of ancestors with interesting pioneer histories. John Lane, who was born about 1653, came to

Gloucester from Falmouth, Maine, about the close of the seventeenth century, probably on the destruction of that place by the Indians. He was the son of James Lane, and went with his father, in 1658, from Malden, Mass., to Casco Bay, where he lived until driven away by the Indians in the first Indian War. His father was killed in a fight with the Indians. One of the descendants of John Lane was Moses Lane, who was born December 14, 1781. He married Olive Fellows of Ipswich, Mass., who had a son (Moses Augustus) and a daughter (Mary Olive) mother of Captain Moore. Moses Augustus Lane, uncle of Captain Moore (born January 11, 1823) was a gunner (warrant officer) in the United States navy from 1852 to his retirement, January 11, 1885, and served all through the war of the Rebellion. He died October 31, 1888.

CAPTAIN CHARLES O. FELLOWS.

Charles Oliver Fellows was born in Boston, on February 8, 1845. When but a mere child his family moved to Chelsea, Mass., where Charles spent his early boyhood, and where he attended the public schools of that town. During his thirteenth year he was sent to Peacham Academy, Vermont, where he studied for a period of a year and six months. He then returned to his home in Chelsea.

Like most American boys, young Fellows longed for adventure, and sooner than settle down to mechanical or commercial pursuits, he sought a sea-faring life, which would give him an opportunity to see strange lands and peoples. He accordingly shipped before the mast, and made several voyages to foreign lands, his last cruise being from Liverpool to Boston in March, 1861. On his arrival, he found the country deeply agitated by the secession of several of the Southern States and the prospect of civil war.

Young Fellows had been home scarcely a month when the cry "To arms!" was sounded. Though sixteen years of age, he was among the first in Chelsea to enroll himself in Company H of the 1st Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, in command of Captain Carruth. The boy soldier soon found ample opportunity for his

adventurous spirit, for it was not long after enlistment when his regiment participated in the battle of Bull Run, which was fought on July 21, 1861. He saw some other fighting and some severe service during the fall of 1861, and then, to his surprise, he found himself transferred to the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, and commissioned second lieutenant on December 13, 1861. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant August 13, 1862, and finally became captain August 4, 1864.

Captain Fellows was a "chip of the old block," as the saying is, his father being lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, and also a soldier from his sixteenth year. Captain Fellows' military spirit seems to have come to him by inheritance, his gallant father having been of Revolutionary and 1812 war lineage, while on his mother's side (she being Mary Louise Sprague of Salem), he inherited equally proud and patriotic blood, the Spragues having figured conspicuously in both wars.

Captain Fellows was a tall, handsome and dashing young fellow, an expert at drill, a good commander and a most companionable young gentleman. He was liked and respected by officers and men, and was a brave, capable and patriotic officer, never having missed a march or a fight that his company or regiment participated in.

Captain Fellows was married November 27, 1867. Seven children were born to them, six girls and one boy, all now living except one daughter, all now married except one daughter.

CAPTAIN THOMAS R. KEENAN.

Captain Keenan's first military service in the Civil War was as private in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry early in 1861. He was second lieutenant in the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry in 1862 and first lieutenant in 1863. He was captain in the 56th Massachusetts Infantry during part of 1864, and became lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery during the latter part of that year. He then returned to the Seventeenth

1. Lieut. John B. Hill.
2. Asst. Surg. Chas. G. A. Eayers.
3. Doctor I. F. Galloupe.
4. Capt. M. C. M'Namara.
5. Lieut. Samuel G. Roberts.
6. Corpl. Andrew J. Tilton.
7. Capt. I. N. Richardson.
8. Capt. Levi P. Thompson.
9. Asst. Surg. Wm. H. W. Hinds.
10. Capt. Henry B. Webber.
11. Capt. Lewis Cann.

Massachusetts February 3, 1865, as captain. He was finally mustered out of service July 11, 1865.

Captain Keenan was born at Lynnfield, Mass., 1841, and was the son of Doctor Keenan, an Irish gentleman of undoubted good standing both in his native land and the land of his adoption.

Captain Keenan's full name was Thomas Romney Van Tromp Keenan. He often told the writer that there was a strain of noble Dutch blood in his veins, of which he seemed to be very proud. He was six feet six inches in his bare feet, straight as an arrow, and was soldierly in bearing, and a handsome fellow. He was well educated and suave and gentlemanly in his relations with everyone. His conduct was at all times above reproach, and he commanded the respect of all the officers and men of the regiment.

He was brave to a fault, and never shirked any responsibility or duty which fell to him. He was a proficient drill-master, a good disciplinarian without being cruel, and was indeed an officer his men were proud to follow.

Captain Keenan saw considerable service in several regiments. He was shot through the neck, in action, in 1864. He never fully recovered from the effects of this wound, which finally caused his death early in 1867.

CAPTAIN LEWIS CANN.

Lewis Cann was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1837, and was the second son of Samuel and Mary Anne (Shaw) Cann. Lewis settled in Danvers, Mass., in 1852, and, in 1859, married Miss Eliza A. Webb of Danvers, Mass. From this union were born six children—Lewis A., Herbert L., Emma Jane, William W., Francis W. and Elmer E.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, when excitement ran high, Lewis Cann, like many others, being stirred with patriotism, joined Company C of Danvers, which organization became part of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. As an enlisted man he proved to be a good soldier. He was neat and orderly and respectful to his superiors. He had not served very

long before his good qualities became so apparent that he was made sergeant of his company. New honors awaited him, for on April 26, 1863, he was commissioned second lieutenant, and on May 4, 1864, he was promoted to the position of first lieutenant, and finally became captain November 21, 1864.

As a soldier and a commissioned officer, Captain Cann was all that his superior officers could wish for. He was a model soldier and officer; was a good drill-master, a fine company commander and brave and patriotic. He was tactful, resourceful and never lost his presence of mind, even under the most trying circumstances. The writer recalls two occasions in the service of Captain Cann, where his coolness and bravery enabled him to save his company from capture by the Confederates. The first occasion was at Batchelder's Creek, N. C., February 1, 1864, where a detachment of his regiment was deserted and was being surrounded by a large force of the enemy. When the command was called upon to surrender, Captain Cann, with his company, made a bold dash for the woods, and, although bullets flew thick and fast, the little command escaped with the loss of a very few men.

During this daring movement, Captain Cann and his little company reached the camp of the One hundred and thirty-second New York Infantry, and although the captain knew that his position was a dangerous one, he delayed long enough to destroy nearly all the camp and garrison equipage, and such other stores as would be of use to the enemy. He then pulled down the garrison flag and saved it, and as he and his men were going out at one side of the camp the Confederates were rushing in at the other side. He made a long detour to avoid the enemy and reached his camp in Newbern the next day.

The second occasion where Captain Cann's coolness and bravery enabled him to save his company from capture was on March 9, 1865, at the battle of Wise's Forks, N. C., when he and his company were detached and connected, temporarily, with the brigade of Colonel Upham of General Carter's division of General Schofield's army. Captain Cann and his company were doing picket duty on the extreme left of the brigade, and observing that the Confederates were marching clear around the brigade, he at once notified the brigade commander of the danger, but was told to return to his

1. R. P. Newman.
2. Lieut. Thomas W. Foster.
3. Lieut. Chas. C. Morse.
4. Sergeant Frank G. Kelley, Co. "G."
5. Sergt. Michael Carney.
6. Joseph G. Kelley.
7. Herbert Splaine.
8. Geo. F. Putnam, Co. "C."
9. Capt. Sidney C. Bancroft.
10. Chas. E. Flanders.
11. J. B. Moores.
12. Amos Homans.
13. 1st Lieut. Michael Burns.

post, and hold it if possible. Bad conditions became worse, until finally the enemy charged the position, capturing the whole brigade except Captain Cann and his company. Upon being called upon to surrender, the company answered with a volley, then made their escape through the thicket, and joined their regiment on the following morning. During this movement, Captain Cann lost two men, taken prisoners, and had four others wounded. This feat, at the time, was regarded by all concerned as a wise and brave act. When Captain Cann reported to his regiment with company almost intact, he was warmly congratulated and thanked by Colonel Splaine for his bravery and well-timed dash through the cordon which the enemy had almost completed around General Upham's brigade.

Well may Captain Cann's children be proud of their gallant father; well may the mother be proud of her children's father; and well may his town, state and nation be proud of Captain Lewis Cann.

CAPTAIN MALCOLM SILLARS.

Malcolm Sillars is a native of Ryegate, Vt., where he was born September 17, 1837. When but eight years of age, his parents removed to North Andover, Mass., where he went to school in 1850, when his family removed to Danvers, Mass., where he continued his education in the public schools of that town. His first work was in Stevens' factory in North Andover, where flannel goods were made. In Danvers he worked in Tapley's carpet factory, but this work not being to his liking, he started in to learn the trade of shoemaking in a shoe factory in Danvers.

Malcolm and his brother William Sillars, who was younger, worked at the same business until the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, when both enlisted in Company C, which was afterwards incorporated in the Seventeenth Regiment Volunteer Infantry. His father, Donald Sillars, also enlisted in Company K, 23d Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. His brother, William died in Baltimore of typhoid fever, and his father was

killed in the attack on Newbern, N. C., when that city was captured by the troops under General Burnside.

Captain Sillars enlisted as a private, but soon after the regiment reached Baltimore, Md., he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and in North Carolina was promoted to first sergeant. Afterward, on January 4, 1864, he was again promoted to quartermaster-sergeant of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment. On July 4, 1864, he received his commission as second lieutenant, and was assigned to Company H of that regiment.

When the term of enlistment of the men of the regiment expired, about one-third of the officers and men re-enlisted for the war. Lieutenant Sillar's was one of them. He was promoted to first lieutenant, September 1, 1864, and to captain August 4, 1864.

It will thus be seen that from the time of his enlistment on April 23, 1861, until his muster-out, July 11, 1865, about four years and three months, his rise from the ranks was steady and continuous, his promotion being the result of devotion to duty and efficient service as a soldier. What is most remarkable in his case is that during his whole term of enlistment, and amid the fatigues of the march and perils of the field, as well as danger from malaria, he was never sick or unfit for duty during the whole term of his service.

After his return from the war, he entered politics, and was elected to the State Legislature from Danvers in 1886 and 1887. In the latter year he projected a comprehensive plan for the enlargement, or rather the extension of the State House, and advocated the taking of the old reservoir lot on Beacon Hill for that purpose. (Curiously enough, the compiler of this memorial history, who was on the staff of the "Boston Herald" was appraised of the project at the time, and wrote up the scheme, which was published in the "Sunday Herald" of May 15, 1887.) This scheme, which later bore fruit in the present remodeled State House and its extention, was afterwards appropriated from the originator without credit. It was first known as the "Sillars Plan," and was received by the press and public throughout the State with such favor that it was ultimately adopted and carried out in the State House as it is today.

Roland F. Lewis.

Captain Sillars has for many years held the office of inspector in the District Police of Massachusetts, and up to July, 1908, was on active duty. At that time he was taken sick with stomach trouble, from which he suffered greatly, but he is now on the fair road to recovery. His iron consititution will no doubt pull him through all right.

Among his other services to his country, Captain Sillars has the honor of being the father of one of the largest families in Massachusetts, and one of the finest also. On August 20, 1861, he married Sarah Putnam Fuller, daughter of Daniel W. and Clarissa (Putnam) Fuller. By this marriage there were five sons and two daughters, three of the sons and one daughter of whom died in infancy, and two of the sons and one daughter are living; namely, Henry M., born May 16, 1864; Walter A., born June 15, 1866; Alice P., born July 20, 1870. His wife, Sarah P., died November 20, 1874. On September 10, 1876, he married Sarah E. McDermott, daughter of Charles and Mary (Donnelly) McDermott. By this marriage there were thirteen children; seven daughters and six sons, namely, Elizabeth, born October 30, 1877; Malcolm, born December 8, 1878; Mary, born March 29, 1880; Helen M., born January 24, 1882; Charles D., born August 6, 1883; James McC., born August 8, 1885; Susan, born November 8, 1886; Alexander M., born January 24, 1888; William A., born February 15, 1889; Sarah E., born December 25, 1891; Blanche Janet, born March 11, 1895; Fred G., born February 23, 1897; and Pauline R., born July 14, 1898. Thus, in all, Captain Sillars is the father of twenty children, sixteen of whom are living; a family any man may well be proud of, and may they prove worthy successors of noble parents. There is no "race suicide" in this fine family.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES SMITH.

Lieutenant James Smith was one of four brothers who joined Company C of Danvers, at the out-break of the Civil War, as a private. He is a full brother of Lieut.-Col. William W. Smith,

of the same regiment, and is therefore, entitled to all the honor of race and parentage that his brother, Colonel Smith can boast.

Lieutenant Smith, although a private at the opening of the war, soon forged his way to the front, becoming in turn, sergeant, 1st sergeant , 2d and 1st lieutenant in his own regiment. During his long term of service he showed himself at all times an able, brave and upright soldier and officer. He was a man of unblemished character; dear to his associate officers and men, and as one who reflected honor on his company, his town, state and nation.

He has been a successful farmer and merchant in his adopted state of Kansas, where he now resides, admired and respected in his declining years by all who know him. Lieutenant Smith has helped with material and good advice in the writing of his regimental history.

ROLAND FRANK LEWIS.

(One of the Committee on History.)

Roland F. Lewis was born in Salem, Mass., October 28, 1844. On July 1, 1861, when but a schoolboy in his seventeenth year, he enlisted for three years in the Kimball Guards of Rockport, on Fire Island, Salem, Mass., which was mustered in as Company G, of the Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He participated in all the marches and campaigns of the regiment in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. He re-enlisted in the field to serve in the new organization of the Seventeenth, in Company A, and served with it to the end of the war, having an honorable record as a soldier.

After his discharge he was employed in New York, and later learned a trade, and worked for ten years at Beverly. In 1886, he was appointed watchman in the United States Sub-Treasury in Boston, which position he has held ever since.

RICHARD PURTILL, ALBERT J. COOK, BENJAMIN P. ROGERS, SAMUEL J. FORD, ANDREW P. LEWIS.

Andrew Park Lewis, Jr., was born at Newburyport, Mass., January 19, 1843. He was enrolled as a member of the "City Grays" of Newburyport, May 10, 1861, which corps afterwards became Company A, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, and was mustered into the United States service at Lynnfield, Mass., July 22, 1861.

Lewis, after serving his term of enlistment, re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer on January, 4, 1864. He was private and corporal in Company A, and was transferred to Company F, as sergeant in February, 1865. He was on all marches and in all fights in which his regiment and company participated. He was mustered out at the close of the war, July 11, 1865.

Albert James Cook was born at Newburyport, Mass., September 8, 1841. He was enrolled in the "City Grays" of Newburyport on May 10, 1861, which corps afterwards became Company A, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers and was mustered into the United States service at Lynnfield, Mass., July 22, 1861.

After having served his term of enlistment in the field, he re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer, January 5, 1864. He was private and corporal in his company, and was on all the marches and in all the engagements in which his company and regiment took part. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war, July 11, 1865.

Samuel James Ford was born at Newburyport, Mass., June 12, 1843. He enlisted in Company A, Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, October 26, 1861. He re-enlisted in the field as a veteran volunteer on January 4, 1864. He served as private and corporal in his company, and was transferred to Company E, February 9, 1865. He was mustered out at expiration of service, July 11, 1865. He participated in all the engagements in which his company and regiment took part, and never lost a march.

Richard Purtill was born at Newburyport, Mass., July 22, 1847. He enlisted in Company A, Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, March 1, 1862, and re-enlisted in the field as a veteran volunteer on January 5, 1864. He was transferred as corporal to Company F, in February, 1865.

Purtill was the youngest man bearing arms in the regiment at the time of his first enlistment, he then being only fourteen years and eight months old.

Richard Purtill's father, John Purtill, served in the same company and regiment with his son during the war. They never missed a march or an engagement in which their regiment participated. Both were mustered out of service at the close of the war, July 11, 1865.

Benjamin Proctor Rogers was born in Byfield, Rowley, Mass., 1845. He was enlisted in the "City Grays" of Newburyport, May 21, 1861, which afterwards became Company A, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, and was mustered into the United States service at Lynnfield, Mass., July 22, 1861. He enlisted in the field as a veteran volunteer, January 4, 1864.

Rogers took part in all marches and fights that his company and regiment were engaged in. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war, July 11, 1865.

The writer of the foregoing sketches has good reason to know whereof he writes when he says that the five men whose portraits are grouped at the opening of these sketches, were good, brave, patriotic and well-tried soldiers in the service of their country. Their unselfishness is well proven when the reader realizes that the cost of the portraits and the sketches herewith given has been defrayed by themselves, thereby making no cost to the committee on History.

CHAPTER XI.

Taking the Field—March 4, 1865—Splaine's Brigade—Composition of—General Carter Commanding Division; General Cox Commanding the Corps and General Schofield Commanding the Army—Skirmishing with the Enemy—Throwing up Works at Wise's Forks—A Real Romance of the War—Charles S. Bolton, a Hero—Battle of Wise's Forks, Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4—Captain Fish's Pop Guns—Strengthening our Works—A War Song—Capture of Upham's Brigade, as told by General Carter—Complete Victory, with Joy around the Camp Fires.

To resume our narrative: The command reached Newbern at 5:30 on the morning of the 4th of March, 1865, and proceeded at once by train to Batchelder's Creek, and thence by march to Core Creek reaching there at 4:45 p. m. Here Colonel Splaine received orders to take command of the Third Brigade, second Division, District of Beaufort, the division being commanded by Brigadier General S. P. Carter. Splaine's Brigade consisted of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, Third New York Heavy Artillery and five hundred men of western regiments who had been unable to join their own command. These latter were organized into a battalion and commanded by the senior captain.

On the morning of March 5th, at 7 a. m., took up the march for Dover Cross Roads, reaching that point at 4:30 p. m. On March 6, at noon, took up the march for Wise's Forks, the Seventeenth Massachusetts of Splaine's Brigade having the advance.

About 3 p. m., the brigade was resting on the railroad bed,—General Carter and staff being in the act of selecting a defensive

position, as they knew the enemy was in close proximity,—when suddenly firing was heard in the direction taken by Carter, and almost immediately after a staff officer came galloping back with the report that Carter's party had been fired upon and was in danger of capture. Thereupon Splaine sprang into his saddle, shouting: "Major Smith, bring the brigade up in quick time! First company of the Seventeenth forward, double quick!" and on reaching the scene of the firing, ordered: "First platoon as skirmishers! Second platoon in reserve! Give it to them, lads!" There was brisk firing for a few minutes, the men of the Seventeenth driving the enemy and capturing two of them. Captain Thomas of General Carter's staff had his hat shot away, and although the party escaped uninjured, it is safe to say that were it not for the prompt action of the men of the Seventeenth, Carter and his party would have been captured and perhaps injured. Splaine's brigade now coming up, was at once assigned to a place on the extreme left of the position, which a few days after became the scene of the battle of Wise's Forks. Shortly afterwards the divisions of Palmer and Ruger came up and were posted further to the right. Activity was now the order of the day, and everyone helped to throw up breastworks, which were greatly strengthened the following day, as will be more fully told in Comrade Hugh Young's account of the battle, which follows.

On March 7, work on the line of defences continued, and when night came the troops were well entrenched and ready for anything.

A REAL ROMANCE OF WAR.

Just here it may not be out of place to relate a peculiar and unusual circumstance of the war—a romantic incident, in fact. The morning report for March 7, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, a part of Splaine's brigade, showed one captain absent without leave. Captain Harrington, in command of that regiment, was called to headquarters to explain the absence of the missing man. He stated that the young man was about to marry an estimable

young lady residing in Newbern, the daughter of an army officer, not a combatant, and that all preparations had been made for the wedding, invitations sent out, etc., when the forward movement of the army was announced.

Then the young captain applied to General Palmer for leave of two days to fulfil his promise of marriage. This request was refused. The young captain was in a sad plight. What was he to do? Should he refuse, then, the maiden of his choice, and disappoint her and their many friends, or was he to disobey the orders of his superiors in the army? He very gallantly chose the awfully dangerous course of leaving camp without leave sooner than break his promise to the woman he loved.

Upon receiving this information, Colonel Splaine requested Captain Harrington to change the morning report, but received a flat refusal. Splaine said, "You will, captain;" and the captain answered that he would not. Splaine then turned to headquarters clerk and said, "Make out an order for Captain F. of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts and a sergeant and ten men of the Seventeenth Massachusetts to proceed to Newbern for the purpose of storing knapsacks and certain camp and garrison equipage hastily left behind and now improperly stored,—the officers and men to return to their commands as soon as the work has been done."

Splaine rode over to the headquarters of General Cox and explained the facts to him. His approval was freely given, and the sergeant and ten men went to Newbern on the next train, the sergeant taking a confidential letter from Colonel Splaine to Captain F. telling the captain what had transpired at the front and advising him to see that the property referred to was stored with an authorized quartermaster, to consummate his marriage as he had agreed to and then return to the front with all haste.

Harrington was compelled to change the morning report, and gallant captain F. was saved from a courtmartial. The captain was married according to program, stored the property, taking the quartermaster's receipt for it, and in command of the detail, returned to his regiment on the 9th of March. He was not back more than an hour when he was ordered to take charge of his company on the skirmish line, and he had not been out there more

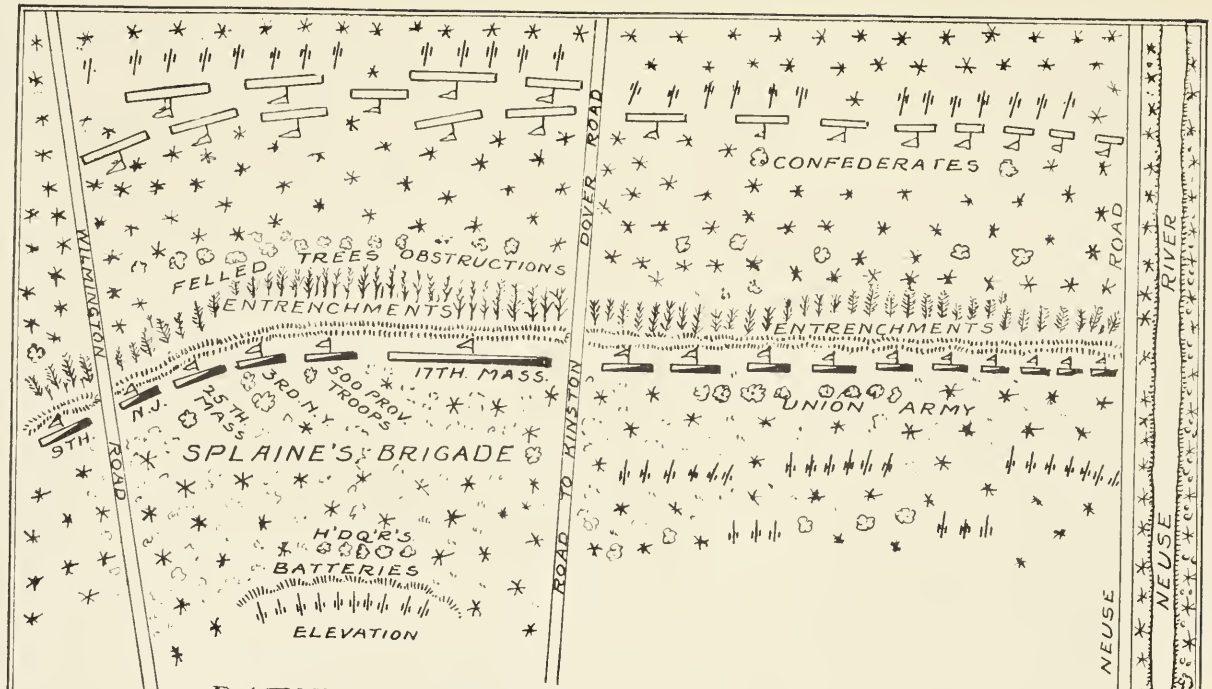
than two hours before he was wounded. The wound was a bad one, but not necessarily dangerous.

Colonel Splaine learning from the surgeon that Captain F. could bear a short ride on the train, had the young hero sent to his bride that same afternoon. Although she nursed him tenderly, he was never able to rejoin his regiment. He recovered his full strength in time, and was honorably discharged. Colonel Splaine knew the bride personally, and knew her to be a charming daughter of Massachusetts. (Within recent years Colonel Splaine has learned that the couple reside in the western country, living happily and prosperously and blessed with many children.)

A HERO OF COMPANY A, SEVENTEENTH.

In the afternoon of March 7, Colonel Splaine sent for Charles S. Bolton of Company A, and said to him: "Bolton, I have your furlough at last. Here it is, and transportation also, and now I want you to take the next train for Newbern, and there board the first steamer going North." Bolton asked if the next day would not do as well. Colonel Splaine said that the soldier must go today and that the train would start in about an hour's time. Bolton said, "Well, colonel, I don't see any need of hurry about it. I have my furlough, and that is the main thing."

Becoming a little irritated at the obstinacy of the soldier, Splaine said, "Now, Bolton, you know that I have worked like a beaver to secure your furlough, which has been unlawfully kept from you for over a year. You know that my first official act, after taking command of the regiment,was to place you in Company A, the company of your choice at re-enlistment, and which right had been denied you by officers high in rank. You are the only one of the veterans who re-enlisted in the field who has not been home to see your friends, and now here you are, with furlough and transportation in your hand, and yet you hesitate about going home."



BATTLE OF WISE'S FORKS, N.C., Mar. 8, 9, 10; 1865

Original Plan of Battle Ground, by Colonel Splaine.

Bolton still stubborn, said: "Colonel, you seem to be in a hurry to get rid of me. Why won't you let me remain until to-morrow?" Colonel Splaine said: "Now, no more nonsense about it. Start for that train and go home and see your friends while you have the opportunity to do so. This may be a very long march and as we go into the interior, circumstances may arise which will destroy your chances of ever enjoying that furlough among your friends." Bolton said: "Ah, colonel, I know what the trouble is. You know that we are going to have a battle and don't want me to take part in it, for you fear that I might not go home to my friends with a whole skin."—"No, No, Bolton. I simply want you to go home on your well-earned furlough,—and now start for the train."

Bolton, still declining to take the advice of his commander, said he preferred to wait until the morrow. Colonel Splaine, feeling for the poor fellow, thought he would tell him something that would send him running for the train. He said: "Well, Charley, I may as well tell you—but you must not tell anybody else—we fight tomorrow, and therefore I want you to go right home and enjoy your furlough." Bolton looked at his commander a moment, and then said: "I won't go home, but will stay with my comrades and help them to fight it out."

He stayed with his command, and on the morrow, in Splaine's old veteran company, Bolton had all the fighting he wanted. At one time during the day, when his company and others had captured a piece of cannon from the enemy, his command was overpowered and compelled to make a hasty retreat. Bolton, among others, was badly wounded, and in order to save himself, crawled under the bank of a stream, where he laid twenty-two hours, partly immersed in the water, and when found by his comrades next day, was more dead than alive. During his hiding he did not dare to call for help, fearing that such calls would bring enemies instead of friends.

The surgeon said it was fortunate that Bolton's wounded limb had lain in the water so long, as the chill produced by the water probably saved his life, but it was probable that amputation of the leg would become a necessity. As time went on, however, the

surgeon concluded that the wounded man was doing so well that he had hopes of his recovery without having to resort to amputation.

After many weeks Bolton was so far restored to health that he was sent home on an indefinite furlough,—not his veteran furlough, and was finally discharged with honor from the army in which he had so bravely served.

Charles S. Bolton was a brave soldier, and later became an honorable citizen of Roxbury, Mass. He served for many years as superintendent of Faneuil Hall, but up to the day of his death was not free from suffering on account of his wound, and was compelled to wear crutches all the time. He is survived by a son, Hon. Fred E. Bolton, who is well-known among prominent Bostonians, and who, at this writing, is one of the principal assessors of Boston.

The next day, March 8, 1865, the battle of Wise's Forks opened. This battle, together with a preliminary account of the assemblage and movements of the Union troops engaged in it, is well and graphically described by Private Hugh Young of Company B, Seventeenth Massachusetts, as follows:

BATTLE OF WISE'S FORKS.

Union Forces Engaged in it; Their Movements and Incidents Leading up to it.

By Hugh Young, a Minute Man of '61.

Hugh Young enlisted in the Civil War at Lynn, Mass., April 15, 1861, in Company F, Eighth Massachusetts Militia, for three months' service, and was discharged therefrom August 1, 1861. His next enlistment was in the United States Navy at Boston, Mass., September 27, 1861, for one year, during which time he served on the barque "Ethan Allen" and on the ship "National Guard," and was discharged from the last named vessel at the city of New York, September 30, 1862.

He again enlisted in Company F, Eighth Massachusetts Regiment Infantry at Boston, Mass., for nine months, and served from October 31, 1862, until the regiment was mustered out August 7, 1863.

His last enlistment was at Lynn, Mass., February 22, 1864, in Company C, Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment. In July of the same year he was transferred to Company B of the same regiment, and discharged therefrom July 11, 1865, at Greensboro, North Carolina, and received honorable discharge papers at Readville, Mass., July 27, 1865.

Part I.

On the second of March, Carter's division was ordered to the intersection of the Neuse and Dover roads, leaving one brigade there, moving thence by the Dover road to the crossing of Core Creek, and Palmer's division was to march by the railroad, sending artillery and wagons under escort of Carter's division. Heavy rains so increased the difficulties of moving through a country which at best is an almost continuous swamp, that it was not until the 4th that the two divisions reached their destination.

Our brigade (the third of Carter's division) was composed of the following troops: The Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, commanded by Major W. W. Smith; Company A, Third New York Artillery, commanded by Captain Samuel P. Russell; and the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, commanded by Captain Samuel Harrington; and four hundred provisional troops from Camp Distribution, Virginia. The following were announced as officers of the brigade: Captain J. A. Moore of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, acting assistant adjutant general, acting assistant inspector general and acting aide-de-camp; Lieutenant Horace Dexter, Seventeenth Massachusetts, Brigade quartermaster; Assistant Surgeon John T. Walton, One hundred third Pennsylvania Infantry, brigade surgeon; the brigade being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Splaine of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, and the division by Brigadier-General S. P. Carter. Our brigade was fortunate in being under the general direction of these officers. The

division commander brought with him from the western armies, a high reputation for every soldierly quality, and the brigade commander was personally known as a brave and gallant officer, whose lead it was an honor to follow.

On the 4th, Ruger's division of the Twenty-third corps having arrived at Newbern, was ordered to join Palmer at Core Creek, which it did on the evening of the fifth, at which time also the repair of the railroad to Core Creek was completed. There being but fifty wagons for all purposes in the whole district, but little quartermaster's stores accompanied the army, and, although we were short of rations, on the same date,—the 5th,—an order was issued for further advance.

"Headquarters District of Beaufort,
Core Creek, N. C., March 5, 1865.

"The first and second divisions, district of Beaufort, will move at seven o'clock tomorrow morning to position at Gum Swamp, beyond the crossing of the railroad and the Dover Road. The Infantry of General Palmer's division will move directly up the railroad; wagons and artillery moving by the most practicable route to the rear onto the Dover road, and thence to Gum Swamp, in rear of General Carter's division and train. General Carter's division will move by the Dover road, General Ruger's division, Twenty-third corps, will remain in camp tomorrow, but General Ruger will cause a working party to be put on the cross-road leading from the railroad to the Dover road near General Carter's present camp, and have the roads put in thorough repair for passing teams and artillery.

"By command of Major-General Cox.
Theo. Cox, Major and Assistant Adjutant General."

On March 6, the cavalry on the Trent road was ordered to advance and open communication with the column by way of Wise's Forks, if practicable. One squadron and the company of Captain Graham (First Regiment, North Carolina Union Troops,) with two howitzers, were detached and ordered across the Neuse road to observe and guard it, and the brigade of Carter's division rejoined the command.

1. Major Jones Frankle.
2. William H. Eaton, Co. "B."
3. 1st Lieut. Henry G. Hyde.
4. Joshua Younger, Co. "G".
5. Sergt. Joseph C. Richardson.
6. Herman F. Morse, Co. "G".
7. Capt. Thomas O. Weir.
8. Thomas H. Jackman of Peabody.
9. Major Luther Day.
10. Lieut. James Smith.
11. John H. Tyler, Co. "G."
12. Lieut. Thomas W. Goodwin, Co. "A."
13. Rufus L. Gilman, Co. "F."

Classon's brigade of Palmer's division being thrown forward as an advance guard toward Wise's Forks, at a point near Tracy Swamp, met the enemy in a pretty strong position. Captain Graham, however, with his howitzers, aided by two companies of the One hundred thirty-second New York Infantry, under Captain Green, drove the enemy from position to position until finally Wise's Forks was reached about 4 P. M., on March 6th.

Although the railroad had only been completed two miles beyond Core Creek, and the troops were short of rations, on Tuesday morning, the seventh inst., General Cox ordered a further advance, and Palmer sent his second brigade (Classon's) forward to the Dover road crossing of Southwest Creek, one mile and a half in front of Wise's Forks, and his other two brigades were ordered to advance. The first brigade was sent up the railroad with Colonel James Stewart's Ninth New Jersey Infantry in advance. This brigade was composed of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery serving as infantry, and was commanded by Brigadier-General Harland, U. S. A. The advance guard encountered the pickets of the enemy near the British road. The skirmishers pressed on vigorously, driving the Confederates into their works. Here was discovered a work of the enemy mounting two pieces of artillery, which opened fire upon our advance; but by a well-directed fire from a section of Captain Mercer's Battery C, Third New York Artillery, aided by the skirmishers of the Ninth New Jersey, the guns of the enemy were soon silenced. The Twenty-third Massachusetts Infantry, Colonel John M. Raymond, furnished a gallant support for this section.

The third Brigade, under command of Colonel Horace Boughton, consisting of the Eighteenth Wisconsin Infantry, and two battalions of provisional troops, were moved to the crossing of the railroad at Southwest Creek to command that point.

General Cox directed Carter to support Palmer, and Carter marched his division from Gum Swamp (where it had encamped the preceding night) toward Wise's Forks, below Southwest Creek, and five miles from Kinston, where we arrived on the afternoon of the seventh, and that night bivouacked in a pine grove; and from there the second brigade (Colonel Upham) of Carter's division

moved down the British road to Jackson's Mills, near Southwest Creek, and relieved the second brigade, first division. The second brigade of Carter's division was composed of the Fifteenth Connecticut Infantry, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry and a battalion of provisional troops, the brigade being commanded by Colonel Charles L. Upham of the Fifteenth Connecticut. A detachment of the Twelfth New York Cavalry was ordered to scout the country well to the left of Upham's command, and to protect that flank, one section of Battery I, Third New York Artillery, being sent to help Upham in maintaining his position, this point being about two miles west of Wise's Forks on the Dover road. Ruger's division was now ordered from Core Creek to Gum Swamp, arriving there about noon, where it would be about three miles from Palmer and Carter, and could support either in case of need.

In the meantime, the Twelfth New York Cavalry, Colonel James L. Savage, had dismantled all the bridges over Southwest Creek, while Upham's, Harland's, Boughton's and Classon's brigades had found the enemy strongly entrenched, and a brisk skirmish took place, which after a while died down to picket-firing for the night, a chain of pickets being now established from right to left for six miles along our front and flanks.

The march from Newbern to Wise's Forks, over roads and swamps softened by recent storms, made heavy marching for the troops. The roads most of the way were heavily blockaded by felled trees, which had to be cut through to allow the passage of our wagons, and our pioneers were often compelled to stand knee deep in water while corduroying the roads with brush and logs to enable our artillery and wagons to pass over them. The laugh of hundreds sounded along the column as some one in the darkness would walk into the mire; then when a dry spot of ground was reached the victims proceeded to empty the mud and water from their shoes and to wring it from their stockings and then resumed their march.

Meanwhile Colonel Wright's men were rapidly rebuilding the railroad connecting Newbern with Kinston, the whole scene being enlivened by an occasional brush with Whitford's Confederate Cavalry.

At Wise's Forks, the first brigade of Carter's division (Colonel Adam J. Malloy commanding), consisting of the Eighty-fifth New York Infantry and two battalions of provisional troops, was placed with its left resting on the Dover road and the third brigade of the same division, under command of Colonel Henry Splaine, was stationed on the south side of the same road, nearly in line with the first brigade.

Our army was not expected to take the aggressive until the railroad should be further advanced, or supplies for the troops received by the river; but in the interval, to carry on a detaining engagement, pending the arrival of General Couch's troops, then marching from Wilmington to join us in an effort to form a junction with Sherman's army, which at that time was stubbornly fighting its way north against the Confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston.

In the meantime, our brigade had been ordered to throw up breastworks. But picks, spades and axes we had none, for like everything else, except ammunition, there was a scant supply, and no one would lend us the needed implements. Despite that fact, however, in a short time a few axes suddenly appeared in our brigade. Query,—where did they come from? Colonel Splaine said the men were honest enough to steal them. It was evident he knew the facts. But few logs, however, could be laid for works that night, and the troops, tired from the march, despite the incessant firing of the pickets, were soon in the land of Nod, but with the soldiers receptive ear ever on the alert to awaken him when needed.

Part II.

A Sharp Fight—Capture of Our Second Brigade by the Enemy—They Advance on Our Works—Fighting for Time—Ruger's Division Comes to Our Aid—Repulse of the Enemy—Heroic Attempt to Capture a Gun From the Enemy—Notable Career of General Carter—Scenes at Our Works—Death of Corporal Kay—Building Breastworks Under Difficulties—A Cold Storm and a Cheerless Bivouac.

General Schofield having arrived at Newbern on the 7th, was now, on the morning of the 8th, on the field with General Cox. At early dawn our cavalry reported a strong force in our front, and from citizens and negroes who came within our lines, it was learned that the enemy in our front consisted of a division under Major-General R. F. Hoke, aided by a force under Major General D. B. Hill, and that they were being rapidly re-enforced by General Joseph E. Johnston; and it was not long before they vigorously attacked our advanced posts. The firing soon became heavy, and as horses, riderless and wild with the furious tumult, came bounding toward our works, some wounded and limping, and one, I remember with the saddle under his body, we all knew there was warm work ahead.

"Fayetteville, March 7, 1865, 2 p. m.

"General Braxton Bragg:

"I have instructed Major-General Hill, Smithfield, to join you for battle. At present they are S. D. Lee's corps, commanded by General Hill, and three brigades of Stewart's. Cheatham's corps and the remainder of Stewart's were to leave Chesterville by railroad on Sunday. When they come up, Stewart will command, and the force be more than doubled.

J. E. Johnston,
General."

"*War Records.*
Vol. XLVII, Part 2, Page 1340."

About this time, up dashed to our works a gun of the Third New York Artillery, which, quickly unlimbering in the rear of our

brigade, entered lively into the dispute by tossing shells over into the right of the enemy's lines, to which their artillery quickly responded with shot and shell, and with a range and vigor which seemed to imply: "You Yankees shall never join Sherman." Though we had two batteries in our division, but not wishing to develop our lines to Bragg, we were using but two pieces of artillery at our works on the left.

At this time the second brigade of Carter's division, composed of the Fifteenth Connecticut and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiments and a detachment of western troops,—all commanded by Colonel C. L. Upham of the Fifteenth Connecticut—was defending the crossing of the British and Dover roads (about two miles in advance of any support,) when about ten o'clock A. M., the enemy opened on Upham with artillery, which was returned by his guns, and the skirmish line became briskly engaged. Receiving information that a body of the enemy was moving upon a road to his left, Upham ordered the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts into the woods at his left, forming a line at right angles to the Fifteenth Connecticut, with skirmishers thrown out on both flanks, when the enemy was soon discovered in the thick underbrush, they having through the negligence of the cavalry vidette, completely outflanked Upham's position. Immediately on being discovered, they opened a heavy fire of musketry, which was kept up on both sides for about a quarter of an hour, considerably reducing the strength of the command. At this time, by a well-directed charge of the enemy, the Twenty-seventh was forced back onto the rest of the brigade, which immediately broke, when they discovered that the brigade (which numbered about two thousand men) was entirely surrounded, and were thus obliged to surrender with the loss of one field piece captured by the enemy.

The entire brigade, with the exception of three officers and a few enlisted men who escaped when the regiments broke, were thus captured. It was afterward ascertained by officers captured at this time (from Surgeon Mathus, Twenty-eighth Georgia Regiment, A., M. D.), that the rear attack was made by the whole of Hoke's division, aided by a force from another Confederate command under General D. B. Hill.

Upham's loss in this engagement was as follows: killed, one officer and ten enlisted men; wounded, five officers and forty-five enlisted men; captured or missing, thirteen officers and one thousand eight hundred and ten enlisted men; total killed, wounded, captured or missing, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-four. Among the captured and most severely wounded was Lieut.-Col. M. G. Bartholomew, commanding the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and Captain Julius Bassett of the Fifteenth Connecticut was killed in action. Colonel Upham had been twice warned by Captain Lewis Cann of the Seventeenth Regiment that his brigade was being overpowered, but Colonel Upham did not have time to make proper disposition of his command, either for defence or retreat.

Captain Joseph M. Fish, formerly a corporal in Company I, Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, and now commanding a company of flying artillery, was sent to support Colonel Upham. Fish had two mountain howitzers, which he called his "pop guns," and before starting he boasted, "Wait till I get out there with my pops, and then you will hear some noise and see some fun." He went with his command of a hundred mounted men and his pops. Surely he popped a lot out there, and did some excellent work, but shortly afterwards he popped in behind the works with only three of his men to tell the tale,and his pops popped no more forever.

"Special Order.

"No. 37 Headquarters, near Kinston.

"March 8, 1865.

"1. Maj.-Gen. D. B. Hill will move immediately to the front with all his command, and take the line now held by Maj.-Gen. R. F. Hoke. A staff officer with guides will be left to direct such troops as may arrive to the same point.

"2. On being relieved, Maj.-Gen. Hoke, with his division, will move to the right, to turn the enemy's position, and strike him in the flank.

"3 Brigadier-Gen. L. S. Baker's command during this operation will be under Maj.-Gen. Hill.

"4. As soon as it is perceived that Maj. -Gen. Hoke's movement is successful, and the enemy's line wavers, Major-Gen.

Hill will attack vigorously in front, and push the enemy with his whole strength.

"5. Maj.-Gen. Hill should be in position so as to enable Maj.-Gen. Hoke to move by 5 A. M.

"6. On arrival of Brig.-Gen. Haywood, he will take position in rear of Maj.-Gen. Hill as a reserve.

"7. Lieut.-Col. Starr, commanding the artillery, will report to Maj.-Gen. Hill.

"By order of General Bragg.

"FRANCIS S. PARKER,

"Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

"*War Records.* Vol. XLVII, Part 2, Page 1340."

The success of Bragg's first onset now led him to think he had the whole of Cox's command broken. Learning his mistake, he adjusted his lines anew, and moved promptly on our main line in an attempt to bore in between Carter's and Palmer's divisions.

In this advance he briskly attacked a small earthwork, defended by Company D, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, Captain Lewis Cann, who after making a stout but prudent resistance, retired with a loss of five men, and with much skill, conducted his small force in safety to our works.

At this juncture, Colonel Splaine, in command of the third brigade, received an order from General Carter to send out 200 men to aid in retarding the enemy's progress. Three companies of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, A, Captain James Splaine; C, Captain John E. Mullally; and F, Captain Charles O. Fellows, under command of Major William W. Smith of that regiment, were sent out on the main road toward Kinston, with instructions to assist in checking as long as possible the advance of the enemy, who, flushed with their success in the capture of our second brigade, seemed determined to push matters. Evidently General Cox needed time to make preparations along his line of works. His army, already too small, was now further reduced by the loss of Upham's brigade, to about eleven thousand men.

With the three companies, Major Smith moved promptly toward the enemy, and engaged them with much spirit and effect. It was a case of fighting for time, taking advantage of the shape of the ground and of every cover, to prolong the fighting. This small force, led by Major Smith, intrepidly fought the enemy every inch of the way, losing several men in killed, wounded and missing, in their efforts to retard Bragg's advance, until by sheer force of overwhelming numbers, they were gradually forced back until they reached a light earthwork, occupied by a detachment of men under command of Lieutenant Malcolm Sillars of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, where a short stand was made before they retired to our main works, thus gaining us valuable time to form lines of defence.

At one time during this warm fighting, the fire of the three companies of the Seventeenth Massachusetts was so well maintained against the Confederate advance that a piece of the enemy's artillery was temporarily abandoned; whereupon Captain James Splaine, with Company A, was ordered to charge and take possession of it. There his charge was met by a countercharge from the enemy, and for a few minutes things were lively over the piece. Men on both sides, not having time to reload, used their bayonets and clubbed their muskets. Splaine's men had cut the harnesses off the dead horses, and had nearly succeeded in securing possession of the piece, when the enemy threw forward a large body of troops to help their friends at the guns. These men afterwards had the laugh on one of their number who, in the excitement of that fight, while vigorously slashing with his knife at the harness on a dead horse, suddenly discovered with disgust that there was a chain trace inside the leather casing.

At this point Major Smith sent forward on the double-quick the companies of Captain Fellows and Mullally, who promptly advanced, cheering as they went to help their comrades, when to their utter disappointment and surprise, they were charged upon by a whole regiment of the enemy, who compelled our men to retreat pell-mell, leaving a number of their men on the field. Upon their return to the general line, Major Smith, his gallant officers and men were warmly greeted and congratulated by General

Carter and Colonel Splaine for their heroic fighting against the enemy.

BOSTON, MASS., March 22, 1909.

THOMAS KIRWAN, ESQ.,
Historian Seventeenth Infantry.

DEAR COMRADE:

Referring to the action of Companies A, C, and F, in attempting to capture a piece of Confederate artillery outside our main lines at the battle of Wise's Forks, I beg you to correct a statement made by me shortly after the close of the war and printed in the report of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts for 1865.

My statement in that report was that, "Captain Splaine with Company A, was ordered to charge a piece of Confederate artillery and secured possession of it, but that while disengaging the dead horses from the piece, a large body of rebels drove him from it, which compelled him and his company to abandon it." I also stated it as my opinion that, "if Company A, had been properly supported by the other two companies, the enemy would have been repulsed and the coveted piece of artillery would have been captured and held by the Union forces."

I never received a report of the fight referred to, and I based my report to the Adjutant General of Massachusetts solely on what I heard officers and men of the regiment say about the affair; but during the last five years, two of the captains who were engaged in the struggle and several men who participated in the same fight have called my attention to the case and have told me that my report of 1865 had done them great injustice.

I have carefully inquired into the whole matter, and I am now of the opinion that my report made so many years ago was not correct, and I am of the opinion that all three captains, their officers and men are equally deserving of praise. The conduct of all three captains and all three companies was admirable and heroic, and I desire now to place myself on record as believing that the reports upon which I based my official report were erroneous and misleading.

Whoever knew Captains Mullally and Fellows would know that they would not fail in the hour of danger. All honor to the three Captains. All honor to the three Companies.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY SPLAINE.

During this interval, active preparations had been made for the defence of our breastworks. General Cox had ordered Palmer to send a brigade rapidly to the left to support Carter, and with the rest of his division to make a vigorous demonstration of crossing the creek in his front, and Palmer hurried the following troops to strengthen Carter; Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery (serving as infantry), commanded by Lieut.-Col. A. B. R. Sprague; One hundred thirty-second New York Infantry, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Hitchcock; and a provisional battalion, under command of Col. Frank S. Curtis. General Ruger's division also being ordered up, moved promptly to Carter's aid, while Carter, supported by the brigade from Palmer, maintained the fight until Ruger arrived, when the enemy was met, handsomely repulsed and driven back to their lines in the advance that so quickly followed the rout of our advance posts.

Ruger's division now filled the space between the two wings, speedily connecting a line of breastworks of a mile and a half in length. The country between us and the enemy was of tangled wood and swamp, which impeded movement and prevented either side from seeing far. Palmer was now on the right, covering the railroad, and Carter on the left, covering the Dover road.

On the main line, trees had been felled, with which to complete our breast works, but we had scarcely commenced to lay the logs when we were ordered to move forward in line with those of other troops across the road—a proceeding, I remember, which brought on a lively tilt between officers of different commands and some sarcastic comments from the men, it being claimed that our brigade had first set the line by brigade orders, and that they should have aligned on us. But that matters not. The logs were moved to the new point, but before we had time to cover them with earth, the enemy's artillery had opened upon us so

heavily with shot and shell, killing and wounding several, that we were ordered to lie down, an order which it is needless to say was quickly obeyed.

The artillery fire of the enemy was particularly directed to where our brigade was stationed, they having secured a good range of our artillery piece, which was firing rapidly from a slight eminence directly in the rear of Company B, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts of which I was a member, and which was commanded by Lieut. H. G. Hyde, our captain, Joseph A. Moore, being on the brigade staff, where he rendered valuable service all through the campaign.

On matters of interest I will here digress. Perhaps in no other army in the world was the family more numerously represented than in the Union Army. Relatives serving together could be found in and about all bodies of troops during the war, and ours was not an exception, for among others, our colonel and major each had three brothers in the regiment, while a father and two sons named Jeffers, from Lynn, Mass., shared their hard-tack, and marched together in Company B.

Being a brigade orderly, a bearer of dispatches, it made me well acquainted with officers of various commands, among them being our brave and genial commander, General S. P. Carter, whose notable career in both the army and navy during our Civil War, is well worth mention, and whose unique record was kindly furnished the author by Messrs W. C. and F. P. Church, proprietors of the "Army and Navy Journal."

At the outbreak of the war, Brigadier-General S. P. Carter was an officer in our navy, with the rank of lieutenant. He was promoted to lieutenant commander, July 16, 1862. Early in the war, he received a commission in the army, while still retaining his status in the navy. He was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers May 1, 1862, and mustered out as such January 15, 1866, reverting to his status as a naval officer with the rank of commander, to which he was promoted June 25, 1865. His status was the same as that of William Nelson, who was a lieutenant in the navy at the outbreak of the war, was appointed brigadier-general, U. S. A., September 16, 1861, and major-general

July 17, 1862. Nelson was killed by General Jeff. C. Davis at the Galt House in Louisville, in a personal altercation, September 29, 1862. General S. P. Carter died in Washington, May 26, 1891, with the ranks of rear-admiral, U. S. N., brigadier-general and brevet-major-general, U. S. A.

When army officers indulge themselves in their usual gibes at the expense of the navy officers' assumed incapacity as shoremen, it may be well to remind them that the first important cavalry raid into rebel territory, during our Civil War was commanded by a naval officer, Brig.-Gen. Samuel P. Carter, Lieut. U. S. N. For this raid, made in December, 1862, Carter was thanked in general orders by the general-in-chief of the army, the commanders of the Department of Ohio and the District of Kentucky. He was also recommended for promotion to a major-general.

But to return from this digression.

There the men lay, undergoing the most trying ordeal to which troops can be subjected, being under fire without the privilege of returning it. There was, however, enough to engage our attention, and our sight was not idly roaming. The shot and shell crashing through and the tearing limbs from the trees was a spectacle which could not be ignored, while other events that made the scene more vivid were rapidly transpiring about us, among which were the following:

As Charley Pendexter of my company was walking towards the works, a piece of flying shell struck the barrel of the musket with such violence that it knocked him down, but not before he had performed a series of gyrations more comical than I ever witnessed in a circus. He seemed too astonished to join in the laughter that came from the men at his enforced gymnastics, for besides receiving a severe shaking up, he also had a damaged musket.

To my right, on the ground, lay Andrew Mellen, and close on Mellen's right, sitting with his back to the logs, was Corporal Thomas Kay of our company. Mellen and myself had just been talking with Kay, and had advised him to lie down, to which he replied that he was all right. Hardly had he said these words, when a solid shot struck one of the logs. Mellen nudged me. I thought he had been hit, for his face was covered with blood.

He seemed too amazed to speak, as he pointed towards Kay. The shot had torn a large splinter from a log and it had cut off the top of Kay's head from the eyes up, as though done with a guillotine, and spattered his brains all over Mellen. A convulsive shudder, and Kay was dead. We drew him away from the logs, spread a blanket over him and buried him that afternoon. Poor Tom! We all knew him as a good fellow and a brave soldier.

During a lull in the firing, in the afternoon, we became anxious to finish our delayed works, but spades we had none with which to cover them with earth. Time was precious, and all in the brigade were ordered by Colonel Splaine to utilize their bayonets, tin plates and dippers (rather primitive methods) for that purpose. So digging with bayonets, and shovelling with plates, dippers and fingers, we started in lively at our tasks. The boys worked like beavers, and the way we made the dirt fly was a caution. It was a novel sight, and one that brought smiles and jokes from the men. Nevertheless, in a short time we completed respectable looking breastworks, but none too soon, as the enemy again opened on us lively with shot and shell.

All was now bustle behind our works. The scene was a stirring one. Mounted aides and orderlies were galloping hither and thither, and the wounded were being brought in. Meanwhile, companies and regiments (reliefs) were moving to and fro from the front, where skirmishing continued with varied success throughout the day.

Toward night a cold storm set in, which alternated between rain and sleet and snow, and the greensward of our camp, from the tramp of men and horses, was soon churned into a sea of mud, which clung tenaciously to all of us. Besides we had no tents, and the men suffered much from the cold. The march and field work soon destroyed clothing. The fact was, as stated by General Cox, that our force was rapidly put on the march at the risk of being short of rations, a prediction that was seriously verified by the troops.

But in the gloomiest hours of the march or bivouac, there frequently occurred incidents that cast the sunshine of merriment on the dark lines in the soldier's life, and such was the following:

Charles Bachelder of Company A, a drummer, who, while trying to shield himself from the rain, had utilized his blanket for a tent on a pole between two trees, while putting the finishing touches on his primitive structures, a fragment of flying shell struck the blanket near where he stood, sadly demolishing the whole business, and no doubt convincing Charlie that there was no rest thereabouts for the weary; and acting, I presume, on the old adage that "misery likes company," it greatly amused all who saw it.

During the day we captured a number of prisoners belonging to Georgia regiments, and one of them, a wag of a fellow, raised hearty laughter among our men when he inquired: "Where the devil is that regiment, I want to see it that loads on Sunday and fires all the week." He referred to one of our battalions, who, being armed with Spencer seven-shot rifles, had astonished the enemy by effective work on the skirmish that day.

Troops in North Carolina could usually depend upon having a good, almost storm-defying camp fire, the pitch pine wood, with its resinous aroma, making a brisk blaze. And as the men stood that evening (I see them now in fancy) around the sputtering camp fires, faces begrimed with sooty smoke, with drenched and bespattered clothes take it all in all we were an odd looking crowd, while here and there throughout the grove could be seen groups of men curled up in their blankets, doing their best to revive exhausted nature by stealing a nap under adverse circumstances, tattoo at last warning all that even a couch in the mud in that tentless bivouac was a welcome privilege to the wearied troops.

Part III.

Skirmishing Resumed—The Attempt to Flank our Right—Reminiscences of the Service—The Dead Sharpshooter in the Tree—A Strange Burial—The Dead Alive—Stormy Weather and Lack of Rations—Soldiers on the March—The Army Growler—Extending our Breastworks—Our Left Re-enforced—A Soldier's Benefactor—A Luxurious Bed—The Night Alarm—A War Song.

Near Kinston, March 9, 1865.

Major General Hoke will move to the attack immediately, advancing his left flank and gradually taking up the movement to the right, thus making an oblique assault on the enemy. His command will keep well closed to the right, so as not to leave an interval. Major General Hill will take up the attack as soon as General Hoke is fairly engaged. The attack must be vigorous and determined, as success must be achieved.

By order of General Bragg,

F. S. Parker,
Assistant Adjutant General.

The 9th was ushered in with cold, stormy weather, the enemy, flushed with their success of the 8th, promptly renewed the skirmish all along the line, which for a time, was lively on the extreme right, where Hoke endeavored to push beyond Palmer's right, between it and the river. But General Cox, never caught napping, prevented this by sending Colonel Thomas' brigade of Ruger's division to strengthen that flank, when finding us strongly entrenched, the enemy soon retired, after which hostilities assumed a desultory character, being only light skirmishes along our front; and our brigade skirmish line, composed of some companies of the Seventeenth Massachusetts and Company A, Third New York Artillery, were on the skirmish line all day.

The enemies' batteries frequently dropped shells throughout the day about General Harland's brigade, evidently intending to develop our right of line. As orders were given not to return

the fire, they did not succeed. Some prisoners taken that day were found to belong to both Stewart's and Lee's corps of the Tennessee, and it was learned that the army in our front, 14,000 strong, was commanded by General Bragg in person, and that it included the troops of the North Carolina District under General Hoke, strengthened by that part of Hood's army of the Tennessee, which had reached North Carolina under Generals Stewart, Loring, Clayton, Baker, D. B. Hill and others. Indeed, rebel generals were numerous in our front.

On that day another of those strange events of which war is so prolific was brought to light by some of our men, who discovered a Confederate sharp-shooter perched in a tree between the lines, where it was supposed he had gone on the morning of the 8th, when the enemy held that portion of the field for the purpose, no doubt, of picking off men inside our works. His rifle, which had fallen from his grasp, was on the ground. No notice being taken of the order to come down from the tree, soon led us to believe that he was dead, which proved to be the case, he having been killed, no doubt, by a stray bullet from his own or our men during the fray. They took his body down out of the tree and buried it. He was found sitting astride a limb, with a piece of cord around his body, with which he had secured himself to the tree. His well-filled haversack, and other belongings, which were hanging near him, well attested the fact that he had made elaborate preparations for a *personal siege of the works*, and that he had died while fighting on his own hook.

Again at roll-call that day more names were unanswered, and familiar faces missing, and a party went out from our works to bury the dead. One of the first bodies found and recognized by members of his own company was that of Levi F. Colbath of Company A, with whose name is connected a most singular event. He had been shot through the breast, and his body, which had been partly stripped of its clothing, with others, was quickly buried, and the men left their comrades in their lonely graves in the swamp. Genial, jolly Colbath,—one of the brave boys who had enlisted in the field,—how we missed him!

Chas. S. Bolton.

Hugh Young.

General T. J. Henderson.

Col. James Stewart Jr.

Colbath's effects,—letters and pictures, precious keepsakes, —were soon found behind the works, and with a letter of sympathy and condolence, were sent by Captain James Splaine to Colbath's wife in Haverhill, Mass. Such heart-breaking missives entered many homes in the North during those trying years. Colbath was mourned for by all, and his death was published in the local papers. But strange to relate, scarcely three weeks afterwards, who should walk into his own home to astonish wife and friends, but Levi F. Colbath in the man and body,—the man who was dead, yet living. He had been captured by the enemy, and liberated on parole. The man buried as Colbath had belonged to some other regiment. Comrade Colbath died but a few years ago in Dover, N. H., where he had resided, a well-known and respected citizen, since the war.

As a case of mistaken identity it was indeed strange, and one that goes far towards proving the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. The happy outcome of the affair but increased our interest in the soldier buried as Colbath, for who shall ever know who that strange comrade was, or what were his last thoughts and wishes in that Carolina swamp? And might not he, somewhere in the North, have loved ones who anxiously watched for the letter that never came, and perhaps—

"In a little white cot, in the land of the North,
They're waiting his coming again.
They dream not his body all mangled and torn
Is laid in the ranks of the slain.

"Sleep, soldier, sleep, in thy rough southern tomb,
While above thee the winter winds rave.
In summer the birds will thy requiem sing,
And willows weep over thy grave."

Our officers and men that evening,—for we were all on the same plane,—were tired, drenched and hungry; the bivouac was a cheerless one. The weather was bitter cold, we had no tents and our haversacks were empty. And how we wished for coffee, the soldier's panacea! But all this was nothing new to the men. They

had had such experiences before, when it was ludicrous to hear some of them make light of their hunger by loudly ordering the most tempting, but impossible dishes,—dishes that would do credit to a Delmonico. Was it any wonder, then, that the young soldier often yearned for something his mother used to make? But did they murmur at their lot? Seldom, indeed. The army was no place for weaklings, and when such were in the campaign, where strength and stamina were needed, they were soon shifted to the rear by the hardships encountered. The thing called pride was a strong element in the soldier's makeup. Often men stricken with sickness on the march could not be prevailed upon to leave the ranks, until from sheer exhaustion, they were forced to drop by the roadside.

Pertinent to this last, let me say that I have seen the troops days and nights on the march, in the heat of the summer and the storms of winter, at times plunging through the mud and drenched to the skin by torrents of rain,—yes, some of them even catching sleep as they marched, yet seldom did I know the spirit of cheerfulness to forsake them. I do not mean by this that soldiers on a forced march are in a mood to display much merriment, for such severe toil is a bar to that. One of the most notable things about a march of this kind,—at least to me,—was the sullen silence of the men in the ranks; vital force was too precious to be wasted in mere conversation. Except when a man made a mis-step, or came to some unusually bad piece of road, and relieved himself by a burst of profanity, the only sounds were the regular tramp, tramp, of falling feet, the monotone of a commander to "Close up, men, close up!" or the jingle of a tin cup as it bumped against a canteen.

But with all this, in every company, battery, troop, or even squad, at least one man could be found in whom the great American sense of humor was highly developed. He could see only the ridiculous side of every hardship, of every phase of army life. He could find a joke where one would never dream it could exist. Every personal peculiarity of either superior or equal was the subject of his keen wit. When the rations were poor, he would remind us that mother's pies would be all the more appreciated when we got home. On a mud march he would yell out: "Oh, why did you

enlist?'' and "Why don't the army move?'' (This was a slap at the arm-chair critics at home.) These men were known as the life of the the camp, the march and the bivouac,—men ready with a volley of jokes to enliven others; and even at this distant day it is amusing to remember some of the jests that were made while passing other troops in the night, when in answer to the inquiry, "What regiment is that?''with the true reply would promptly come back "The Tenth Ireland,'' "The Third Nova Scotia,'' "Lemonade this way,'' or other such humorous remarks. Thus at all times and under all conditions was illustrated in the strongest light the self-reliant and independent character of the American soldier. They were all in the same boat, so to speak. These were some of of the accompaniments of war. They all knew it, and uncomplainingly made merry over their distress.

Did I say *all*? No, not quite all of them, for occasionally we got a rap from the regular chronic growler, who seemed to be a necessary adjunct of the service; and to him I pay tribute, while mentally I doff my hat to his memory, for, to use a term, he was a daisy. Though called a nuisance by some, yet he was a source of amusement to many. He enjoyed his growl, and who among the comrades that does not remember him? Every regiment had a few of these growlers, who, whether in storm or sunshine, in victory or defeat, would invariably find fault with nearly everything that came in their way. But aside from that peculiarity, never did I know one who was not a thorough soldier.

But to renew the narrative: Apprehending an attack on our left, Colonel Splaine ordered the line of breastworks to be well extended in that direction, and that an abattis and entanglement of felled timber also be made along the whole line; and Captain Howard's battalion of Malloy's brigade was directed by General Carter to aid our brigade in extending the works across and beyond the Trent road. Our cavalry, always in demand, were ordered to scout and picket the country beyond the left to the upper Trent road. Two batteries of Ruger's division were ordered to park in the rear of the left of Carter's position, to be used as occasion should offer.

Scouts are the eyes and the ears and the nose of an army corps. They spread themselves out before, creeping stealthily ahead to watch the enemy, to note his position and strength. They listen for every sound that will betray his presence, for every beat of hoof or fall of foot. Like bloodhounds, they scent every trail. The information they obtain is sent back by relays of mounted men to their general, and upon this information, whether it is valuable, accurate or not, or whether it is used for all it is worth, depends absolutely the fate of the army. It is a matter of history that nearly every battle lost or won, according to the value of the previous reconnoissance, the victors have won through knowing the position, the movements and the numbers of the enemy, and the defeated have lost through ignorance on these points.

About nine o'clock, we had finished our breastworks, surmounting all with good top logs; and a dirtier looking lot of men it would be hard to find anywhere, for hauling, pushing and tugging at logs, and the shovelling of muck, did not promote cleanliness or encourage the use of dress suits. It was hard work in bad swamp mud, trampled and kneaded by thousands of feet into a pasty quagmire. At last the troops, tired from their work, wearily sought the soaked ground, and were soon lost in sleep, oblivious to their rough surroundings, yet ever ready to spring into line at the first blast of the bugle or the long roll; for on such occasions, each man, from the highest to the lowest, sleeps, wakes and has his being with the senses ever alert for a summons to instant duty; and if it is a false alarm, the disgusted warrior can at least comfort himself with the memory of a few happy moments of excitement and doubt.

It was about eleven o'clock that night when I returned from our outposts, where I had been with instructions from Colonel Splaine to the officer in charge of our picket line, Capt. Malcolm Sillars, when, after lying down on my pine bough bed, I was shortly awakened from a sound sleep by some one calling me. Stepping over my sleeping comrades in the dark, I soon found the person wanting me, who proved to be an old acquaintance of mine, Jerome Kelty, formerly of Lynn, Mass., but then serving as Charles Allen in Battery I of the Third New York Artillery,

and belonging to the gun near by. On going with him, he took from the gun's caisson a bundle, and while saying, "Make yourself comfortable, Young, it's a cold night," he spread it on the ground. Ye gods! What a luxury was before me! A buffalo robe, for such it was, for a soldier's bed. And as if but yesterday, I recollect how we sat there, smoked our pipes and talked of home and the prospects ahead. Only an incident, perhaps you say, but it was such that helped to soften the hardship and relieve the strain of the soldier's life. At last, thanking my benefactor, and bidding him good-night, as I drew the warm folds of the robe about me for a nap, I can truly say that I prized my buffalo bed as among the finest in the land.

But how sharp are the lines of war. A few days afterwards poor Kelty was killed, and his bed was a soldier's rough grave. Can I forget his kind act? No, never; for comrades know that the rations shared on the toilsome march, and the drink from "the same canteen" were factors in creating the deep fraternity that was born of the peril and hardships of war.

A night's unbroken rest is a rare exception to soldiers at the front, and such it proved with us. The weather was raw and cold the balance of the night, and the picket firing for a time was very heavy indeed. About two o'clock the next morning, a heavy volley at the front, and the long roll, brought all our men promptly to their feet and in line. A force of the enemy, apparently several regiments, came down as their skirmish line, but after a while they retired.

The privates of the army had theories of their own, as well as the generals, and sometimes grasped the true condition of affairs as readily. So, when shortly afterward a low sounding fire was heard from one of the enemy's field guns, after a short discussion among the men, it was decided by some that the advance of the enemy, and their signal gun in the early morning, was simply a ruse of the Johnnies to draw our attention directly to the front, while they would be moving to the right or left to flank our works; with what truth the morrow would show. Meanwhile, our outposts had been strengthened, but no further alarms occurred that night.

Part IV.

The Calm Before the Storm—A Daring Reconnoissance—Bragg Plans for our Defeat—Fraternal Compliments Between Officers—A Trick of the Johnnies that Failed—The Assault on our Left—The Attack on our Center—A Disastrous Repulse of the Enemy—Arrival of Couch's Divisions—Scenes on the Battlefield—Retreat of Bragg's Army—Burial of the Dead—Joy Around the Camp Fires—A Heavy Rain Storm.

All were on the alert at the gray of dawn, on the 10th, which brought with it light snow and rain. Picket firing, which was brisk during the night, had gradually fallen away, until at daybreak only here and there shots were heard along the line, and the morning passed inactively. A stillness reigned that was unusual at such a time, and the anxious looks on the faces of the men plainly said: "What's up now?"

Generals Cox and Carter, realizing that the enemy were concentrating in front of our left, sent Colonel Splaine, attended by Captain Moore, assistant adjutant-general on Splaine's staff, Doctor Walton, acting brigade surgeon, and a detachment of the Twelfth New York Cavalry, to reconnoitre the Confederates' position, with instructions also not to return until he had seen the enemy and made an intelligent estimate of their strength. These orders were obeyed to the letter, as the following account will show.

When the little band had reached the outer edge of the woods on our side of the general line, Colonel Splaine was accosted by his brother, Captain James Splaine, who was there on duty, and who inquired whither they were going. Upon being told the nature of the order, Captain Splaine remarked that there was no need of going any further, for they could see them right there at the edge of the other woods. It being then raining, thereby obscuring the view, and being unable to see the enemy distinctly enough to satisfy his mind as to their position and strength, Colonel Splaine said to his brother, "I am ordered to see them, and I shall obey." So the colonel and his party went, they saw and they returned.

When about seventy yards from the enemy's line, the part was addressed by a noble looking Confederate officer, who had been leaning against his piece of artillery. As he spoke, he drew a white handkerchief from his breast, and waving it, said, "Come in." They did not go in, but hesitated, for the purpose of parleying with the rebel officer, so as to gain time; and during this time Splaine was using his field-glass with good effect, counting and locating the enemy's flags, batteries and battalions.

Now, the Colonel took his turn at the handkerchief tactics, and waving his, said to the other side, "Won't you please come here? I want to speak with you on a most important matter," all the time using his field-glass and noting the makeup of the Confederate host. To this the Confederate officer answered, "Oh, come in, it's all right!" But again Splaine repeated his request for a parley on that most important subject. Now, the Confederate officer, becoming exasperated at the coolness of the little band, yelled out angrily, "If you don't come right in, I will fire."

At this critical moment, Splaine having learned all he needed to know about the enemy, said to his associates, "We are in a bad fix. Obey me, and we will come out all right; otherwise we perish."

To this his command replied, "Give us your orders and we will obey them."

Splaine then said, "If we attempt to turn now, they will shoot us down. We must pretend we are going to surrender, and so sure will they be that we mean it, that they will become careless while glorying over their fancied prize; and when we are almost within their lines, I shall order, 'One, two, three, turn,' and at that command turn quickly, and lying low upon your horses, ride for dear life," and added laughingly, "May the devil take the hindmost." (Splaine was the first going in and, of course, the last coming out; and even at that the devil hasn't got him yet.)

When the Union party turned their horses to make the race for life, they were not more than twenty yards from the enemy. The surprise among the Johnnies at this supreme piece of Yankee impudence, trick and cheek was so great that they completely lost their heads; and before they recovered, the little squad had

got well under way before the first shot was fired after them, and then several shots, and as the Rebs recovered from their stupor, their fire was increased until thousands of bullets were speeding after Splaine's brave little band. He declared afterward that as he entered the shelter of the woods where he had left his brother anxiously waiting, it appeared as if every leaf in the forest was falling upon them from the effects of the enemy's bullets.

While the party were riding for dear life, the bullets of the enemy played queer pranks on their clothing, but fortunately none of the men were injured. It seemed miraculous how they all escaped with their lives. Colonel Splaine lost a heel off one of his boots, had his right shoulder strap shot away, and a third bullet entered the seat of his army saddle. Captain Moore, while turning in his saddle to look at his Confederate friends, lost his pistol, it being shot from his hand, other bullets cutting two holes through his uniform. Doctor Walton, not less fortunate, had his clothing cut by bullets. Members of the cavalry escort were treated about as badly, as attested by the riddled condition of their clothing. They all thanked their stars for their narrow escape, and they were all heartily cheered by the portion of the army that had witnessed a part of the enterprise.

This, at the time, was considered one of the most daring and successful reconnoissances of the campaign, and one of which the result on the same day was most important to the National army and disastrous to the enemy.

Upon the return of the party to the works, a consultation was held between Generals Cox and Carter and Colonel Splaine, and as a result of the same, plans were made to meet the attack of the enemy.

The brigade of Splaine now held the left of the Union line. Captain James Tucker of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment had command of the brigade line of skirmishers and, as it proved, it was this line and regiment which was to receive the first shock of the impending onslaught; for Bragg, anxious for victory, appeared to think that the time had come when his army must break the Union line and disperse the threatening army of Schofield.

General Carter and Colonel Splaine, having looked over the lines, and knowing that so much was at stake, as the enemy would hazard all in an attempt to turn this, the left of our line of battle, General Carter asked to be strengthened, and General Cox ordered re-enforcements to be sent him; whereupon the Ninth New Jersey Infantry, Colonel James Stewart, Jr., was sent on the double-quick from Palmer on the right, to cover the new extension of Carter's line. At the same time the batteries of both Ruger's and Carter's division were parked in our rear, to be used wherever needed in the expected attack.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon a rattling musketry fire on the lower Trent road denoted the fact that the enemy's advance had struck our skirmishers, who, though stubbornly resisting, were gradually driven in by the overwhelming masses of the enemy.

Though anticipating the attack, so little was it expected at the moment it was made, that the horses of the artillery park were not in harness. The enemy had moved rapidly, and our cavalry, posted to give warning, did not succeed in communicating until the force of the enemy was well developed. There was not a moment to spare. The four batteries were rushed by orders of General Cox to the points needed, and were placed on and near the Trent road, at our works. Our turn had come. Now for work,—to smash down the living barrier that stood between our forces and Sherman's army. Yes, we could now give them a sample of what the Union troops had to take from the Confederates in at least eighty percent of the breastwork fights during the war.

Conducting a defensive battle behind breastworks on the inner circle in their own territory, with no lines of communication to guard, a choice of any objective point at which to strike, less exhausting marches, and as things count in war, where one defender of breastworks is equal to three assailants, usually gave the Confederates a great preponderance of strength.

But why do they hesitate? Would they never emerge from the woods? Seconds seemed hours to our men, who, with every muscle tense, stood anxiously watching the fringe of trees in our front. Our using but little artillery on the Eighth and Ninth had evidently deceived them. Twenty-one guns belonging

to four batteries (as close as they could work them) now confronted the enemy, and a portion of which were sending showers of shrapnel among them in the timber. They knew they had yet to meet our infantry fire in the charge yet to come. How could they escape even a portion of it? They will try, so as one man they drop to the ground, and send forth their sharp yell. We see their ruse; what tricks in the game of war! Brave but deluded men. They would not grant that we possessed even schoolboy sagacity. General Carter shouts out, "Not a shot, men; it is their old game. No, our infantry will not, as the enemy hope, waste a volley on the blank air, 'Tis human targets they are waiting for."

At this time, and right in the face of battle, there occurred one of the most gracious and gallant acts between man and man that I ever remember to have witnessed, and one that eloquently showed the fine stuff some men are made of. As the Ninth New Jersey Infantry, led by its colonel, James Stewart, Jr., came swinging along on the double-quick to re-enforce us, upon halting his men, Colonel Stewart said, "Splaine, where do you want me?" when quick came the response, "Your right wing on the right of the road, your left on the left of the road, on the right, by file into line, double quick, march!" When this disposition of the Ninth had been made, Splaine rode down to Stewart, saluted, and said, "Colonel, you are my senior, and therefore you now command the brigade."

The lion-hearted Stewart looked at Splaine a moment, and then said, "The honor of the day belongs to you, and I will not do anything to dim the lustre of your achievements. Give me your orders and I shall obey them." And all through the battle the noble Stewart and his gallant New Jersey Volunteers fought under the junior commander.

Foiled again the Confederates soon rise to their feet and emerge from their cover. Out into the open they come screaming, yells and flags flying, a great gray billow surging along towards our position. They fire a volley as they press forward *en masse* formation. It is Hoke's division, six thousand strong, and their deep lines reaching way back into the timber. It was a grand sight, from war's viewpoint.

With stern, set faces along the lines of blue, our men lay waiting the onset. We are cautioned to maintain our position, ready, but not to fire until ordered. Our artillery men are plying well their destructive art; with guns depressed for close fire, they are quickly changing from shell to canister, their guns being doubled-shotted with those deadly missiles that are now cutting lanes through the enemy's ranks. Yet, on, on they come, through shell and canister. Their assault is furious, determined and persistent. With desperate abandon they breast that iron storm, while vainly striving to reach our works.

But look! They have already reached their goal, when quick as thought the word is given and up rose the men of Splaine's, brigade, the Twenty-fifth, and Seventeenth Massachusetts and Company A, Third New York Artillery, and a battalion of four hundred provisional troops of Splaine's brigade, and the Ninth New Jersey—all gallant troops, who pour a well-sustained fire straight into the enemy's front and right flank. The fight, a compact one, is now on, and the battle rages in all its fury. The artillery is worked with grand rapidity and makes such a rapid succession of crashes that you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins, which, with the incessant roll of the musketry, as it re-echoes from the woods, makes it seem as though pandemonium were let loose.

With the desperation of madness, the enemy rushed against this terrible fire, almost reaching the muzzles of the guns, only to be hurled back again and again by the fire in front of them. Under the rolling veil of smoke their lines are seen, many of them are down, their splendid column is torn and rent and shattered. Flesh and blood could not endure it. A brief time more, when they waver, then break and plunge into the woods. They are rapidly retreating in confusion from the field, and leaving about two hundred prisoners in our hands.

Anticipating an assault elsewhere on our lines, our troops were forbidden to follow the enemy, which fact allowed them to take many of their dead and wounded with them in the retreat, and prevented us from capturing more prisoners.

(Colonel Splaine has often been asked how he accounted for the small losses sustained by his brigade during the battle of Wise's Forks, and he always answers by saying that his line of works was so perfect that his men were protected as well as it was possible to protect men in the field; and he calls your attention to the fact that General Jackson, in the battle of New Orleans had constructed his lines of defence so perfectly (a portion of the defences being made up of bales of cotton,) that his losses in that memorable battle were only eight men killed and thirteen wounded, while the losses of the British were, killed, wounded and missing, including their commander, about 2000. Colonel Splaine says that General Jackson knew how to defend his position with the material at hand, and adds that Jackson's defences were not a bit better than those employed at Wise's Forks.

The men of Splaine's brigade, having no entrenching tools, dug with their bayonets, shovelled with their hands, platters and dippers, and cut down trees with axes hypothecated from other commands. Before the fight at the works opened, Splaine had his men fell trees with the sharpened points towards the enemy, and had erected a line of *chevaux-de-frise*, overhanging the trench, which latter was about six feet deep and six feet wide, making an almost impassable barrier. In felling trees, it made an open space, over which the enemy must pass through the tangled and sharp-pointed trees, thus giving our men an opportunity to mow down the exposed Confederates before they could reach his lines.)

Begrimed by the smoke of battle, our men had ceased firing. Then went up from them glorious, mighty cheers for victory and our commanders,— cheers which had scarcely died away, when firing and the sharp, familiar yell is again heard on our right. Hill and Baker's force of the enemy were charging on the center, where Ruger's breastworks were held by a single rank. The Ninth New Jersey, from Carter's left, were sent double-quick to support the center. Again the artillery of both divisions was concentrated to bear upon the enemy and opened with good effect. Thus being made strong, Ruger was enabled to deal the enemy a destructive repulse and a severe lesson.

The enemy in this attack drove in our skirmish line, and apparently they were disappointed in drawing the fire of a line of battle behind breastworks. When within one hundred yards of Ruger's works, his whole line opened upon them, and after a short struggle, their line was broken, and they fell back in disorder; whereupon some of Ruger's troops went over the works and pursued them with a strong line, taking one lieutenant and thirty-four enlisted men prisoners; and by steadily pushing forward, Ruger's men retook their original line. The engagements lasted about two hours.

The plan of the enemy seemed to be, that by moving on the lower Trent road, it would lead to the rear of our left line of breastworks, and cause us to change front to rear, so that the attack in the center would find only a skirmish line, or at most, a feeble line; and thus they would crush us between two attacking forces. But they had found an immovable obstacle to their march of victory; their plan of battle failed.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 11, 1865.

GENERAL:

Should Sherman and Cox unite, their march into Virginia cannot be prevented by me. In that event, if I understand your letter of February 3, you will meet us at the southern edge of Virginia to give battle. Would it not be practicable instead to hold one of the inner lines of Richmond with one part of your army, and meet Sherman with the other, returning to Richmond after fighting? I should be glad to know as much as you think prudent to communicate, of the effect upon your position of the interruption by the Federal army of the railroad by Raleigh. If the possession of the road by Raleigh is necessary for the subsistence of your army, unless it is improper to ask, I should be glad to be informed. I beg you to inform me of everything in your affairs which is connected with my operation, such as may be dependent upon them, that I may do my utmost to aid you. I shall also be grateful for any instructions you may have to give me. I am,

Very Respectfully,

General R. E. LEE, General-in-Chief. J. E. JOHNSTON, General.

(Extract of Confederate correspondence, Volume XLVII., Part 1, pp. 1052-1054, official records of the Rebellion.)

The triumphant cheers of Ruger's men were now answered all along our line, for a victory was won that gave us an important step forward in the campaign; for to unite with Sherman was the single desire that dominated our troops.

We will now return to the left, where death and joy (war's paradox) ruled the hour. Our men had gone over the works, and were viewing war's harvest. The storm of death had passed away, but all around was the lament of "after the battle." The wounded whose cries were a medley, chiefly of groans, were being brought to the field hospital on stretchers, where Surgeon Mulford and his assistants were busily engaged in ministering to the wounded. Ah, how vivid today is my memory of that desolate scene of almost fifty years ago, as again I see the light rain fall upon the upturned faces of the dead!—a scene which causes one to ask what would be the value of what is called glory, if weighed on the battlefield and among the dead.

Sherman said that war is hell, and the scenes before us verified his words, for the ground in the open, and away back into the timber, was thickly strewn with the dead and the wounded,—some in groups, as they fell and died across one another. Men were lying in every possible attitude, with every conceivable expression on their countenances. The faces of these were frequently distorted, and gave every evidence of the mental and physical agony they had unconsciously passed through.

At one place lay one of the dead, with legs nearly severed from the body, his plastic features plainly showing the anguish he had endured. Some had been killed by a single bullet, the wounds scarcely perceptible, and the features as placid as though the tired soldier had calmly laid down to rest.

General Schofield had now arrived on the field from Newbern, and was in consultation with General Cox; and seeing the persistent character of Bragg's efforts, he sent urgent messages to General Couch to hasten the marching of his command; and to General Grant the following dispatch was sent:

WISE'S FORKS, March 10, 1865.

Lieutenant-General GRANT:

The enemy made a heavy attack upon our center, and left today, but was decisively repulsed with heavy loss,—his dead and badly wounded men left upon the field. We took several hundred prisoners. Our loss was small. General Couch is only twelve miles away from here tonight, and will be up early in the morning. We took prisoners from Lee's and Stewart's corps. They say two corps are here, and the rest of Johnston's are coming.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Major-General.

GUM SWAMP, March 10, 1865, 2:30 P. M.

Colonel SAVAGE:

You must get scouts through to General Couch at speed, saying that I have been attacked today by Lee's corps and other troops but have repulsed them; still, his presence at the earliest moment and by forced marches, is very important. General Schofield is here, and directs that he take the shortest and quickest route to this point, without regard to his dispatch dated last evening. This word must go through tonight if horse-flesh will carry it.

J. D. Cox, Major-General.

Major-General D. N. Couch, with two divisions of the Twenty-third corps, arrived near to our forces after a five days' forced march through rain and mud from Wilmington,—a speedy passage, considering the wretched condition of the roads and swollen streams over which they had to pass; and it was undoubtedly the arrival of these commands that caused the hasty departure of Bragg, he having left our front on the evening of the 10th.

In the afternoon, men from our brigade were employed in digging trenches in which to bury the enemy's dead. While our men were bringing the bodies to the trenches, others were searching the thicket for those of the enemy who, with animal instinct, had crawled in there to die unseen; and with the rude tenderness of soldiers, we laid them in their graves, with only their gory garments around them.

That evening there was a happy commingling of our troops all along the line. The events of the day were discussed, the old war songs were sung, and "Sherman! Sherman!" was talked of everywhere one turned, among the men; while around the campfires, wit flashed forth in many a happy jest,the hardship of the past for the time being forgotten in the joyful gayety that prevailed in camp.

The loss to our forces while defending our breastworks against the assaults of Bragg's troops, was as follows: Killed, five officers and sixty enlisted men; wounded, twenty-five officers and 294 enlisted men; captured or missing, twenty-three officers and 1930 enlisted men; total, killed, wounded and missing, 2337.

The prisoners captured by us numbered 266. A conservative estimate, verified by prisoners taken, placed the loss to the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners at 1500. The nature of the engagement was the oft-repeated one, of destructive repulse from a force behind breastworks.

After this decisive battle,—one of the last for the old flag and an undivided Union,—our division commander, General Carter, promulgated the following congratulatory order:

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV., DIV. DISTRICT OF BEAUFORT.

IN THE FIELD NEAR KINSTON, N. C.

March 12th, 1865.

To Major THEODORE COX,

MAJOR:

Extract, * * * * * I desire to make special mention of Col. John Malloy, 17th Wis. Vols. comdg. 1st Brigade, and Lt. Col. Henry Splaine, 17th Mass. Vols., comdg. 3d brigade, for the conspicuous and meritorious part taken by them in the battle of the 8th, 9th and 10th inst. They were cool, collected and brave, and the unusual skill and energy displayed by them in the disposition and management of their brigades at a critical moment in the conflict, resulted in securing to our Arms a signal and decisive victory.

It is to be hoped that the Comdg. Genl. may take steps to have these gallant officers suitably rewarded.

Your obedient servant,

S. P. CARTER, Brg., Genl.
Comdg. Division.

Official, H. H. THOMAS,
Captain and Asst. Adjt. General.

It was about ten o'clock that evening when a heavy downpour of rain put out our fires and turned our empty camp-ground into a scene of miniature lakes and streams, and sleep to most of us,—except what we could get by sitting with our backs to some friendly tree,—seemed out of the question. We were soon soaked from head to foot. Everything we possessed at that time was a reservoir. The storm lasted for half an hour. But even this condition of affairs did not prevent most of the men from getting that rest which soldiers secure often under the most trying conditions; and thus the night was passed, until the enemy was aroused at dawn by the reveille from a score of bugles along our lines.

During the hottest of the battle of Wise's Forks, Sergeant Kelley was sent with Corporal Charles E. Flanders of the same company, to observe the effect of the Union Artillery fire on a certain portion of the enemy's line. The danger was great, and the work was so faithfully performed, after a narrow escape from being taken prisoners, that Colonel Splaine complimented both men on The Field.

During the heat of the fighting at Wise's Forks, Corporal Flanders was detailed to accompany Sergeant Joseph G. Kelley, for the purpose of observing the effect of our artillery fire on the enemy's right flank. Both performed the task so faithfully that important information as to the enemy's position was secured. They narrowly escaped being made prisoners of war. Colonel Splaine thanked them for their gallantry and good judgment.

WISE'S FORKS, 1865.

Capture of Upham's Brigade and Honorable Mention.

By General Carter.

In his report of the movements and operations of his division from the 7th to the 10th of March, 1865, Brigadier-General S. P. Carter, in command of the Second Division of the Corps, thus describes the events of the battle of Wise's Forks (which he designates "The battle of Kinston"), leading up to the capture of Upham's brigade.

"On the morning of the 8th, Colonel Upham reported that during the night he had advanced his skirmish line to within a short distance of the creek, and that the men were all protected by rifle pits. There was some artillery firing, principally by the rebels, but only an occasional shot from the skirmish line. In the forenoon I rode up to Dover road and examined a portion of Colonel Upham's lines, and had from him a statement that the orders of the preceding day had been carried out. While there, I received a note from Major Clarkson, Twelfth New York Cavalry, advising me that negroes reported some 2000 rebels had passed down the Trent road early that morning. I showed the note to Colonel Upham, and advised the major-general commanding of the fact. I sent at once to headquarters, and ordered 200 men of the Seventeenth Massachusetts to be moved up to strengthen the post at the intersection of British and Dover roads.

"After advising Colonel Upham to use great vigilance, and directing the pickets at the intersection of British and Dover roads to throw up works for their protection, I started on my return to Wise's Forks. Just before reaching that point, I was overtaken by Major West of the Twelfth New York Cavalry, who reported his pickets were being driven in at the bridge. Immediately on reaching headquarters, a note was dispatched to Colonel Upham, advising him of the fact, but as the orderly did not return, it is supposed he was captured.

"The Eighty-fifth New York Infantry (Captain King) was hurried up the Dover road to report to him, with instructions to be ready for immediate action, as the rebels were reported moving in the direction of the road on which he was marching. Soon afterward, a staff officer of Colonel Upham rode up and reported that their brigade had been attacked, and nearly the whole of it killed, wounded or captured, and one gun of Battery I, Third New York Light Artillery lost. I at once started up the Dover road to learn for myself the true state of affairs. When near the intersection of the British and Dover roads, I came in sight of the abandoned gun, which had been retaken by the detachment from the Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, but before they could cut the traces of the dead horses, by which it was encumbered, they were attacked in such heavy forces that they were forced back in the direction of Wise's Forks. After falling back a short distance they reformed on each side of the road, a line of skirmishers advanced and a portion of our lost ground was regained. The Eighty-fifth New York Infantry failed to form a junction with Colonel Upham and returned through the woods with small loss.

"The Ninth was employed in extending and strengthening our works. The enemy at one time drove the skirmishers from their advanced rifle pits, but they were soon afterwards retaken. The works of my left were carried, with the approval of the major-general commanding, east of the Trent road, and were providentially so formed as to aid materially in repulsing the rebel attack on the following day. * * * * About noon, on the 10th, the left of our skirmish line was driven in by the enemy, who advanced in strong force (understood to be Hoke's division) up the Trent road, and attacked on our left with vigor. In less than an hour they were repulsed by Splaine's brigade and driven back with loss and in confusion. Some time afterward an attack was made by the enemy on our right, but was easily repulsed. * * * * * *.

"While my thanks are due to all the officers of my command, for the gallant manner in which they performed their duty during the attack and repulse of the enemy, I desire particularly to mention Colonel Malloy of the Seventeenth Wisconsin Infantry, commanding first brigade; and Lieut.-Colonel Splaine, Seventeenth

Massachusetts Infantry, commanding third brigade. They were cool, energetic and prompt in the performance of their whole duty. It is hoped they may be suitably rewarded for the invaluable services they rendered in securing to our arms a decisive victory.''

My sincere gratitude is due to Captain J. Waldo Denny of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, for the many items of information regarding the battle of ''Wise's Forks,'' furnished by him. His timely and courteous assistance has rendered my task much easier than it could possibly have been without his aid.

Hugh Young.

CHAPTER XII.

After the Battle—Enter Kinston—General Henderson, the New Brigade Commander—Story of Mrs. Dr. Miller of Kinston, N. C., Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4—On to Raleigh—General Schofield's Order of Good News—War is Hell—Lee's Surrender—Battle of Averysboro—Assassination of Lincoln—Stonewall Jackson's Horse—March to Greensboro—Splaine's Irish-African Friend—Had Never Seen an Irishman—Graham and Greensboro—A Sad War Story—A Massachusetts Secessionist—Hugh Young's Glee Club—War Song—In Command at Greensboro—Quarrel with Worthington—Mayor Scott of Greensboro Thanks Regiment—One-Year Men Sent Home—Fourth of July Salute—Muster-out of the Veteran Regiment—Remarks by Benjamin P. Rogers—Colonel Splaine's Valedictory—A Verse.

On March 14, 1865, and after the command of General Couch reached Schofield, from Wilmington, the army took up the march for Kinston. The most unpleasant feature of the battle just finished was encountered in moving about two miles along the main road, where the contending armies had lost many men and horses; and now, it being six days since the opening of the fight, and the weather fairly warm, the stench from the swollen and putrid carcasses of dead horses and bodies of half buried men, made the short march almost unbearable. At least a hundred swollen carcasses of animals were strewn along the road, and of the hundreds of bodies of men buried, many of them, owing to the hurried retreat of the enemy from the battlefield, showed here and there a leg or an arm protruding above the ground. Many of the officers and men of the now advancing Union Army were made sick at their stomachs by the stench, and it was a common remark among

them that they would rather go into another fight than march through that awful place.

On the 15th the command entered Kinston, being compelled to cross the river on pontoons, the enemy having burnt the only bridge leading to the town. It marched through and beyond the town, and there threw up some pretty good defensive works, as on the heights beyond could be seen detachments of the army of Bragg and Hoke.

On the 19th, heavy firing near Smithfield was heard. Splaine's brigade was broken up, and the Seventeenth Massachusetts now became part of the first brigade, second division, Division of Beaufort, Colonel Classon commanding. On the 20th, marched to Whitehall, and on the 21st entered Goldsboro, and at once threw up breastworks. No chances could be taken, as everything depended on meeting and supplying Sherman's army.

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ARRIVES.

On March 22d, while still at work on lines of defence, about 2 P.M., word that Sherman was within five miles was received, and later in the day his advance joined our forces. Next day (23d) the Seventeenth Massachusetts was ordered to Bear Creek to guard that point, and at the same time get out some heavy timber for Sherman's construction corps to build a bridge across the stream, the former bridge having been burned by the enemy.

Colonel Splaine, who had resumed command of his regiment, first threw up works to defend his position, after which more than half the men were kept busy cutting down timber, and shaping the same for bridge purposes. This work lasted all that day and part of the following day. On the 24th, the regiment being short of rations, Colonel Splaine ordered Captain Charles O. Fellows, with two companies, to take wagons out with them, and to sieze enough food to last a few days. After Captain Fellows' force had departed, Colonel Splaine decided to follow, and found the two companies at a rich farmer's house taking the necessary supplies. Fellows had thrown out skirmishers, as he well knew that Wade

Hampton's Confederate Cavalry were prowling around in that section.

Just as Captain Fellows was about to march back to camp, the sergeant of the pickets came running in and reported that a considerable command of cavalry was approaching. Splaine told Fellows to get into position for a fight, while the Colonel dashed out to the skirmishers, to view the approaching command.

Adjusting his field glass, he beheld a sight which made him burst out laughing. He saw in the distance about three hundred men, all mounted, and dressed in all conceivable raiment. He at once concluded that they were a body of Sherman's "bummers," so-called; but, taking no chances, sent an officer with a flag of truce to communicate with the party, and if it should be the enemy, to demand their surrender or fight after the flag returned; if friends, to halt them and bring their chief officer in for consultation. The colonel's guess was right. They were "bummers" commanded by a sergeant, the latter reporting to the colonel. After a parley, they were ordered into camp, where they were detained until the Seventeenth returned to Goldsboro, when the gang was turned over to the proper officer.

In the meantime the construction corps, under competent engineer officers arrived, and in four hours had the bridge built, —though the span was sixty feet,—so that an engine was run over it. The bridge was a good one and may stand there today.

On the 25th the regiment was ordered back to Goldsboro. On the way it stopped at a farmhouse and had dinner prepared and eaten there. The colonel, noticing that the people of the house had not eaten any dinner, took the father of the family into his confidence, and found that they had not eaten anything for two days, because they had nothing to eat, Hampton's men having stripped them of everything they had in the shape of food. Feeling for the poor people, the colonel gave them everything there was to eat in his headquarters donkey-cart, hiding it under a bed. There was enough food there to keep that family for two weeks. At supper-time, when the regiment halted, and all hands hungry, there seemed to be no supper for headquarters. Splaine seeming anxious about something to eat, suggested to Major Smith that he

should find the cook and hurry up the supper. The major was absent about fifteen minutes, when he returned accompanied by the cook, who very sheepishly reported that there was nothing to eat, for the reason that at the farmhouse, where the command had dinner, some soldiers, he supposed, had stolen every bit of food there was in the cart.

Splaine, after scolding the cook roundly, ordered him to go among the company officers and borrow some hard tack, sugar and coffee. The cook came back well supplied, and headquarters had something to eat and drink.

After supper, the command took up the march and reached Goldsboro late at night. On March 30th, lots were drawn among the captains of the Seventeenth, to choose one to command a firing party to execute Private Preble of the Twelfth New York Cavalry, Troop D, who had been courtmartialed and sentenced to death. Captain Thomas R. Keenan was chosen, and on the next day, March 31st, the brigade was formed in three sides of a square, and in that presence, Preble was shot to death. His crime was an awful one. An odd feature of the execution was that hundreds of the Confederate soldiers witnessed the execution from across a stream about three hundred yards away. No shots, however, were fired by either side.

On the second of April, the regiment was placed in the third brigade, third division of the Twenty-third Army corps. The brigade was composed of the One Hundred Twelfth Illinois, One Hundred Fortieth Indiana, Sixty-third Indiana and Seventeenth Massachusetts, Colonel and Brevet Brig.-General Thomas J. Henderson of the One Hundred Twelfth Illinois commanding; Brig.-General Carter commanding the division and General Cox the corps; the Twenty-third and Tenth corps making Sherman's center under Major-General Schofield.

GENERAL THOMAS J. HENDERSON.

General Thomas Jefferson Henderson of the One Hundred Twelfth Illinois Infantry Regiment was commander of the last

brigade in which the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment served before the close of the war. On April 2, 1865, the brigade in which the Seventeenth had been serving, was reorganized, and the Seventeenth assigned to the brigade of General Henderson. Henderson's brigade now consisted of the One Hundred Twelfth Illinois, Seventeenth Massachusetts, One Hundred Fourth Ohio and the Sixty Third Indiana Volunteers Infantry Regiments. It was an ideal brigade, and was commanded by an ideal brigade commander.

General Henderson brought with him a high character as a commanding officer, having served under Generals Wright, Burnside and Schofield in Kentucky, Tennessee, Atlanta Campaign of Georgia in Tennessee, and closed his service in North Carolina at the close of the war. He was brevetted brigadier-general for meritorious service and gallantry in action in the Atlanta and Tennessee campaigns, and especially at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was a brilliant man, a brilliant soldier, was a strict disciplinarian in the true meaning of the word, and he soon endeared himself to every officer and man of his splendid brigade.

General Henderson was born in Brownsville, Tennessee, November 29, 1824. He was educated in the Brownsville Male Academy and in the common schools of Tennessee and Illinois, and at Iowa City University of Iowa City, Iowa. He is descended on his father's side from the Hendersons of the Highlands of Scotland, who settled in Hanover County, Virginia, many generations ago; while on his mother's side he is descended from the Edmund Howard family of North Carolina, many of whom moved into Tennessee. General Henderson's wife, Harriet Butler Henderson, was born in New York City in 1830, and is the daughter of Henry Butler and Rebecca Green Butler of New Haven, Conn. The general's wife is descended from Samuel Green the celebrated printer of Cambridge, Mass.

There were born to General and Mrs. Henderson four children, three daughters, being the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Gertrude R. Dunbar, Mrs. Sarah Ella Durley, and Mrs. Mary Louise Farnsworth; and one son, Mr. Thomas Butler Henderson.

General Henderson was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and while a member of the Illionis legislature, when a mere youth, voted consistently and persistently for Lincoln to be United States Senator. He changed his vote finally, at the request of Lincoln, to Lyman Trumbull, in order to defeat Stephen A. Douglass. The friendship so pleasantly formed between Lincoln and Henderson, in their youth, lasted without interruption, up to the death of President Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln wrote several letters to Henderson, thanking him for his friendship and support on various occasions, photographic copies of which are now (1910) in the possession of Colonel Splaine, but are not for publication.

General Henerson served as a member of Congress from Illinois continuously for twenty years, ten terms, from the 44th to the 53d Congresses. At the present writing, he is chairman of the Board of Commissioners for the government of the National Soldiers' Homes.

STORY OF MRS. DR. MILLER OF KINSTON, N. C.

Part I.

Another of those curious episodes which are not of unfrequent occurrence in the stirring times of warfare, and which serve to illustrate the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," had its inception at the time of the battle of Kinston, N. C., December 14, 1862. On that day, after the Union forces had taken possession of the city and settled down for the night, some in vacated dwellings, some in fields behind their stacked arms, while others patrolled the city and suburbs, others doing picket duty out of the city and well towards the lines of the Confederate army, many officers, among them Captain Henry Splaine of Company A, Seventeenth Regiment (who has given the story to the compiler of this history) strolled through some of the principal streets, in order to witness the sights in a city just captured by their own forces.

The streets presented a gloomy appearance, the lighting being bad, except, perhaps where some general officer had selected some imposing residence as his headquarters, and such places as these presented an inviting appearance, by contrast, at least. One of these conspicuous residences attracted the attention of Captain Splaine, because he noticed a number of Union soldiers under arms in front of it, and heard some hurried orders being given by an officer whose voice sounded familiar to him. Upon drawing near he found the building to be the headquarters of the provost guard, under command of Major Jones Frankle of his own regiment, who was provost marshal of the Goldsboro Expedition. The captain also noticed that at some distance beyond the provost guard station a large fire was burning, which caused some excitement.

Major Frankle hurridly got his guards together to proceed to the fire, with the purpose of not only saving property, but perhaps life as well. When he caught sight of Captain Splaine, he exclaimed, "You are just the man I want! Hold up your right hand! and before the captain realized what it was all about, he was sworn in as acting provost marshal.

The fire was the work of rebel soldiers, who, under orders, had collected all the bales of cotton to be found in Kinston and set them on fire. As the flames spread, the conflagration became spectacular; but through the exertions of our men, under direction of the provost marshall, most of the cotton was saved.

Captain Splaine, now finding himself filling the important position of acting provost marshal, settled down to the business on hand. He was not long in making the acquaintance of several Confederate officers captured that day, among whom was Lieutenant Evans, who, with his entire company, had been captured that day by the captain's own company.

While conversing with these officers, a handsome woman entered the office whose dress and bearing betokened refinement and respectability. At the same time it was evident that she had dressed hurridly for the street, and was very much excited. After looking around for a moment, she asked in a loud voice, "Is there a commissioned officer present?" "I have the honor to be one, madame," replied Captain Splaine. She then said "Then sir,

I ask your protection;'' and added, "I am a Northern woman.'' To this remark the captain replied, "It makes no difference, madam, whether you are from the North or the South, you shall be protected''; and added that it gave him great pleasure to be in a position which enabled him to be of assistance to the lady.

The lady then informed him that she was Mrs. Dr. Miller, that her husband was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, that since the entrance of our troops into the city her home had been invaded by Northern soldiers, who demanded that she should furnish them food, and cook it for them; that she had shown her willingness to comply by putting her servants to work, cooking for them, but had found it impossible to please them; that a number of them became abusive, had demolished some of her furniture, and had even threatened her own safety, as well as that of her servants. She finished by saying that they were a pack of uncouth men. When the story was told, the captain said, "Madam, I will protect you and your property, no matter at what cost.''

He then wrote a "safeguard,'' and looking over the guards present, espied his brother Herbert, to whom he said, "Take this safeguard, go with Mrs. Miller, and give her the protection which she requires. Take with you half a dozen men and clean out that gang of fellows who are making trouble. After you have restored quiet again in the lady's house, you may dismiss your guards, but remain in the house and protect it until further orders. Be sure to keep your musket loaded at all times and have your bayonet ready at hand.'' (A safeguard,it may be explained,is a written instrument given to guards in charge of a building or other property in time of war, its possession and terms being inviolable, the penalty for forcible disregard of its authority being death.)

In choosing his brother for this delicate and important task, he chose wisely, for his brother, though peaceable of disposition, when on duty was inflexible and would not be trifled with.

The guard and Mrs. Miller departed for her home, but not until after she had obtained the full names of the captain and his brother and thanked the officer for his prompt response to her application for protection. On reaching the lady's home Herbert and his fellow-guardsmen made short work of the turbulant

fellows who had literally taken possession of the premises. After quiet was restored, the guards retired, one by one, leaving the captain's brother in full charge. It is needless to say that the latter was furnished with good food and other creature comforts such as he had not enjoyed since his entry into the service.

After Major Frankle and his provost guard had returned, after extinguishing the big fire, and the major had assumed his duties, Captain Splaine visited the home of Mrs. Dr. Miller, to see that the protection he had given her was ample, and that his brother was properly cared for, as well as properly instructed in his duties. The captain spent a pleasant half hour chatting with Mrs. Miller and his brother. During the visit he learned much about the lady's history. She was of a most respectable Northern family, as will be seen later.

The captain called again the next morning and instructed his brother that he must be among the last to leave the city, and to see to it in the meantime that the property and person of the lady be protected to the last. Mrs. Miller was most profuse in her thanks to the captain and his brother, saying, among other things, "I hope, captain, to be able to show you some time that I gratefully appreciate your kindness for having protected me, my children and my property. You are a chivalrous and honorable man; your brother is a true soldier, and in bidding you good bye, I wish to add that I hope God may bless you and yours."

Herbert remained until the army had marched out of the city and falling in with the rear guard did not catch up with his regiment until night.

Part II.

When Mrs. Miller said she hoped some time to be able to show that she gratefully appreciated the kindness shown her, neither she nor the captain expected that the time would come when she would have the opportunity of redeeming that promise; but, as the sequel will show, she not only had that opportunity, but that she nobly redeemed it.

The captain occasionally recalled that Mrs. Miller episode, but as time wore on, and as the excitement of the campaign and his duties as an officer absorbed most of his attention, he simply remembered it as one of the many opportunities that an officer had of smoothing the rough front of war and shedding a ray of happiness upon those who suffered much in its vicissitudes.

A whole year passed before the captain was vividly reminded of his kindness to Mrs. Miller. In the latter part of 1863, the government saw fit to re-enlist the men whose terms of service would expire the following summer, that is, as many of them as were willing to re-enlist. In December, 1863, Captain Splaine, with sixty-four of the men of his company, who had re-enlisted, marched to the paymaster's office in Newbern to get their pay and bounty. Arriving there, the captain made known his errand to the paymaster, who told him that there were a number of men ahead of him, and that he and his men would have to await their turn. The captain said, "All right, sir," and proceeded to mingle and converse with a number of the officers who were there for the same purpose as himself. After a short time, the paymaster came out among the officers and inquired whether any of them had taken part in the battle of Kinston, fought about a year before. A number of the officers answered in the affirmative. Then the paymaster said there was an officer there somewhere who had protected his daughter after the battle referred to, saving not only her property, but perhaps her life, and that if he could find that officer, he would like to reward him. "I have forgotten his name," he said, "and I wish I could find him."

The facts related by the paymaster, recalled to Captain Splaine the incidents already related, and he inquired, "Do you mean Mrs. Dr. Miller, major?" The major at once said, "Mrs. Dr. Miller! What do you know about her? She is my daughter, sir."

The captain said, "Then, sir, I am the officer you are looking for. I protected your daughter, and am proud of the fact."

"And your name?" demanded the major.

"I am Captain Splaine."

"That's it! That's it," said the major, and taking the captain's hand, tears rolling down his cheeks, cried, "I thank you, sir! I thank you! May I not reward you? Sir, may I not offer you some consideration for having protected my daughter?"

To all of which the captain replied that he was already well paid for simply having done his duty as a soldier and a gentleman in the case of Mrs. Miller. The major inquired, "How have you been paid, sir?" To which the captain made answer that he had the proud satisfaction of having done right when he protected the lady, and added, "I would have protected a Southern lady as quickly as I protected your daughter, although perhaps the pleasure at meeting a Southern lady at such a time might not have been so great. My country pays me for the faithful performance of my duty, and I cannot therefore take pay from any other source."

The major, finding the captain inflexible in the matter of compensation, excused himself for a moment. The captain then noticed that several clerks had been summoned by the major, and a few minutes later his sixty-four veterans were called up by them and were given their pay and bounty as veteran volunteers. Again there was a hasty consultation by the major with one of his clerks, followed by the temporary absence of the clerk, accompanied by two colored men, upon whose return there was a general suspension of clerical and other official business, special attention being paid to a hamper, which, when opened, proved to be a basket of champagne. There also appeared at the same time a box of nice cigars. Then the major, to explain matters to the assembled officers and others present, said:

"Gentlemen, give me your attention for a moment;" and, when all showed a willingness to listen, he told the story of his daughter, Mrs. Miller of Kinston, and of the protection afforded her by their brother officer, Captain Splaine. The captain felt flattered, and yet embarrassed at the recital of the major, and still more so when every officer and clerk came forward, shook him by the hand and congratulated him for his gallantry in caring for the major's daughter at a time when there was danger to her and discomfort all around her.

The good things which had been brought in by the clerk and his colored assistants were now dispensed by the major to all present, and warm and patriotic remarks were freely offered by the officers, all joining in the hope that the lady in question might live a long and happy life, and that her father, the gallant major, might soon be united with her under peaceful and happy conditions.

About a month after the events just related, the major chanced to meet the captain on the street, and joyfully informed him that he had succeeded in communicating with his daughter. He took from his pocket a letter written by her, and passed it to the captain to read. The letter was full of expressions of devotion and love for her father, and after writing two pages about the family, she expressed herself as highly pleased that her father had been able to find Captain Splaine and thank him for her, and also expressed the wish that her father and the captain should become fast friends. The friendship between the two officers so peculiarly formed, it may be said, lasted while they were stationed near to each other; but in a very short time the major was ordered away to another station, and they never met again. The captain was sorry to lose his friend, and often thought of the strange chain of circumstances which had brought them together; but as time rolled on, he began to think that the end of the Mrs. Miller episode had come at last. Not yet, however for the strangest and most interesting part was yet to come.

Part III.

In the late winter of 1864, and the early spring of 1865, Captain Splaine now lieutenant-colonel in command of the new Seventeenth Regiment (his old regiment reorganized)then stationed at Shepardsville, otherwise known as Newport Barracks, North Carolina, was ordered to take the field with his regiment, in a movement under General Schofield, having for its object the opening up of communication with General Sherman, and the supply of his army then on its way to Virginia in the comprehensive military operations to end the war.

At this time, Colonel Splaine's wife and their only son were on a visit to North Carolina, living with Uncle Nat Porter, who, with his daughter Nan, had given them a pleasant home for the time being. When the regiment started on its last campaign, the wife and son were left behind, but were well provided with funds. While on the march from Newbern to Kinston, the colonel was appointed acting brigadier-general, which was rapid promotion for a young man who was only a captain four months before.

The only protection which he could give his wife and son in his absence was a letter addressed to any commissioned officer of the United States Army, asking for such protection and care as they might stand in need of. Eight days after his departure from Newbern, the battle of Wise's Forks was fought, and during the fight Mrs. Splaine could distinctly hear the artillery booming in the distance. Knowing that her husband and his two brothers were in the fight, it may be judged that she suffered great mental agony while waiting to hear the details of the battle.

On the eve of the battle, the colonel had written his wife, begging her to go North as soon as she could get away, as he knew that the enemy was in force, and evidently intended to make things pretty warm in North Carolina, and that in case of a reverse to the Union arms she and her son might suffer at the hands of men who, perhaps, might not accord to her the consideration which every gentleman owes to a lady. In reply she said that she could not go home, as she felt it to be her duty to remain near her husband and his brothers, so that she might act as nurse in case any of them should be wounded, or, if her own should escape, then she would feel it a duty (noble woman) to nurse any Union soldier who was wounded or sick and required such care.

The battle of Wise's Forks was fought and the victory rested with the Union troops, whose victorious columns pushed on and into Kinston, where they rested several days. The colonel, while there, thought of Mrs. Miller, but his duties were so pressing that he could not find time to look up friends, his purpose being to look for the enemy and whack him when he could. Besides, he concluded, in all probability, she and her family had left Kinston.

The army pushed on to Goldsboro, and united with Sherman's army, the latter then much in need of supplies. From Goldsboro, the colonel wrote to his wife, again begging her to go home, but upon comparing notes afterwards, this letter never reached her. After Sherman's army had rested, had been refitted and supplied, the cry was: "On to Raleigh!" where it was expected that short work would be made of General Joe Johnson's army. Before leaving Goldsboro, the colonel wrote to his wife again, urging her to go North, but this letter, like thousands of others sent at that time, never reached its destination because of the irregularity of the mails and the general interruption of all lines of communication.

Mrs. Splaine, not hearing from her husband, became desperate, and made up her mind to follow the army, and, if possible, join the colonel. She reached Kinston one afternoon, finding herself a stranger in a strange city. She could not go any farther that day, as there were no trains leaving the city until the next day. She inquired for a hotel, but was told that there was none in the town. She then inquired for a boarding-house, and was told that it was difficult to find one.

Part IV.

Here, indeed, was a situation that was most discouraging, and called for all her fortitude to face, but she set out bravely to encounter it. She now spoke with several colored women, who gave her little or no encouragement, until she came upon one of the real old-fashioned mammies, who told her that there was only one genteel boarding house in town, and that it was kept by a great lady who was "right 'tickler 'bout de kind ob folks she took in." The good mammy, fearing that disappointment would attend Mrs. Splaine's efforts with the "great lady," said that if the lady "won' take you in, missus, an' you will come wif me, honey, I will take yous to my own house an' wait on you, mam— 'deed I will, mam. I will find suffen to eat for your se'f and de dear lil' boy."

Mrs. Splaine now said to herself, well if the "great lady" refuses me, I am at least sure of some sort of shelter by the

good old colored woman.'' In a few minutes they reached the house of the "great lady.'' It was a fine house, considering the style of houses in Kinston over forty years ago. On looking at the building, Mrs. Splaine saw signs in the windows, which read: "Respectable lodgers taken. Best of references required.'' She thought, "Well, I am all right now, for surely she won't refuse me.'' Upon rapping at the door and waiting for a few minutes, a lady answered the summons and asked what she could do for the new-comers. Mrs. Splaine said she was going up the country to join her husband, who was an officer in the Union Army, and not feeling well, and having her boy to care for, she desired to rest for a few days before resuming her journey. She added that she had plenty of money and was willing to pay well for the accommodation which she desired and needed. The lady said she was very particular about the character of applicants for accommodation, and asked if Mrs. Splaine had any references as to her identity and respectability. The latter being an entire stranger in the place, and supposing some local reference was required, replied that she had none.

"Then, madam,'' said the lady, "I cannot receive you.'' Mrs. Splaine then said she did not know any one in Kinston who could answer for her, and again pressed her request for accommodation, adding that she would deposit sufficient money to meet all contingencies. The lady then said, "Is there no other way by which you can establish your identity and respectability?''

Mrs. Splaine thought a moment, and then remembering the letter given her by her husband to any commissioned officer of the army, replied, "All I have is a letter given me by my husband, which you may read if you desire''.

The lady read the letter very carefully, looked inquiringly and in silence at the new-comer. Then she asked, "Madam, are you the wife of Colonel Splaine?''

"I am,'' replied Mrs. Splaine.

"Was Colonel Splaine ever a captain?''

"He was.''

"Was he in the battle of Kinston over two years ago?''

"He was.''

"Has he any brothers?"

The answer was in the affirmative.

"Kindly name the brothers who served with him when he was captain," requested the lady.

The answer came: "James, William and Herbert."

At this confirmation of the identity of the stranger, the lady returned the letter, while her manner became most cordial. She now said: "Mrs. Splaine, you are most welcome to my house. Your husband, Captain Henry Splaine, and his brother Herbert protected me, my family and my property at a time when I was in dire distress. I will protect you and your son now."

She advanced and embraced Mrs. Splaine and her son. At this juncture Mrs. Splaine dismissed her mammy escort, but not until she had paid her well for her proffered hospitality.

"Come in, at once," said Mrs. Miller. "Make yourselves at home, and remain as my guests as long as you please." Both ladies wept. The lady, as it must be guessed, was no other than Mrs. Doctor Miller of Kinston, N. C. The time had come when she found herself in a position to repay the captain who had protected her two years and four months before.

The servants were at once set to work to provide the newcomers with a substantial meal. The evening was spent as pleasantly as could be expected under the circumstances. It was a curious situation that surrounded the new friends: Doctor Miller was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, and Mrs. Miller did not know whether he was dead or alive. Colonel Splaine was in the Union Army, pushing on against General Johnston's forces. Notwithstanding these conditions the ladies drew some enjoyment from the new acquaintanceship and the similarity of their present condition in regard to the absence of their husbands. But Mrs. Splaine's son, a boy of six years, fully enjoyed himself. He was soon boss of the house, and had lots of fun with the colored people.

It was learned that Mrs. Miller, not having received any financial assistance from her husband for a long time, conceived the idea of opening a genteel boarding and lodging house. In the course of the sojourn in Mrs. Miller's house, the ladies talked on many subjects, but the one which pleased the hostess most was

that in connection with the battle of Kinston in 1862, and the train of strange circumstances which brought Mrs. Splaine and her son as guests under her roof.

Mrs. Splaine now wrote to her husband, telling him of her experience since his departure from Newbern, and her happy meeting with Mrs. Dr. Miller. The colonel answered the letter, sending warm greetings to that lady, thanking her for her kindness to his wife and child, and directing his wife to go North as soon as she had become rested.

At the proper time, when she had recovered from her fatigue, Mrs. Splaine, accompanied by Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Captain Webber of the colonel's regiment, went to Newbern, where she took a steamer for New York. Mrs. Miller absolutely refused to take any compensation for the time that Mrs. Splaine and her son were guests in her house. But this would not do. Mrs. Splaine, with true woman's wit, made Mrs. Capt. Webber the medium through whom Mrs. Miller was surprised with a full and liberal payment for her kindness to mother and son.

During Mrs. Splaine's life after the war, she corresponded with Mrs. Miller, and received many pressing invitations to repeat her visit to Kinston, N. C. Mrs. Splaine and Mrs. Miller were good women—good mothers and good wives. In stature and general appearances they were not unlike, being stately and attractive in many ways. Mrs. Splaine died in 1880, and Mrs. Miller in 1900. The boy who figured in this story is alive today, and is well known among billiardists in Boston. His full name is Richard E. Splaine, but is commonly known as Ned Splaine. He, at the age of 25, married Margaret Griffin, the beautiful daughter of the late Dennis and Margaret Griffin of Quincy street, Charlestown, Mass.

And once more Colonel Splaine had almost forgotten about Mrs. Miller, until meeting a lady not long ago, in the State House, who knew her well and had spent some days with her in Kinston, N. C., a short time before her (Mrs. Miller's) death. This lady, when asked if she knew Mrs. Miller, replied, "Did I know her well? I guess I did, and I knew her whole family. She was the daughter

of Major Henry and the sister of General William Henry of the Union Army."

The compiler of this history, while talking with Colonel Splaine not long since, asked the truth of the narrative. The colonel replied, "Every word of it is true; and speaking of Mrs. Splaine and Mrs. Miller,—they were beautiful women, dear and devoted friends, and both have gone beyond. May they meet in heaven."

ON TO RALEIGH.

The regiment soon found itself at home under the new brigade commander, Brevet-Brigadier-General Henderson of Illinois. He was educated, brave, affable, but a disciplinarian. He had seen plenty of fighting in Sherman's army, and bore the enviable name of being a splendid commander. On April 8, a telegram from General Grant to General Sherman gave this important information:

April 2d, 1865.

To Major-General SHERMAN:

Lee's men are scattering and going to their homes by thousands. I will push him to the end. Push Johnston in the meantime, and let us finish up this job at once.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

(An official copy of this dispatch is in the hands of Colonel Splaine at this writing.)

This good news was immediately followed by the news that Richmond had been captured, along with 25,000 prisoners and 500 pieces of artillery. General Henderson deemed the news so important that he invited all the officers of his brigade to headquarters, announced the good news and all made merry and were happy. The cry now was: "On to Raleigh!" and on April 10, Sherman's army began its march for the capital of the state.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT., NORTH CAROLINA,
GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 7, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 24.

The following orders were re-published for the information of this command:

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.
IN THE FIELD, GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 6, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No 49.

The following telegram just received is announced with great pleasure and satisfaction by the General-in-chief for the information of the army.

CITY POINT, Va., April 6, 1865.

To Major-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN:

On Monday morning the second (2) we charged and carried the enemy's entire line south of the Appamatox, defeated and drove back Lee's army and the same evening enveloped Petersburgh from the Appomatox above, to the river below. About one (1) o'clock Monday morning Petersburgh was evacuated and we took possession of it at 8:15. Weitzel took possession of Richmond with his command north of the James. Jeff Davis and his cabinet and Lee with most of his army are retreating in hot haste towards Danville; the other column is falling back on Lynchburg. We are pressing vigorously. Our prisoners will number from twelve thousand (12,000) to fifteen thousand (15,000) with several hundred pieces of artillery. Much of the tobacco and cotton in Petersburgh and Richmond was burned by the enemy. He also attempted to burn Richmond. Weitzel succeeded in putting out the fires, but not until several districts were in ruins. Everything is quiet there now and the people receive our army with great rejoicing.

(Signed) G. S. BOWERS,
A. A. G.

Army commanders will order a salute of one hundred guns to be fired from each permanent fort in the Department of North Carolina, and Department of the South in honor of the event.

By order of Maj. Gen. W. T. SHERMAN,
(Signed) L. M. DAYTON,
A. A. G.

So much of the above order as directs a salute of one hundred guns to be fired from each permanent fort, in the Department of North Carolina, will be executed under the directions of Brig.-Gen. I. N. Palmer Comdg. District of Beaufort and Brig.-Gen. Jas. R. Hawley Comdg. District of Wilmington.

By order of Maj.-Gen. SCHOFIELD,
(Signed.) J. A. CAMPBELL,
Lt. Col. and A. A. G.

Official,
W. F. HENDERSON,
Captain and A. A. A. G.

HAD NEVER SEEN AN IRISHMAN.

During the first day's march from Goldsboro, the Seventeenth, having halted for dinner, Colonel Splaine was destined to receive a benefit because he was Irish. A gentleman came from a nice residence near by, and asked the colonel what part of the country his regiment came from. The reply was from Massachusetts. "Then you are all Yankees?" queried the visitor. "Not quite all, sir," replied Splaine. "The great majority of my men are Yankees, but we have some Irish, English, a few French and a few Germans." The visitor said, "Now, do say, have you an Irishman here?" and continued by saying that although he was fifty years of age, he had never seen an Irishman; and then, in a confidential way, said, "I understand that they are very repulsive-looking people." Having thus delivered himself, he asked the colonel to show him an Irishman. The colonel now called up Mike Sullivan, to whom he spoke and then dismissed him, without revealing the true reason for summoning him. Mike was not a handsome man, but

he was intelligent and a brave soldier. The visitor remarked that Mike was not a repulsive-looking man, and added: "Well, well; that is the first Irishman I ever saw." The colonel said, "He is not the first you have seen." The visitor insisted that he was. The colonel said, "No, sir; you saw me." The visitor said the colonel must be joking, but the latter was so emphatic in his assertion that he was Irish that the gentleman begged his pardon, and invited the officer up to his house that he might present him to his wife and daughters. The colonel, whose larder had been rather lean of late, anticipating the gastronomic delights which southern hospitality might yield, consented to go.

When the colonel reached the house and was presented to the ladies, his host remarked: "Only think of it, Colonel Splaine is an Irishman," and added that he had always thought the Irish were very repulsive-looking people. The eldest girl,—a beautiful and accomplished young lady,—said, "Why, paw, what are you saying. If you had been in Baltimore as much as I have, you would have seen many Irish people, and I want you to know that they are among the first in the world."

Splaine, who was more interested at that time about the cuisine of the house than the Irish question, was soon relieved of anxiety when he beheld the conventional southern mammy trundle in "right smart" a table laden with good things to eat. He did justice to himself and the whole Union Army as well.

After the repast, the whole family entered into social conversation. They were bright and refined people, but strongly "secesh." Upon being asked what the war news was, the colonel told of the fall of Richmond, and that Grant was chasing Lee's demoralized army. The news was a great shock to them. They couldn't understand how such things could have happened, and were dumfounded. The colonel, now feeling that the object of his expedition had been accomplished, bade the family farewell, and returned to his command.

"WAR IS HELL!"

A few days out from Goldsboro, the Union troops, in pursuit of Johnston's army,—General Henderson and staff, halted on the

roadside one day for dinner. At that time, Colonel Splaine, mounted, was walking his horse slowly along the road, killing time, as his regiment was having its noonday meal. Upon seeing Splaine, the general requested him to dismount and have something to eat. The colonel was willing, but circumstances over which neither had control compelled them to wait a considerable time before they could attend to the eating. Loud noises on the hillside above attracted Henderson's attention. He listened for a moment, jumped to his feet and looked angrily in the direction of a respectable-looking farmhouse, from which arose the screams of women, barking of dogs, cries of hens and chickens and quacking of ducks and geese. He was about to start for the scene of the disturbance, but one of his staff told the general to sit down and enjoy his meal, and he (the staff officer) would run up and stop the disturbance. The general, however, insisted on going himself, and did go unattended. When the soldiers who had caused the disturbance saw the general coming, they skedaddled, and the commotion subsided. The general was absent about an hour, and when he returned he was silent and looked sad. His subordinates, judging that something unusual had happened, made no reference to his visit to the farmhouse.

After a long pause, General Henderson broke the silence by saying, "My G-d, this is awful! What do you suppose I found at that farmhouse?" He said he found the men of his own regiment, his own neighbors and sons of neighbors from Illinois robbing his own cousin's house. At this announcement, the whole party became interested, and sympathetically inquired what it all meant. The general then explained that Mr. Howard, his own cousin, was proprietor of the house which was being robbed.

The general found in the house his aunt and two cousins,—young women,—but no men, as the latter had all joined the Confederate army, and were probably killed during the war. The general, after this recital, ceased eating for a moment, and exclaimed, "War is hell!" just as surely as Sherman said it. The hour he spent with his relatives revived the lost relationship of the southern and western families of the Howards,—formerly of Sampson county, North Carolina,—and the sadness which he felt at finding his own

men robbing his cousin's home, must have been mingled with a degree of satisfaction at having been on the spot to protect his helpless relations, though he had never seen them before.

After all, the robbery in question, which so grieved the good general, was simply a case of foraging. It should be understood that it was no small undertaking to supply an army of ninety thousand men, especially when it is considered that the railroad lines,—the only means of transporting the immense stores needed for the sustenance of Sherman's army,—were nearly worn out, and that these lines were being tapped quite often by the enemy's cavalry.

The men of Henderson's regiment were short enough of rations and their visits to the substantial farmhouse on the hillside was simply to obtain a few additions to their scant grub,—a few hams, some chickens and potatoes. Henderson was a sensitive and honorable commander, and never permitted his men to crowd the poor natives.

NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

On the 12th of April, 1865, while Sherman's army was halted for dinner, and the ninety thousand men composing that grand army were scattered along either side of the main road to Raleigh, some quietly sleeping after eating, others in the act of eating, and still others joking, smoking, jesting or singing patriotic songs, and all receiving the warm rays of an April sun,—which was fully as warm there as in Massachusetts in June,—a single horseman, hat in hand, bowing to the right and left, rushed along the roadway and in a loud voice tried to tell the army something; but his words were so indistinct that no one could understand him, and only laughter and derision greeted his progress. He was a staff officer who had been chosen by General Sherman to announce something important to the army—something so important that it drove the poor fellow crazy. He spurred his horse madly, rode wildly and tried to tell something, but he could not find words to tell it, and when he reached the end of the line, a general officer placed him under restraint, and seeing that he was hopelessly insane, and

knowing him to be one of General Sherman's staff, had him taken back under cavalry guard. After a lapse of half an hour, another officer was sent from Sherman's headquarters to tell the same story. He was a major,—a noble-looking fellow,—well mounted, a graceful rider, and just such a soldier as one would pick to lead a charge. As he came down the road bowing gracefully to the right and left, he shouted in a loud and distinct voice, "Boys, Lee's army has surrendered!"

That was enough, and then there were ninety thousand crazy men along that road. They yelled, huzzad and cheered again and again. They rushed at one another embraced, kicked, thumped, wrestled, turned somersaults, rolled and tumbled, and in fact did everything but bite one another. They were uncontrollable, beyond all restraint and discipline. They did all sorts of mad, crazy things.

The news meant the near approach of peace, when all would return to their homes and friends, welcomed and praised for the heroic part they had taken in suppressing the rebellion, and bringing to all the people the blessings of peace and prosperity.

The men of the Seventeenth conceived and quickly executed the plan of cutting down a straight tree, and had it trimmed by the pioneers, fastened the regimental flag to the small end, inserted the large end in a deep hole and raised it toward the sky. When the pole was securely held in the ground, the stars and stripes were cheered and cheered, men from other commands joining in the demonstration, until a great crowd collected about it.

Colonel Splaine wondered how his men could have accomplished such a task so quickly, but they did it in less time than it takes to tell it.

At this time General Thomas J. Henderson rode along the highway to see what all the commotion meant. As soon as the men espied him, they shouted, "Speech! Speech!" The general declined, but the rush for him was so great that Colonel Splaine said, "You had better say something, general, or they will tear you off your horse! They are crazy,—say something!" After a moment of hesitation, he replied. He took his hearers in imagination back to the days just before the war, when heavy and fore-

boding clouds hung over the nation; told about the opening of the fratricidal war; of the many disasters to the Union Armies during the four years of its continuance, and how often he had feared that the result would be disastrous to our forces, and the life of the nation crushed out; but now, happily, "the clouds that lowered above our house" had been dispelled, and under the blessed dispensation of Almighty God, the sunshine of peace, fraternity and union was returning and warning the loyal hearts of those who had despaired or doubted so long. He then paused and said, "It is no use; I can't make a speech. My heart is too full." The men still clamored for a speech, and then the general, raising his hat high above his head, and looking reverently at the flag of the Seventeenth waving on high in the blue vault, said, "The only speech I can make is, let us pray." As he said this, the tears ran down the bronzed cheeks of the hero. The men bowed their heads in solemn silence for a moment, and then, looking up gave vent to a wild cheer which could be heard for miles. Then looking up at that flag, the vast throng sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and when that anthem was finished, some singer started "Home, Sweet Home," during the singing of which, by the assemblange, there were many more wet eyes than dry ones among them.

Now, it was "after Johnston!" and for the purpose of bringing him to bay, the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps were detached and sent in pursuit of the wily Confederate commander. Johnston led them a lively chase, and in order that no battle would be fought near Raleigh, deflected his course from the main road leading to that city. Johnston was fighting the Union advance daily, attacking small bodies with great advantage, but when the main body of the Union Army was ready to punish him, he was not to be found.

BATTLE OF AVERYSBOROUGH.

As our theme is still war, the writer sees nothing amiss in reverting to the battle of Averysborough, fought on March 16, 1865,

between the army of General Joe Johnston and the Fourteenth Corps of General Sherman's army. For weeks Sherman had been trying to bring on a general engagement with Johnston; but the latter, knowing that Sherman outnumbered him about as four to one, declined to meet him, contenting himself with harassing his enemy whenever opportunity offered.

At last Johnston, by skilful manoeuvring, drew the Fourteenth corps from Sherman's main body, and there was trouble for the latter at once. Through the masterly skill of Johnston, his army gave the Fourteenth corps a sound drubbing, killing and wounding many, taking many prisoners and capturing many pieces of artillery.

The writer has talked with several commanders, (some of them regular army officers,) about the battle of Averysborough, and all of them agreed that it was the most skilfully conducted fight on the part of the Confederates that there is any record of in the annals of war.

With his small, half-starved, half-clothed, unpaid army, with scarcely ammunition enough to finish the fight, he won a battle under circumstances so adverse to his side that his victory was all the more notable, and stamped him as the equal of any commander then living.

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

On April 13, Carter's Division was halted on the brow of the highland overlooking Raleigh, a small body of cavalry being sent in to ascertain conditions there, and on the 14th, the army marched into and through the city, going into camp on the opposite side. Carter's division, of which the Seventeenth was a part, encamped just outside of the city, and settled down for a much needed rest.

On April 17, there was a rumor that President Lincoln had been assassinated, but nobody wanted to believe it, and all regarded it as a hoax; but on the 19th the story was confirmed. The sad news cast a deep gloom over Sherman's army, and some of the more reckless of the men threatened to wreack vengeance on the people. If Johnston's army had been then surrounded it is not difficult to guess what might have occurred.

On account of the assassination of Lincoln, and fearing that some of the soldiers might attempt to avenge his death on the people, Sherman called all the regimental commanders together, and told them that he would hold each one responsible for the good behavior of his men during the awful excitement consequent on the president's death. It is safe to say that not many of those colonels slept for the three nights following, doing patrol duty themselves and watching their guards and men every minute of the time. Soon the men began to realize that the defenceless people were not to blame, and that, after all, it was not the hand of a Southerner that committed the terrible and cowardly crime. Quiet now obtained, and there was no longer any danger of trouble.

On the 21st of April, the Twenty-third Army corps was reviewed by Generals Grant and Sherman. The Ninth New Jersey, the One Hundred Fourth Ohio and the Seventeenth Massachusetts were specially mentioned for their soldierly bearing and marching.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

On the 26th of April, 1865, General Joseph E. Johnston's army surrendered to General Sherman. General John C. Breckenridge, former vice-president of the United States, conducted the negotiations for Johnston, receiving the same terms as those accorded to General Lee by General Grant. This action on the part of Sherman was resented by Secretary of War Stanton, who declared that Sherman had transcended his authority, and threatened to have the army of Johnston recalled and new stipulations imposed. Sherman won in the controversy, and the two became bitter enemies while they lived.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HORSE.

On May 4, General Henderson, with his brigade, except the Seventeenth, took train for Greensboro, N. C., leaving the Seventeenth to march the distance, guarding baggage wagons and am-

bulances. With the Seventeenth was Lieutenant Schaffer of General Henderson's staff. The march was taken up on the fifth of May, and soon Colonel Splaine found that Schaffer and himself could not agree about marching a regiment under a hot sun.

To digress for a moment, it may be said that while Colonel Splaine was seeing General Henderson off, among the many parolled Confederate officers on the cars was a colonel, who, on seeing General Carter's horse, exclaimed, "Oh, there is Billy!" Splaine inquired what he meant, and was told that General Carter was then mounted on Stonewall Jackson's horse. The Confederate colonel called the attention of other ex-Confeds. on the car to the horse, and all agreed that it was the horse in question. They had served on Stonewall's staff and remembered the horse well. The fact was, however, that the horse was given to General Carter by Colonel Splaine at the battle of Wise's Forks, after the former's horse had been shot from under him. Jackson's horse was captured at Mosely Hall, the home of Jackson's father-in-law.

Attention may also be called to a gathering of generals at a review of the troops by Lieut.-General Grant, on the 22d of April, in the city of Raleigh, N. C. There were present on that occasion one lieutenant-general, fifteen major-generals and twenty-five brigadier-generals. Such a gathering of generals was perhaps never before seen on this continent.

THE MARCH TO GREENSBORO.

To resume the narrative of the march to Greensboro: Colonel Splaine found that Schaffer wanted to march double-quick time for 105 miles, while the colonel knowing that the war was over was determined not to kill his men to please Schaffer or any one else. On May 6, it being very warm, the command made twenty-two miles, many of the men becoming prostrated from the heat. The command reached the beautiful town of Chapel Hill that night.

The next morning Colonel Splaine told Schaffer that he would march his regiment as he pleased, and if the staff officer did not

like that way of doing business he could start ahead, taking in his ambulances and wagons the men who had been prostrated the day before, and some others who were not in good marching order, to guard the train; and added, "Lieutenant Schaffer, if you and I keep company much longer, and you continue to be as disagreeable as you have been, I shall feel constrained to place you under arrest. Now, go in peace, and behave yourself."

On this day the Seventeenth was marched forty minutes in each hour, resting twenty minutes. By this means the command got along comfortably; but the next day the regiment was marched during the cool of the morning and late afternoon, thus avoiding the terrible midday heat.

COLONEL SPLAINE'S IRISH-AFRICAN FRIEND.

During the afternoon the command reached the Haw River, which they forded, some of the men being compelled to swim part of the way. While they halted on the other side there came along a man, carrying a basket on his arm. While waiting for all the men to cross and get in condition to resume the march, the colonel engaged the man in conversation. He was a respectable appearing person, with light flaxen hair and sandy whiskers. When asked if he belonged up at the big house on the hill, he said that he did. He was then asked if he was superintendent or foreman. He said he was neither. He was asked if he was steward, butler or mechanic, and he returned the same answer. "Then what are you?"—"I am a slave." The colonel was surprised, and said, "Why, man, you are as white as I am."

The men, now marching in route step, pushed up around the colonel's horse, and the stranger, eager to get some news or hear the conversation. The colonel then inquired how the man became a slave, and he answered, "Well, you see, sir, my mother was an octoroon and my father a white man."—Your mother was a slave, then?"—"Yes, sir."—What was your father's name?"—"Burns, sir."—"And what countryman was he?" asked the colonel, unprepared for the revelation that followed. "He was an Irishman, sir."

On hearing this answer, there was a roar of laughter from the men, and one, bolder that the others, shouted, "Colonel, that's one on you!"

The colonel retorted by saying, "Only the half of him belongs to me; the other belongs to you, for his mother was a good American." This sally from the colonel created lots of merriment, and the laughter became general when the boys in the rear were made acquainted with what had taken place at the head of the column. The big house on the hill was the residence of Judge Ruffin, whose son fired the first shot of the war when he fired on Fort Sumter in the spring of 1861.

A SAD WAR STORY.

On the following morning the boys were started out before five o'clock, and marched during the cool of the forenoon. When it was about time to go into camp for the warm part of the day, the colonel, as was his wont, dashed ahead, with the view of finding a shady place near a well of water or a brook. He soon approached a place which showed evidences of former opulance, but which was now desolate and deserted—a wreck of war. The mansion house had been burned down, as had many of the smaller slave houses or quarters.

While surveying this sad spectacle, the colonel heard voices from the other side of a hedge across the road from the ruined houses, and on approaching it, he beheld a sight which amazed him. He asked of an old gentleman on the other side: "What are you doing there, sir?" The answer was: "We are plowing, sir. You see, Sherman's men destroyed our houses, killed our cattle, drove our servants away, took all there was to eat, and all the seed we had for planting. A friend who was more fortunate than I was, has kindly given us a little seed, and now we are trying to plant it, though it is late in the season, hoping we may be able to raise enough to keep us from starving next winter."

The gentleman—and a gentleman he was—was holding the handle of a jack-plow (a light plow, such as the Southern farmer would hitch a small mule or large donkey to, to do his light plow-

ing). While he was holding the handles of the plow, and pushing it with all his energy, what was pulling at the other end? It was not a mule or a donkey. No, incredible as it may seem, it was no animal, but it was his two beautiful daughters! Great God! What a sight! War is hell, indeed! The colonel said, "Take your daughters into one of the shanties. My regiment is marching up, and I do not want my men to see them under the present conditions. My men will halt only a few minutes, and after we have departed, you will find a good horse hitched to that farthest shanty." "Whose horse?" he asked. "Mine," said the colonel. "My servant is riding my spare horse, and he must now march like the other men."

In conversation with the gentleman, it was learned that his wife had been dead a few years, that his two sons had lost their lives in Lee's army, and that his daughters had acquired their education before he lost all he had at the hands of Sherman's men.

The regiment now came up, but halted only long enough to permit the colonel to make the promised transfer. Poor John Lynch, alias Captain Mack's boy felt mighty sore when told to take his traps off the horse, and hitch the animal to the shack. Lynch inquired how he was going to carry the stuff for headquarters. He was told that the colonel would carry some of it and the adjutant the rest.

The colonel now shouted, "Major Smith, march the regiment to that grove ahead, where you will find a nice stream of water. We will camp there till late in the afternoon."

After the command had passed on, the gentleman and his daughters again appeared, inspected their new horse, and were profuse in their thanks for the gift. The gentleman said, "Colonel, if we of the South had known you people of the North as well before the war, as we know some of you now, there never would have been a war between the two sections." As the colonel turned his horse to go, all three, father and daughters, shook his hand and wished him Godspeed. Who could help feeling badly at the sad plight of this stricken family, even to shedding of tears? Colonel Splaine related that three years ago he met a Georgia colonel of the old Confederate army at the State House in Boston,

and told him the story. The ex-Confederate listened to the recital with tears in his eyes, and remarked: "It is too bad that I can't reward you for your generous aid to that family." The colonel replied that he felt compensated for his act in the consciousness that he had done a generous act to a good family in dire distress.

A MASSACHUSETTS SECESSIONIST.

On May 9th, and when Colonel Splaine thought it about time to halt for twenty minutes, he rode ahead to find a suitable place to rest. He found an attractive village of about thirty houses, all painted white. An air of neatness pervaded the place. He espied an old-fashioned well, with an old-fashioned sweep beside it. He thought: "Here is just the place for the boys to get a nice drink of cool water." As he drew nearer, however, he discovered that there was no bucket attached to the pole, and said to himself, "Where, Oh where, is the Old Oaken Bucket that hung in the well?"

He now beheld a respectable looking man observing him, and anxious to know something about "the moss-covered bucket,' called the man to him, and saluting, said, "How do you do, sir?" The man in turn saying, "Howdy, sir?" Then the colonel inquired what had become of the "iron-bound bucket that hung in the well." The man, looking somewhat stern, replied that he did not know anything about it. The colonel said his regiment was coming up, and as the boys would be thirsty, it would be nice to restore it to its former position, "the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." The man then said, "Sir, I don't know anything about the bucket, and I don't care anything about it." And he added: "Sir, I am a Massachusetts man. I have lived here twenty years, and, sir, I want you to know that I am a secessionist of secessionists, and, sir, my name is Eldridge. I was born in Massachusetts and was brought up there, and if I had my way, I wouldn't give one of you as much as a drink of water." The colonel retorted: "My friend, I am sorry to find a son of that grand old Common-

wealth who entertains the sentiments you have just expressed;" and then added: "Did you have to leave that State because you had committed some awful crime?" Eldridge was furious, but dared not retaliate.

The regiment now marched up. The colonel commanded: "Halt! In place! Rest! Sergeant, take four men, fix bayonets, face the man about,—don't kill him,—but be sure to make him find that 'old oaken bucket that hung in the well.' See, where the water dropped on the sand as the bucket was carried into the back yard." The sergeant obeyed orders, and gently, yet firmly persuaded Eldridge to find the missing utensil, which was then fastened to the sweep, and Mr. Eldridge was compelled to draw water until every man in the regiment, the colonel included, had slaked his thirst and every canteen was filled.

As the work of drinking and filling canteens went on, the men who were not actually drinking, sang "The Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well." That song reminded many of the boys of the homes they had not seen for a long time, and perhaps reminded Eldridge of "the scenes of his childhood."

The colonel now ordered: "Fall in, battalion! Right face!" and loud enough to be heard by all the men, said, "Mr. Eldridge, you degenerate son of noble sires, if the war was not over, I would try you by drum head courtmartial, and if you were found guilty, I would—yes, I would——" "What, sir?" asked Eldridge, now covered with sweat after his work of drawing water. "I would, yes, I would, sir," said the colonel. "Good-bye, you disgrace to Massachusetts. Forward, march!" and as the command moved on, many of the boys regarded Eldridge with looks which plainly showed that they would like to do what their commander thought.

AT GREENSBORO, N. C.

On to Graham that night, and the next day, May 10, in the afternoon, the regiment entered Greensboro, having marched one hundred miles in five days. The command was welcomed by

Generals Carter and Henderson. The regiment got a much-needed rest for a few days without performing any duty. On the following evening, the regimental "Glee Club" of which Hugh Young was the leader and alto, assisted by T. P. George, first tenor; A. J. Gilman, second tenor; Benjamin Sargent, baritone; Albert Sargent, bass; serenaded the regiment, singing patriotic and other stirring songs.

After the serenade, the Glee Club, led by the colonel and other officers of the Seventeenth, called on Generals Carter and Henderson, and gave them a sample of what Hugh Young's singers could do in the way of vocal music. The glee club was an institution.

After the muster-out of the old regiment, in July, 1864, the club, through its fine singing, relieved the monotony of camp-life. It was heard by every officer in Schofield's command, and even by General Sherman. The glee club, indeed, was well-known throughout the army, and its members were the pets of their own regiment.

(The following is a sample of the patriotic and pathetic songs frequently sung by Hugh Young's quartette, to thousands of attentive listeners, in the armies of General Sherman and Schofield.)

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

Air—The Rover's Grave.

We laid him away in the cold, damp ground,
By the banks of a southern stream—
Afar from his home, in a stranger land,
'Neath the heat of the tropic sun's beams.

CHORUS.

Sleep, soldier, sleep, in thy rough southern tomb,
While above thee the winter winds rave.
In summer the birds will thy requiem sing,
And willows weep over thy grave.

No coffin enclosed his mangled remains,
No shroud, save his uniform old;
But his name is entwined in the laurels of fame,
And on memory's pages enrolled.

CHORUS.

Sleep, soldier, sleep, etc.

He sleeps, all unheeding the cannon's deep roar
Or the sound of the murmuring stream.
While armies march o'er him in death-dealing war,
He sees not the rifles' bright gleam.

CHORUS.
Sleep, soldier, sleep,etc.

For his country he fought, for his country he fell—
A martyr to liberty's cause.
Fair Freedom he loved, and to see her prevail,
He died for her flag and her laws.

CHORUS.
Sleep, soldier, sleep, etc.

In a little white cot, in the land of the North
They are waiting his coming again.
They dream not his body all mangled and torn
Is laid in the ranks of the slain.

CHORUS.
Sleep, soldier, sleep, etc.

Sleep, soldier, sleep, in thy rough southern tomb,
While above thee the winter winds rave.
In summer the birds will thy requiem sing,
And the willows weep over thy grave.

CHORUS.
Sleep, soldier, sleep, etc.

The Seventeenth Massachusetts was now ordered on provost duty, and Colonel Splaine was made commandant of the town. Orders were issued for a thorough cleaning up of the town, and where the natives were too poor to do it, or no men were at home, negroes were employed and paid by the United States Government, until Greensboro was soon as clean and as sanitary as Boston. The streets were scraped and swept every day, the trunks of the shade trees on the streets whitewashed, some very old rookeries torn down and their lumber burned. All houses were cleaned inside and out, the natives entering heartily into the work of sanitation.

The town authorities, headed by Major Scott, assisted Colonel Splaine in every way. All went well, until the colonel

requested Mr. Worthington, the depot master and agent of the railroad running through the town, to have his employees clean up around the station. Worthington refused, telling the colonel that he wasn't going to be dictated to by a northern mudsill, and if the colonel wasn't wearing that uniform coat, he, Worthington, would show him what he meant. The colonel simply said, "Are you a gentleman?" Worthington claimed that he was. "Then, sir," said the colonel, "I will send a gentleman to see you, and, waving the privilege of my coat, will meet you in any way approved of by gentlemen."

That afternoon Captain Keenan of the Seventeenth called upon Worthington with a note from the colonel, demanding satisfaction. After reading the note, Worthington wilted, apologized and requested a call from the colonel, to whom he made a formal retraction and apology. After that the work of cleaning went on in good shape.

About this time a number of prominent people from Illinois called on General Henderson, and settled down in camp. The proficiency of the Seventeenth at battalion drill was so marked that the general, in order to entertain his visitors, bargained with Colonel Splaine that thereafter his command would be excused from all other duties if he would give them a battalion drill and dress parade in the afternoon. This was done, and such drills and such parades! The visitors and the general enjoyed every part of them, and the Seventeenth had a fine time.

About this time Adjutant James H. Stewart, who had been left behind on account of severe sickness at Chapel Hill, returned to camp, and was warmly greeted.

June 1st was made a day of penitence and sorrow in the whole army on account of the death of President Lincoln, a memorial day, so to speak. Captain Moore was now made acting assistant adjutant-general to Henderson's brigade.

On June 16, 1865, Lieutenant-Colonel Splaine was commissioned colonel; Major William W. Smith, lieutenant-colonel; Captain John E. Mullally, major, and First Lieutenant Malcolm Sillars, captain.

On June 1, 1865, the following named sergeants were commissioned as second lieutenants; Robert Smith of Danvers; Joseph A. Welch, Haverhill; John Cowan, Salisbury; Brotherton Martin, Newburyport; Thomas A. Murray, Lynn; John Dunn, Newburyport; Thomas S. Clymonts, New Bedford; Joseph G. Martin, Danvers; Joseph G. Kelley, Haverhill; and George W. Hewes of Haverhill.

STRICKEN WITH SICKNESS.

Sickness now prevailed in the Seventeenth, and men were dying at the rate of four every day, and the only firing to be heard was the volleys over the graves of departed comrades. The colonel and several of his officers visited the hospitals in and around Greensboro about every day to encourage the sick and soothe the dying in their last moments. One impressive case was where the colonel carried a second lieutenant's commission to Sergeant John Dunn of Company A. He found the sergeant dying, soothed him and placed the commission in his hand. The dying man knew his commander, kissed his hand, drew the commission close to him, kissed that too, and died almost immediately after.

Another case was that of Delano of the Seventeenth. When the regiment was going home, the surgeons reported that the man was dying and nothing could save him. The colonel, on a visit to the hospital, said, "If he must die, why not let him die in my hands? I will take him along, and perhaps a change of climate may do him good." The doctor said, "No use," but the colonel persisted, and finally won his point. He took the dying man along, and after the command had been on the salt water only four hours, Delano showed signs of improvement. He has been improving ever since, and lives today to thank his commander for having saved his life.

AMOS HOMANS.

Amos Homans was born a slave in Middleton, Hyde County, N. C., September 20, 1839, and was the property of Mr. Riley Mur-

ray. Homans worked on Murray's plantation until some time after the breaking out of the civil war, when he concluded to be free. He ran away from his master, and made an effort to reach Newbern, where he believed there was a Union army. He was captured by Confederate troops, but not until after he had been shot in both legs.

Homans was taken to Greensboro, where he was let out to work for a new master, his wages, however, being sent regularly to his owner, Riley Murray. He finally found his way among Union troops, and on June 21, 1865, joined the Seventeenth Massachusetts at Greensboro. His special patrons and protectors were Nat. Pope of Danvers, Mass.; Billy Stackpole of Ipswich, Mass.; and Sergeant Martin of Rowley, Mass.

At Greensboro, Homans became cook to Captain James Splaine, Company A. Upon the mustering out of the Seventeenth, Homans came to Massachusetts as the servant of Captain Lewis Cann. He resided and worked near his captain, in Danvers, Mass. for about three years, after which he removed to Beverly, Mass., where he has resided up to the present time. He is now janitor of the Odd Fellows Building in that city. He married a good woman and is the father of four children who are now grown up and are respectable members of the community.

Homans never fails to attend the reunions of Company A, and also the annual regimental reunion. He likes to meet his old comrades and protectors, and especially likes to meet his first captain's brother, Colonel Splaine.

On June 19, Henderson's brigade was broken up. On June 28, Captain Joseph A. Moore was made acting assistant adjutant general of General Carter's third division. On June 30, the men of the Seventeenth who had enlisted for one year were mustered out, and on July 1, under command of the gallant Captain Enoch F. Tompkins of Haverhill, started for Massachusetts for final pay. They were a good body of men, and as they started, the regiment saluted them, and all the old vets. cheered them.

A FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE FROM REBEL CANNON.

Just prior to July 4, Colonel Splaine conceived the idea of firing an immense salute on that anniversary, and for this purpose had cleaned up 112 cannon, surrendered by General Joseph E. Johnston to General Sherman at the close of the war. He had the guns loaded with Johnston's powder, five pounds to the gun, and then got permission from General Ruger to do the job.

At twelve o'clock, noon, on July 4, 1865, he rode into the center of the great park. He had stationed a man holding lanyards between every two guns, and fired his pistol, which was the signal. The 112 pieces went off at once, and with them Splaine off his horse; the fifty-six men were thrown off their feet, and nearly all the darkies in town went off to the woods, believing that the Day of Judgment had come. The only thing seriously hurt was a lot of window glass, but that was expected.

Colonel Splaine thought it highly proper to close the war officially by celebrating the nation's birthday with the guns and powder of the beaten enemy.

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND RETURN HOME.

On July 8, orders came to muster out all men of the Third Division, Twenty Third Army corps, of which the Seventeenth was a part. For three days it was write and write on muster-rolls, and on the 11th of July, the Seventeenth was mustered out of the service of the United States by Captain A. B. Smith, mustering officer of the Twenty Third corps.

On July 12, the regiment marched to the railroad station at Greensboro. The command saluted General Carter as it marched by, the gallant third division commander making a nice speech to them. Mayor Scott of Greensboro presented an address of thanks to Colonel Splaine and his men for having thoroughly cleaned up his city. That night the train passed Danville, reaching Burksville the next day, and remained there until the 15th; thence by

train it was carried to City Point, Va., passing through Petersburg on the way. At City Point the steamer "Ranger" was boarded at midnight. The regiment reached New York July 18, and Readville, Mass., on the 19th. The officers and men were allowed to go home until the 26th, when they all returned and were finally paid off on that and the next day.

Thus ended the service of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry,—a regiment which had served its country for a period of four years and three months. It was an honorable, hard-working and hard-fighting regiment. The officers and men had earned the respect of every general they had served under, and had won the good will of the inhabitants of that portion of the South in which they had served. They were obedient to discipline, respectful and brave. They returned to their friends, who proudly welcomed them home. They came home to be as good citizens as they had been good soldiers.

SUMMARY OF LOSSES.

During its term of service the Seventeenth Regiment lost in killed, wounded, died of wounds, died in Confederate prisons, discharged on account of wounds or other disabilities,—six hundred fifty officers and men.

ONE OF THE BOYS OF '61.

(Benjamin P. Rogers of Newbury, Mass., of Company A, Seventeenth Regiment, contributes the following readable sketch of the history of the regiment.)

At a time when all boys back on the farms in New England were aroused by patriotic tendencies, which were the result of reading accounts of the John Brown episode, and later, his execution in 1859, I was one of the number, and work on the farm became irksome; but time wore on, and when, in April, '61, rebel guns were trained on Fort Sumter, the farm and the onion-bed had

no longer any charm for me, and although only sixteen years of age, I felt that when my country needed me, when that starry emblem of liberty and freedom had been insulted, then my patriotic impulse knew no bounds.

I left my work, told my mother (my father had long since passed away) of my intentions, and with great anticipation of my pride and soldierly appearance when I should have donned the army blue, I hastened away from home with a light step and a long stride, fully determined to enlist, and if need be, to shed my blood in defence of my country.

I soon reached the city of Newburyport, and on May 21, 1861, Benjamin P. Rogers enlisted in Company A, Seventeenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers,—the company being known as the "City Grays" of Newburyport. On August 23, 1861, we started for the seat of war. On reaching Baltimore, Md., and because we had slept in the open air, we thought we were having a taste of real warfare. Here six companies of the regiment were ordered into Maryland and Eastern Shore of Virginia, General Lockwood in command. Came back to Baltimore after an absence of two weeks.

Our next move was to Fortress Monroe on steamer "Star of the South." Arriving at the fort, we were ordered to proceed to Newbern, N. C., and ascended the Neuse River, April 1, '62, landed at Newbern, N. C., and immediately went into camp for some time.

On June 23, 1862, we found ourselves at Swift Creek (correctly named,) where only a short scrap took place, and where we remained only ten days, and on July 4, we marched twenty-four miles back to Newbern, and into camp, where we had some good times together. I can distinctly recall, after nearly fifty years have elapsed, a prize fight which took place in the camp, between Comrades Edmunds and Corporal Young. Besse acted as a backer for Young, while Austin did the honors for Edmunds. The battle was short, spicy and decisive, for Young won the honors in a single round.

Our next duty outside of camp life was picket duty. There we enjoyed ourselves in card playing, shaking dice and an occasional

bit of foraging was indulged in on the sly; but we believe this was pardonable when the lot of the average soldier is considered, for surely the hungry soldier loves the taste of a tender chicken and bacon, and many a time has the writer aided the "boys" in "confiscating" these necessaries.

By some men Company A was considered a hard crowd, and *perhaps* we were; but Company A, (as well as the entire regiment Seventeenth Massachusetts) were never found wanting when there was work to do, and be it said to the honor of the men of Company A, they all loved their commander, Captain Splaine, and were ever ready to follow him as captain of Company A, or as colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment, and that same love exists now (intensified by the lapse of time) as we meet our gallant colonel and shake his kindly hand at our annual re-unions.

Our lot up to the time of our re-enlistment in 1864 (January 2) was indeed varied, but we bore all hardships without much complaint. We had expected furloughs in early February, but fate had decreed otherwise, and a small "scrap" took place, with the result that out of a force of one hundred fifteen men, sixty-five were left on the field, and here our gallant Colonel Fellows was captured.

All signs now pointed to an early closing of the war, and the time was fast coming when we all must bid farewell to the Southland and to the graves of fallen heroes scattered far and wide. Neither the bugle notes nor the rattling drum beats to disturb the sleeping soldier boy, as he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking by mortals, for the boys have answered their last roll-call; and yet there is comfort to me in the belief that once more I shall meet those who have passed out into the spirit land before us, whether they sleep their last sleep in a quiet cemetery, beneath the billows of old ocean, or on the battle fields of the Southland. There will come an awakening, and we shall all meet again, and I am looking forward to that time when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we have been known.

We left old Massachusetts
Our country's cause to win;
To fight for God and home-land
With misled foes within.

We left our cheerful firesides,
Dressed in our "army blue",
Determined at all hazards
To ne'er disgrace its hue.

We followed close Old Glory,
So dear to every son.
Each stripe a blaze of glory,
Each star a statehood won.

But now our conflict ended,
The bugle calls no more;
No drum-beat wakes our slumber
As in the days of yore.

VALEDICTORY OF COLONEL SPLAINE.

As the last surviving commander of the regiment, I desire to say a final word, or if the reader please, fire the last shot before the history goes to press.

In justice to myself and to the officers and men with whom I served, many of whom were under my command, I feel it a duty to convey to my surviving comrades, to the surviving kindred of my departed comrades, and to the public generally, the high regard in which I held the officers and men of my regiment, and the esteem in which I hold my surviving comrades today, their families and the families of our comrades who have been mustered out forever.

Colonel Thomas I. C. Amory—the brave, educated and trained soldier—large in stature as in mind—must have been proud to find himself in command of a regiment whose officers and men, with few exceptions, were the sturdy sons of his native Massachusetts, whose unselfish patriotism made it an easy task for their commanding officers to mould them into disciplined and valuable soldiers, to whom an approving word or glance of the eye would stir within them emotions of pride and satisfaction, a colonel proud of his regiment, a regiment proud of its colonel. Colonel Amory's knowledge of the art of war was so evident that he was frequently in command of brigades and divisions, thus removing him at times from intimate and constant touch with his regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel John F. Fellows of Chelsea, Mass., was generally the active commander. He was a trained Massachusetts soldier. He was educated, handsome, patriotic, brave, and in the duties of commanding officer of his regiment, he was painstaking and earnest. In campaigns, his well-known command: "Forward, Seventeenth!" was as familiar to the ears of his officers and men as was their daily hard tack to their stomachs. Colonel Fellows was proud of his regiment, because they were volunteers like himself, doubly proud because his officers and men gave him their undivided loyalty and confidence. His command only ceased when he became a prisoner of war.

I was the third and last commander of the regiment, taking command July 17, 1864, when the three years' men were mustered out. My regiment was mainly composed of veteran volunteers, most of whom had served in the old regiment. If Colonel Amory was proud of being in command of the old Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, and if Colonel Fellows was doubly proud as commander of it, I can only say that I was trebly proud when I found myself in command of substantially the same gallant regiment. Proud! I was the proudest man on earth! Colonels Amory and Fellows had military training, which to a great extent enabled them to readily assume command and receive the promotion which they so richly deserved; but in my case, promotion came only after the hardest kind of study and work. I knew my officers and men, and they knew me. Confidence and respect was mutual. Discipline without cruelty was strictly enforced, not for the pleasure of the commanding officer, but for the benefit and safety of the men, who were likely to be called upon any minute to meet the enemy; and when they were called upon, as in the well fought battle of Wise's Forks, they showed the value of discipline. There they displayed their true bravery, their patriotism and devotion to their country's flag, by achieving a victory over superior numbers, and winning the admiration of the commanding generals for their gallant conduct in a stubborn fight, which lasted three days.

No wonder I was proud of my men—men who gave me their willing obedience, and who seemed even to anticipate my every

order, my every wish. The field, staff and line officers of the regiment were a brave, patriotic and intelligent body of gentlemen. By close application, they soon raised themselves to as high a standard of excellence as was attained by those of the same rank in any volunteer regiment in the service. The enlisted men—eighty percent of whom were of good old Yankee stock, and twenty percent representing all the other civilized nations of the earth, made up a regiment of brave, patriotic and self-respecting men.

Because of the sudden call to arms, at the breaking out of the Civil War, many officers were hastily chosen in order to complete organizations for the field, when, if there had been ample time to make careful selection, some who were chosen officers would have remained in the ranks, and some who continued in the ranks would have been chosen to wear the sword. Many of the enlisted men were the equal in ability and intelligence of many of the officers who commanded them. But all could not be officers, neither could all be enlisted men; but enlisted or commissioned, all aided in preserving the Union of the States.

The creeds of the officers and men of the Seventeenth were about as many as were the nationalities they represented in the command, but I never knew of any strife, wrangle or angry argument among them about religion. There was one altar common to all, and that was the altar of their common country, one religion, in other words, that was common to all, which was: God and their Country's Flag. This idea is finely expressed by the poet in these lines:

"What though ten thousand altars bear
Each for heaven a different prayer;
By light of moon or light of sun,
At Freedom's we should all be one."

Short biographies of several of the officers have been written, because some of those living have responded to the requests for facts pertaining to their personal history, and some of the families of deceased ones have furnished short sketches of them. Were it possible I would have biographies of all the officers

printed in the history; and not only that, I would have short sketches of every enlisted man who did honorable service in the regiment. But this is manifestly impossible, because the law of the State, relating to regimental histories, distinctly provides that the book must not contain more than 500 and not less than 400 pages. To give a short sketch of the 2,000 and odd men who served in it, would require a book of 5,000 pages. But there is no need of this, for the men wrote their own biographies when they offered their lives that the nation might live; and dearer to the heart than any written history is the proud recollection of their sacrifices and privations in the field, and the fond memories of the friendships and associations then formed and so proudly and firmly cemented on the fields of honor, marched over by the victorious troops of the North.

Annually, when our comrades strew flowers on pretentious tombs or on simple mounds, with unpretentious headstones, of the departed heroes, they are reminded that even the fragrance of the flowers is not as sweet as the proud and fond recollections which crowd upon them, recalling their youth and the young comrades whose memories they revere and honor for "all they were and all that they dared to do." Shall the friendship and fond ties, so bravely and patriotically formed, die in a short time? No, not for many generations to come, for they have become traditions in the families of the veterans, and as the poet says:

> "Long, long be my heart with such memories filled;
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd.
> You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will linger there still."

To conclude, I reverently bow to the memory of my deceased comrades, and offer my humble tribute of condolence to their bereaved families and kindred. My surviving comrades, their families and kindred, I respectfully salute, and say to them all, that were it possible that all were alive and young again, and that our country was threatened from within or without, and the governor of the State should say, "Here are fifty regiments—take your choice." I would command as I often did before: "Fall in, Seventeenth!"

HENRY SPLAINE.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

By Theodore O'Hare.

"The muffled drum's low tap has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with sacred round
The Bivouac of the Dead."

The End.

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